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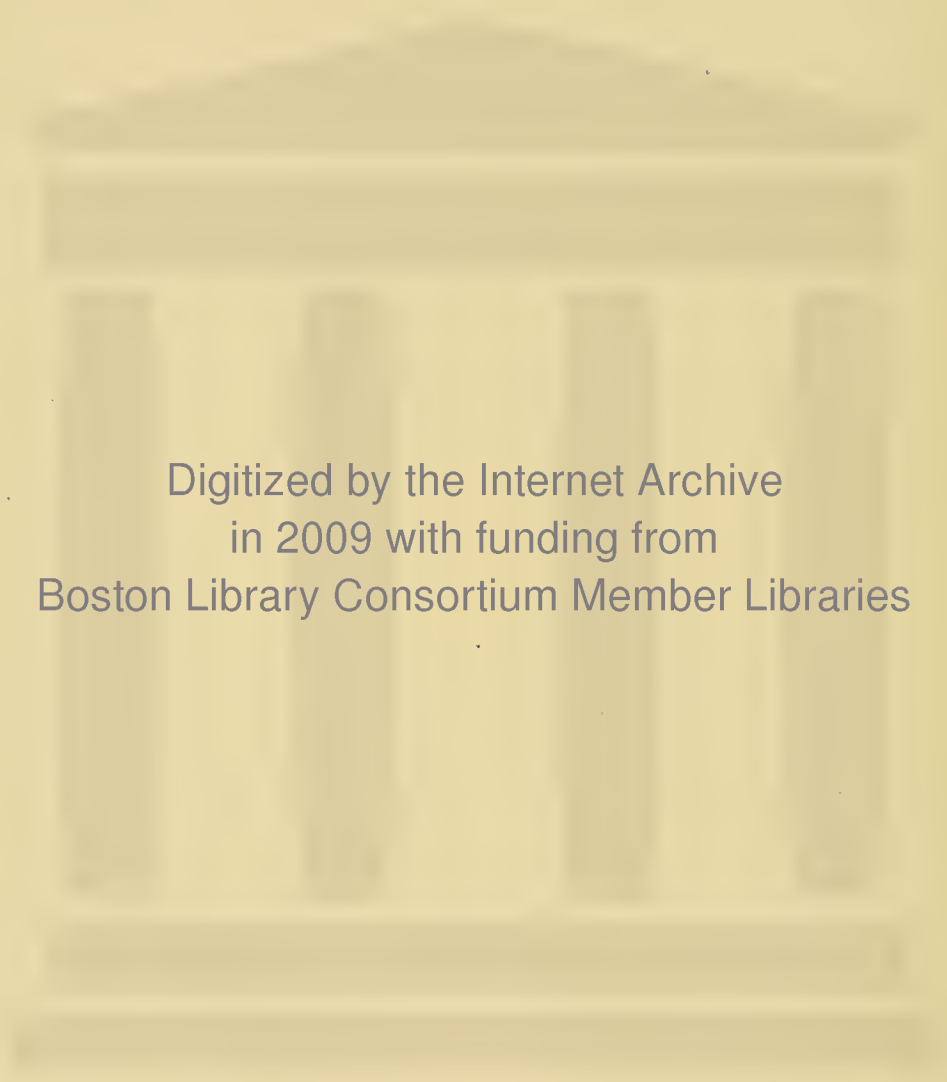
PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE
WORLD'S
GREAT NATIONS

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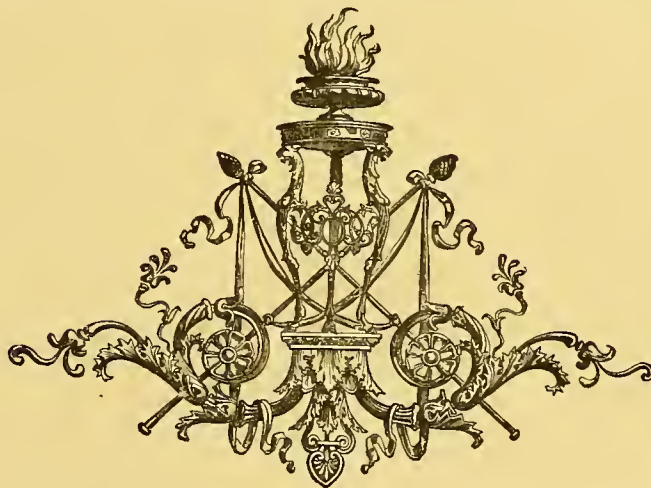
OF

THE WORLD'S

GREAT NATIONS

FROM THE EARLIEST DATES TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY
CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,
Author of "The Heir of Redcliff," "Book of Golden Deeds," etc.
[THE HISTORY OF AMERICA, BY JOHN A. DOYLE.]



*"Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, quam quæ sunt oculis
subjecta fidelibus."*

*"Things seen by the trustworthy eye, more deeply impress the mind than
those which are merely heard."*

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

ROMAN HISTORY—(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIV.—THE DEVOTION OF DECIUS.....	235
XV.—THE SAMNITE WARS.....	238
XVI.—THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS.....	241
XVII.—THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.....	244
XVIII.—CONQUEST OF CISALPINE GAUL.....	249
XIX.—THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.....	253
XX.—THE FIRST EASTERN WAR.....	257
XXI.—THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CORINTH, AND CARTHAGE.....	261
XXII.—THE GRACCHI.....	264
XXIII.—THE WARS OF MARIUS.....	268
XXIV.—THE ADVENTURES OF MARIUS.....	271
XXV.—SULLA'S PROSCRIPTION.....	275
XXVI.—THE CAREER OF POMPEIUS.....	279
XXVII.—POMPEIUS AND CÆSAR.....	282
XXVIII.—JULIUS CÆSAR.....	286
XXIX.—THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE.....	290
XXX.—CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.....	293
XXXI.—TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA.....	300
XXXII.—CLAUDIUS AND NERO.....	303
XXXIII.—THE FLAVIAN FAMILY.....	307
XXXIV.—THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.....	312
XXXV.—THE PRÆTORIAN INFLUENCE.....	316
XXXVI.—THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE.....	320
XXXVII.—CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.....	324
XXXVIII.—CONSTANTIUS.....	328
XXXIX.—VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY.....	331
XL.—THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.....	335
XLI.—ALARIC THE GOTH.....	337
XLII.—THE VANDALS.....	341
XLIII.—ATTLA THE HUN.....	345
XLIV.—THEODORIC THE OSTROGOTH.....	348
XLV.—BELISARIUS.....	351
XLVI.—POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.....	355

GERMAN HISTORY.

I.—THE ANCIENT GERMANS.....	358
II.—VALHALL.....	361
III.—THE GERMANS AND ROMANS.....	364
IV.—THE NIBELUNGEN HEROES.....	367
V.—THE FRANKS.....	370
VI.—KARL THE GREAT.....	374

(5 Vol. Edition.)

CHAPTER	PAGE
VII.—LUDWIG I., THE PIOUS.....	378
LOTHAR I.....	378
LUDWIG II.....	378
KARL II., THE BALD.....	378
KARLOMAN.....	378
KARL III., THE THICK.....	378
ARNULF.....	378
LUDWIG IV., THE CHILD.....	378
VIII.—KONRAD I.....	381
HEINRICH I.....	381
OTTO I., THE GREAT.....	381
IX.—THE SAXON EMPERORS.....	386
OTTO II., THE RED.....	386
OTTO III., THE WONDER.....	386
ST. HEINRICH II.....	386
X.—THE FRANCONIAN LINE.....	388
KONRAD II., THE SALIC.....	388
HEINRICH III.....	388
HEINRICH IV.....	388
HEINRICH V.....	388
XI.—LOTHAR II.....	393
KONRAD III.....	393
XII.—FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA.....	396
XIII.—FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA (CONTINUED).....	400
HEINRICH VI.....	400
XIV.—PHILIP.....	404
OTTO IV.....	404
XV.—FRIEDRICH II.....	407
XVI.—FRIEDRICH III.....	411
XVII.—KONRAD IV.....	415
WILHELM.....	415
RICHARD.....	415
XVIII.—RODOLPH.....	419
XIX.—ADOLPH.....	423
ALBRECHT.....	423
XX.—HEINRICH VII.....	426
LUDWIG V.....	426
XXI.—GUNTHER.....	431
KARL IV.....	431
XXII.—WENZEL.....	434
XXIII.—RUPRECHT.....	437
JOEST.....	437
SEGMUND.....	437
XXIV.—ALBRECHT II.....	441
FRIEDRICH III.....	441
XXV.—FRIEDRICH III.....	446
XXVI.—MAXIMILIAN.....	449
XXVII.—CHARLES V.....	453
XXVIII.—CHARLES V. (CONTINUED).....	457
XXIX.—CHARLES V. (CONTINUED).....	461
XXX.—FERDINAND I.....	464
XXXI.—MAXIMILIAN II.....	467
XXXII.—RUDOLPH II.....	470
XXXIII.—MATTHIAS.....	474

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME II.

	PAGE
VIA APPIA	244
ROMAN VILLA.....	263
PUPPET PLAYERS.....	279
TIBERIUS AT CAPREÆ.....	301
CONFLAGRATION OF ROME.....	305
ROMAN BANQUET.....	316
BATTLE OF CONSTANTINE.....	323
CIRCUS MAXIMUS.....	334
ATTILA.....	346
CHARLES MARTEL.....	356
GERMAN FUNERAL SACRIFICE.....	362
ST. SEVERINUS AND ODOACER.....	367
DEATH OF BRUNEHAUT.....	372
HENRY IV. DOING PENANCE.....	391
RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.....	419
WILLIAM TELL.....	426
GUTENBERG.....	441
MAXIMILIAN I.....	447
LEO X.....	450
LUTHER'S CAPTURE.....	455
MARTINIZ AND SLAWATA.....	475

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEVOTION OF DECIUS.

B.C. 357.



OTHER tribes of the Gauls did not fail to come again and make fresh inroads on the valleys of the Tiber and Anio. Whenever they came, instead of only choosing men from the tribes to form an army, as in a war with their neighbors, all the fighting men of the nation turned out to oppose them, generally under a Dictator.

In one of these wars the Gauls came within three miles of Rome, and the two hosts were encamped on the banks of the Anio, with a bridge between them. Along this bridge strutted an enormous Gallic chief, much taller than any of the Romans, boasting himself, and calling on any one of them to come out and fight with him. Again it was a Manlius who distinguished himself. Titus, a young man of that family, begged the Dictator's permission to accept the challenge, and, having gained it, he changed his round knight's shield for the square one of the foot soldiers, and with his short sword came forward on the bridge. The Gaul made a sweep at him with his broadsword, but, slipping within the guard, Manlius stabbed the giant in two places, and as he fell cut off his head, and took the tore, or broad twisted gold collar that was the mark of all Gallic chieftains. Thence the brave youth was called Titus Manlius Torquatus—a surname to make up for that of Capitulinus, which had never been used again.

The next time the Gauls came, Marcus Valerius, a descendant of the old hero Publicola, was consul, and gained a great victory. It was said that in the midst of the fight a monstrous raven appeared flying over his head,

resting now and then on his helmet, but generally pecking at the eyes of the Gauls and flapping its wing in their faces, so that they fled discomfited. Thence he was called *Corvus* or *Corvinus*. The Gauls never again came in such force, but a new enemy came against them, namely, the Samnites, a people who dwelt to the south of them. They were of Italian blood, mountaineers of the Southern Apennines, not unlike the Romans in habits, language, and training, and the stanchest enemies they had yet encountered. The war began from an entreaty from the people of Campania to the Romans to defend them from the attacks of the Samnites. For the Campanians, living in the rich plains, whose name is still unchanged, were an idle, languid people, whom the stout men of Samnium could easily overcome. The Romans took their part, and *Valerius Corvus* gained a victory at Mount *Gaurus*; but the other consul, *Cornelius Cossus*, fell into danger, having marched foolishly into a forest, shut in by mountains, and with only one way out through a deep valley, which was guarded by the Samnites. In this almost hopeless danger one of the military tribunes, *Publius Decius Mus*, discovered a little hill above the enemy's camp, and asked leave to lead a small body of men to seize it, since he would be likely thus to draw off the Samnites, and while they were destroying him, as he fully expected, the Romans could get out of the valley. Hidden by the wood, he gained the hill, and there the Samnites saw him, to their great amazement; and while they were considering whether to attack him, the other Romans were able to march out of the valley. Finding he was not attacked, *Decius* set guards, and, when night came on, marched down again as quietly as possible to join the army, who were now on the other side of the Samnite camp. Through the midst of this he and his little troop went without alarm, until, about half-way across, one Roman struck his foot against a shield. The noise awoke the Samnites, but *Decius* caused his men to give a great shout, and this, in the darkness, so confused the enemy that they missed the little body of Romans, who safely gained their own camp. *Decius* cut short the thanks and joy of the consul by advising him to fall at once on the Samnite camp in its dismay, and this was done; the Samnites were entirely routed, thirty thousand killed, and their camp taken. *Decius* received for his reward a hundred oxen, a white bull with gilded horns, and three crowns—one of gold for courage, one of oak for having saved the lives of his fellow-citizens, and one of grass for having taken the enemy's camp—while all his men were for life to receive a double allowance of corn. *Decius* offered up the white bull in sacrifice to *Mars*, and gave the oxen to the companions of his glory.

Afterward *Valerius* routed the Samnites again, and his troops brought in one hundred and twenty standards and forty thousand shields which they had picked up, having been thrown away by the enemy in their flight.

Peace was made for the time; but the Latins, now in alliance with Rome, began to make war on the Samnites. They complained, and the Romans feeling bound to take their part, a great Latin war began. Manlius Torquatus and Decius Mus, the two greatest heroes of Rome, were consuls. As the Latins and Romans were alike in dress, arms, and language, in order to prevent taking friend for foe, strict orders were given that no one should



TITUS MANLIUS CONDEMNNS HIS SON.

attack a Latin without orders, or go out of his rank, on pain of death. A Latin champion came out boasting, as the two armies lay beneath Mount Vesuvius, then a fair vine-clad hill showing no flame. Young Manlius, remembering his father's fame, darted out, fought hand to hand with the Latin, slew him, and brought home his spoils to his father's feet. He had forgotten that his father had only fought after permission was given. The elder Manlius received him with stern grief. He had broken the law of

discipline, and he must die. His head was struck off amid the grief and anger of the army. The battle was bravely fought, but it went against the Romans at first. Then Decius, recollecting a vision which had declared that a consul must devote himself for his country, called on Valerius, the Pontifex Maximus, to dedicate him. He took off his armor, put on his purple toga, covered his head with a veil, and, standing on a spear, repeated the words of consecration after Valerius, then mounted his horse and rode in among the Latins. They at first made way, but presently closed in and overwhelmed him with a shower of darts; and thus he gave for his country the life he had once offered for it.

The victory was won, and was so followed up that the Latins were forced to yield to Rome. Some of the cities retained their own laws and magistrates, but others had Romans with their families settled in them, and were called colonies, while the Latin people themselves became Roman citizens in everything but the power of becoming magistrates or voting for them; being, in fact, very much what the earliest plebeians had been before they acquired any rights.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SAMNITE WARS.

N the year 332, just when Alexander the Great was making his conquests in the East, his uncle Alexander, king of Epirus, brother to his mother Olympius, came to Italy, where there were so many Grecian citizens south of the Samnites that the foot of Italy was then called Magna Græcia, or Greater Greece. He attacked the Samnites, and the Romans were not sorry to see them weakened, and made an alliance with him. He stayed in Italy about six years, and was then killed.

To overthrow the Samnites was the great object of Rome at this time, and for this purpose they offered their protection and alliance to all the cities that stood in dread of that people. One of the cities was founded by men from the isle of Eubœa, who called it Neapolis, or the New City, to distinguish it from the old town near at hand, which they called Palæopolis, or the Old City. The elder city held out against the Romans, but was easily overpowered, while the new one submitted to Rome; but these southern people were very shallow and fickle, and little to be depended on, as they often changed sides between the Romans and Samnites. In the

midst of the siege of Palæopolis, the year of the consulate came to an end; but the Senate, while causing two consuls as usual to be elected at home, would not recall Publilius Philo from the siege, and therefore appointed him proconsul there. This was in 326, and was the beginning of the custom of sending the ex-consul as proconsul to command the armies or govern the provinces at a distance from home.

In 320, the consul falling sick, a dictator was appointed, Lucius Papirius Cursor, one of the most stern and severe men in Rome. He was obliged by some religious ceremony to return to Rome for a time, and he forbade his



ROMANS HUMBLING IN THE PASS OF CANDIUM.

lieutenant, Quintus Fabius Rullianus, to venture a battle in his absence. But so good an opportunity offered that Fabius attacked the enemy, beat them, and killed twenty thousand men. Then selfishly unwilling to have the spoils he had won carried in the dictator's triumph, he burnt them all. Papirius arrived in great anger, and sentenced him to death for his disobedience; but while the lictors were stripping him, he contrived to escape from their hands among the soldiers, who closed on him, so that he was able to get to Rome, where his father called the Senate together, and they showed themselves so resolved to save his life that Papirius was forced to pardon

him, though not without reproaching the Romans for having fallen from the stern justice of Brutus and Manlius.

Two years later the two consuls, Titus Veturius and Spurius Posthumius, were marching into Campania, when the Samnite commander, Pontius Herennius, sent forth people disguised as shepherds to entice them into a narrow mountain pass near the city of Candium, shut in by thick woods, leading into a hollow curved valley, with thick brushwood on all sides, and only one way out, which the Samnites blocked up with trunks of trees. As soon as the Romans were within this place the other end was blocked in the same way, and thus they were all closed up at the mercy of their enemies.

What was to be done with them? asked the Samnites; and they went to consult old Herennius, the father of Pontius, the wisest man in the nation. "Open the way and let them all go free," he said.

"What! without gaining any advantage?"

"Then kill them all."

He was asked to explain such extraordinary advice. He said that to release them generously would be to make them friends and allies for ever; but if the war was to go on, the best thing for Samnium would be to destroy such a number of enemies at a blow. But the Samnites could not resolve upon either plan; so they took a middle course, the worst of all, since it only made the Romans furious without weakening them. They were made to take off all their armor and lay down their weapons, and thus to pass out under the yoke, namely, three spears set up like a doorway. The consuls, after agreeing to a disgraceful peace, had to go first, wearing only their undermost garment, then all the rest, two and two, and if any one of them gave an angry look, he was immediately knocked down and killed. They went on in silence into Campania, where, when night came on, they all threw themselves, half-naked, silent, and hungry, upon the grass. The people of Capua came out to help them, and brought them food and clothing, trying to do them all honor and comfort them, but they would neither look up nor speak. And thus they went on to Rome, where everybody had put on mourning, all the ladies went without their jewels, and the shops in the Forum were closed. The unhappy men stole into their houses at night one by one, and the consuls would not resume their office, but two were appointed to serve instead for the rest of the year.

Revenge was all that was thought of, but the difficulty was the peace to which the consuls had sworn. Posthumius said that if it was disavowed by the Senate, he, who had been driven to make it, must be given back to the Samnites. So, with his hands tied, he was taken back to the Samnite camp by a herald and delivered over; but at that moment Posthumius gave the herald a kick, crying out, "I am now a Samnite, and have insulted you, a Roman herald. This is a just cause of war." Pontius and the Samnites

were very angry, and they said it was an unworthy trick; but they did not prevent Posthumius from going safely back to the Romans, who considered him to have quite retrieved his honor.

A battle was fought, in which Pontius and seven thousand men were forced to lay down their arms and pass under the yoke in their turn. The struggle between these two fierce nations lasted altogether seventy years, and the Romans had many defeats. They had other wars at the same time. They never subdued Etruria, and in the battle of Sentinum, fought with the Gauls, the consul, Decius Mus, devoted himself exactly as his father had done at Vesuvius, and by his death won the victory.

The Samnite wars may be considered as ending in 290, when the chief general of Samnium, Pontius Telesimus, was made prisoner and put to death at Rome. The lands in the open country were quite subdued, but many Samnites still lived in the fastnesses of the Apennines in the south, which have ever since been the haunt of wild untamed men.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS.

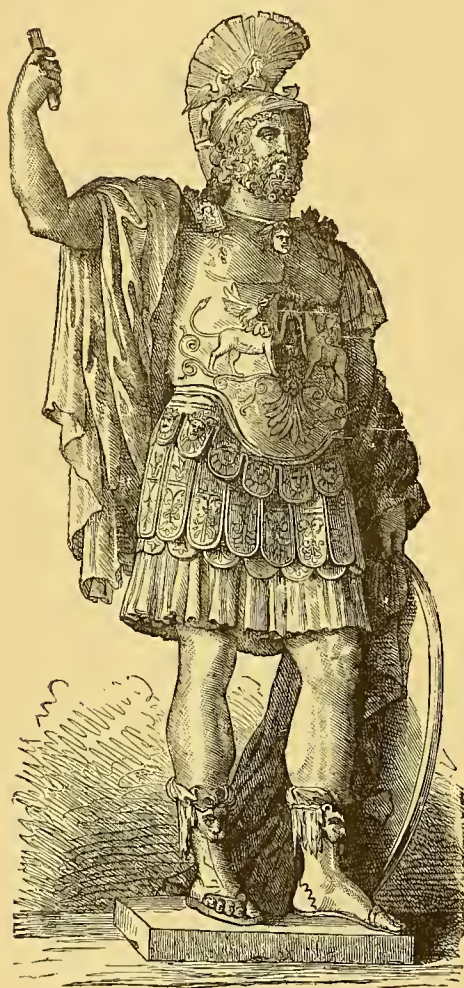
280—271.

N the Grecian History you remember that Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, the kinsman of Alexander the Great, made an expedition to Italy. This was the way it came about. The city of Tarentum was a Spartan colony at the head of the gulf that bears its name. It was as proud as its parent, but had lost all the grave sternness of manners, and was as idle and fickle as the other places in that languid climate. The Tarentines first maltreated some Roman ships which put into their gulf, and then insulted the ambassador who was sent to complain. Then when the terrible Romans were found to be really coming to revenge their honor, the Tarentines took fright, and sent to beg Pyrrhus to come to their aid.

He readily accepted the invitation, and, coming to Italy with twenty-eight thousand men and twenty elephants, hoped to conquer the whole country; but he found the Tarentines not to be trusted, and soon weary of entertaining him, while they could not keep their promises of aid from the

other Greeks of Italy. The Romans marched against him, and there was a great battle on the banks of the river Siris, where the fighting was very hard; but when the elephants charged, the Romans broke and fled, and were only saved by nightfall from being entirely destroyed. So great, however, had been Pyrrhus' loss that he said, "Such another victory, and I shall have to go back alone to Epirus."

He thought he had better treat with the Romans, and sent his favorite



PYRRHUS

counsellor Kineas to offer to make peace, provided the Romans would promise safety to his Italian allies, and presents were sent to the senators and their wives to induce them to listen favorably. People in fallen Greece expected such gifts to back a suit; but Kineas found that nobody in Rome would hear of being bribed, though many were not unwilling to make peace. Blind old Appius Claudius, who had often been consul, caused himself to be led into the Senate to oppose it, for it was hard to his pride to make peace as defeated men. Kineas was much struck with Rome, where he found a state of things like the best days of Greece, and, going back to his master, told him that the senate-house was like a temple, and those who sat there like an assembly of kings, and that he feared they were fighting with the Hydra of Lerna, for as soon as they had destroyed one Roman army another had sprung up in its place.

However, the Romans wanted to treat about the prisoners Pyrrhus had taken, and they sent Caius Fabricius to the Greek camp for the purpose. Kineas reported him to be a man of no wealth,

but esteemed as a good soldier and an honest man. Pyrrhus tried to make him take large presents, but nothing would Fabricius touch; and then, in the hope of alarming him, in the middle of a conversation the hangings of one side of the tent suddenly fell, and disclosed the biggest of all the elephants, who waved his trunk over Fabricius and trumpeted frightfully.

The Roman quietly turned round and smiled as he said to the king, "I am no more moved by your gold than by your great beast."

At supper there was a conversation on Greek philosophy, of which the Romans as yet knew nothing. When the doctrine of Epicurus was mentioned, that man's life was given to be spent in the pursuit of joy, Fabricius greatly amused the company by crying out, "O Hercules! grant that the Greeks may be heartily of this mind so long as we have to fight with them."

Pyrrhus even tried to persuade Fabricius to enter his service, but the answer was, "Sir, I advise you not; for if your people once tasted of my rule, they would all desire me to govern them instead of you." Pyrrhus consented to let the prisoners go home, but, if no peace were made, they were to return again as soon as the Saturnalia were over; and this was faithfully done. Fabricius was consul the next year, and thus received a letter from Pyrrhus' physician, offering for a reward to rid the Romans of his master by poison. The two consuls sent it to the king with the following letter:—"Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius, consuls, to Pyrrhus, king, greeting. You choose your friends and foes badly. This letter will show that you make war with honest men and trust rogues and knaves. We tell you, not to win your favor, but lest your ruin might bring on us the reproach of ending the war by treachery instead of force."

Pyrrhus made enquiry, put the physician to death, and by way of acknowledgment released the captives, trying again to make peace; but the Romans would accept no terms save that he should give up the Tarentines and go back in the same ships. A battle was fought in the wood of Asculum. Decius Mus declared he would devote himself like his father and grandfather; but Pyrrhus heard of this, and sent word that he had given orders that Decius should not be killed, but taken alive and scourged; and this prevented him. The Romans were again forced back by the might of the elephants, but not till night fell on them. Pyrrhus had been wounded, and hosts of Greeks had fallen, among them many of Pyrrhus' chief friends.

He then went to Sicily, on an invitation from the Greeks settled there, to defend them from the Carthaginians; but finding them as little satisfactory as the Italian Greeks, he suddenly came back to Tarentum. This time one of the consuls was Marcus Curius—called Dentatus, because he had been born with teeth in his mouth—a stout, plain old Roman, very stern, for when he levied troops against Pyrrhus, the first man who refused to serve was punished by having his property seized and sold. He then marched southward, and at Beneventum at length entirely defeated Pyrrhus, and took four of his elephants. Pyrrhus was obliged to return to Epirus, and the Roman steadiness had won the day after nine years.

Dentatus had the grandest triumph that had ever been known at Rome, with the elephants walking in the procession, the first that the Romans had ever seen. All the spoil was given up to the commonwealth; and when, some time after, it was asserted that he had taken some for himself, it turned out that he had only kept one old wooden vessel, which he used in sacrificing to the gods.

The Greeks of Southern Italy had behaved very ill to Pyrrhus and turned against him. The Romans found them so fickle and troublesome that they were all reduced in one little war after another. The Tarentines had to surrender and lose their walls and their fleet, and so had the people of Sybaris, who have become a proverb for idleness, for they were so lazy that they were said to have killed all their cocks for waking them too early in the morning. All the peninsula of Italy now belonged to Rome, and great roads were made of paved stones connecting them with it, many of which remain till this day, even the first of all, called the Appian Way, from Rome to Capua, which was made under the direction of the censor Appius Claudius, during the Samnite war.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

B. C. 264—240.



WE are now come to the time when Rome became mixed up in wars with nations beyond Italy. There was a great settlement of the Phœnicians, the merchants of the old world, at Carthage, on the northern coast of Africa, the same place at which Virgil afterward described Æneas as spending so much time. Dido, the queen who was said to have founded Carthage when fleeing from her wicked brother-in-law at Tyre, is thought to have been an old goddess, and the religion and manners of the Carthaginians were thoroughly

Phœnician, or, as the Romans called them, Punic. They had no king, but a Senate, and therewith rulers called by the name that is translated as judges in the Bible; and they did not love war, only trade, and spread out their settlements for this purpose all over the coast of the Mediterranean, from Spain to the Black Sea, wherever a country had mines, wool, dyes, spices, or men to trade with; and their sailors were the boldest to be found anywhere.



VIA APPIA, NEAR ROME.

On both sides are tombs and monuments, that of Cæcilia Metella in the middle distance. In the foreground the third milestone. (Restoration.)

and were the only ones who had passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, namely, the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Atlantic Ocean. They built handsome cities, and country houses with farms and gardens round them, and had all tokens of wealth and luxury—ivory, jewels, and spices from India, pearls from the Persian Gulf, gold from Spain, silver from the Balearic Isles, tin from the Scilly Isles, amber from the Baltic; and they had forts to protect their settlements. They generally hired the men of the countries, where they settled, to fight their battles, sometimes under hired Greek captains, but often under generals of their own.



PHŒNICIAN SAILORS.

The first place where they did not have everything their own way was Sicily. The old inhabitants of the island were called Sicels, a rough people; but besides these there were a great number of Greek settlements, and also of Carthaginian ones, and these two hated one another. The Carthaginians tried to overthrow the Greeks, and Pyrrhus, by coming to help his countrymen, only made them more bitter against one another. When he went away he exclaimed, "What an arena we leave for the Romans and Carthaginians to contend upon!" so sure was he that these two great nations must soon fight out the struggle for power.

The beginning of the struggle was, however, brought on by another cause. Messina, the place founded long ago by the brave exiles of Messene, when the Spartans had conquered their state, had been seized by a troop of

Mamertines, fierce Italians from Mamertum; and these, on being threatened by Xiero, king of Syracuse, sent to offer to become subjects to the Romans, thus giving them the command of the port which secured the entrance of the island. The Senate had great scruples about accepting the offer, and supporting a set of mere robbers; but the two consuls and all the people could not withstand the temptation, and it was resolved to assist the Mamertines. Thus began what was called the First Punic War. The difficulty was, however, want of ships. The Romans had none of their own, and though they collected a few from their Greek allies in Italy, it was not in time to prevent some of the Mamertines from surrendering the citadel to Xanno, the Carthaginian general, who thought himself secure, and came down to treat with the Roman tribune Claudius, haughtily bidding the Romans no more to try to meddle with the sea, for they should not be allowed so much as to wash their hands in it. Claudius, angered at this, treacherously laid hands on Xanno, and he agreed to give up the castle on being set free; but he had better have remained a prisoner, for the Carthaginians punished him with crucifixion, and besieged Messina, but in vain.

The Romans felt that a fleet was necessary, and set to work to build war galleys on the pattern of a Carthaginian one which had been wrecked upon their coast. While a hundred ships were building, oarsmen were trained to row on dry land, and in two months the fleet put to sea. Knowing that there was no chance of their being able to fight according to the regular rules of running the beaks of their galleys into the sides of those of their enemies, they devised new plans of letting heavy weights descend on the ships of the opposite fleet, and then of letting drawbridges down by which to board them. The Carthaginians, surprised and dismayed, when thus attacked off Mylæ by the consul, Duilius, were beaten and chased to Sardinia, where their unhappy commander was nailed to a cross by his own soldiers; while Duilius not only received in Rome a grand triumph for this first naval victory, but it was decreed that he should never go out into the city at night without a procession of torch-bearers.

The Romans now made up their minds to send an expedition to attack the Carthaginian power not only in Sicily but in Africa, and this was placed under the command of a sturdy plebeian consul, Marcus Attilius Regulus. He fought a great battle with the Carthaginian fleet on his way, and he had even more difficulty with his troops, who greatly dreaded the landing in Africa as a place of unknown terror. He landed, however, at some distance from the city, and did not at once advance on it. When he did, according to the story current at Rome, he encountered on the banks of the river Bagrada an enormous serpent, whose poisonous breath killed all who approached it, and on whose scales darts had no effect. At last the machines

for throwing huge stones against city walls were used against it; its backbone was broken, and it was at last killed, and its skin sent to Rome.

The Romans met other enemies, whom they defeated, and gained much plunder. The Senate, understanding that the Carthaginians were cooped up within their walls, recalled half the army. Regulus wished much to return, as the slave who tilled his little farm had run away with his plough, and his wife was in distress; but he was so valuable that he could not be recalled, and he remained and soon took Tunis. The Carthaginians tried to win their gods' favor back by offering horrid human sacrifices to Moloch and Baal,



CLAUDIUS AND THE ORACLE OF THE SACRED FOWLS.

and then hired a Spartan general named Xanthippus, who defeated the Romans, chiefly by means of the elephants, and made Regulus prisoner. The Romans, who hated the Carthaginians so much as to believe them capable of any wickedness, declared that, in their jealousy of Xanthippus' victory, they sent him home to Greece in a vessel so arranged as to founder at sea.

However, the Romans, after several disasters in Sicily, gained a great victory near Panormus, capturing one hundred elephants, which were brought to Rome to be hunted by the people that they might lose their fear of them. The Carthaginians were weakened enough to desire peace, and they sent Regulus to propose it, making him swear to return if he did not succeed. He came to the outskirts of the city, but would not enter. He said he was no Roman proconsul, but the slave of Carthage. However, the Senate came out to hear him, and he gave the message, but added that the

Romans ought not to accept these terms, but to stand out for much better ones, giving such reasons that the whole people were persuaded. He was entreated to remain and not meet the angry men of Carthage; but nothing would persuade him to break his word, and he went back. The Romans told dreadful stories of the treatment he met with—how his eyelids were cut off and he was put in the sunshine, and at last was nailed up in a barrel lined with spikes and rolled down hill. Some say that this was mere report, and that Carthaginian prisoners at Rome were as savagely treated; but at any rate the constancy of Regulus has always been a proverb.

The war went on, and one of the proud Claudius family was in command at Trepanum, in Sicily, when the enemy's fleet came in sight. Before a battle the Romans always consulted the sacred fowls that were carried with the army. Claudius was told that their augury was against a battle—they would not eat. "Then let them drink," he cried, and threw them into the sea. His impiety, as all felt it, was punished by an utter defeat, and he killed himself to avoid an enquiry. The war went on by land and sea all over and round Sicily, till at the end of twenty-four years peace was made, just after another great sea-fight, in which Rome had the victory. She made the Carthaginians give up all they had held in Sicily, restore their prisoners, make a large payment, and altogether humble their claims; thus beginning a most bitter hatred toward the conquerors, who as greatly hated and despised them. Thus ended the First Punic War.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CONQUEST OF CISALPINE GAUL.

B. C. 240—219.



FTER the end of the Punic war, Carthage fell into trouble with her hired soldiers, and did not interfere with the Romans for a long time, while they went on to arrange the government of Sicily into what they called a province, which was ruled by a *proprætor* for a year after his magistracy at home. The Greek kingdom of Syracuse indeed still remained as an ally of Rome, and Messina and a few other cities were allowed to choose their own magistrates and govern themselves.

Soon after, Sardinia and Corsica were given up to the Romans by the hired armies of the Carthaginians, and as the natives fought hard against Rome, when they were conquered they were for the most part sold as slaves. These two islands likewise had a *proprætor*.

The Romans now had all the peninsula south of themselves, and as far north as Ariminum (now shortened into Rimini), but all beyond belonged to the Gauls—the Cisalpine Gauls, or Gauls on this side the Alps, as the Romans called them; while those on the other side were called Transalpine Gauls, or Gauls across the Alps. These northern Gauls were gathering again for an inroad on the south, and in the midst of the rumors of this danger there was a great thunderstorm at Rome, and the Capitol was struck by lightning. The Sybilline books were searched into to see what this might mean, and a warning was found, “Beware of the Gauls.” Moreover, there was a saying that the Greeks and Gauls should one day enjoy the Forum; but the Romans fancied they could satisfy this prophecy by burying a man and woman of each nation, slaves, in the middle of the Forum, and then they prepared to attack the Gauls in their own country before the inroad could be made. There was a great deal of hard fighting, lasting for years; and in the course of it the consul, Caius Flaminius, began the great road which has since been called after him the Flaminian Way, and was the great northern road from Rome, as the Appian Way was the southern.

The great hero of the war was Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who had already made himself known for his dauntless courage. As consul, he fought a desperate battle on the banks of the Po with the Gauls of both

sides of the Alps, and himself killed their king or chief, Viridomar. He brought the spoils to Rome, and hung them in the Temple of Jupiter. It was only the third time in the history of Rome that such a thing had been done. Cisalpine Gaul was thus subdued, and another road was made to secure it; while in the short peace that followed the gates of the Temple of Janus were shut, having stood open ever since the reign of Numa.

The Romans were beginning to make their worship the same with that of the Greeks. They sent offerings to Greek temples, said that their old



JANUS.

gods were the same as those of the Greeks, only under different names, and sent an embassy to Epidaurus to ask for a statue of Esculapius, the god of medicine and son of Phœbus Apollo. The emblem of Esculapius was a serpent, and tame serpents were kept about his temple at Epidaurus. One of these glided into the Roman galley that had come for the statue, and it was treated with great respect by all the crew until they sailed up the Tiber, when it made its way out of the vessel and swam to the island which had been formed by the settling of the mud round the heap of corn that had been thrown into the river when Porsena wasted the

country. This was supposed to mean that the god himself took possession of the place, and a splendid temple there rose in his honor.

Another imitation of the Greeks which came into fashion at this time had a sad effect on the Romans. The old funerals in Greek poems had ended by games and struggles between swordsmen. Two brothers of the Brutus family first showed off such a game at their father's funeral, and it became a regular custom, not only at funerals, but whenever there was need to entertain the people, to show off fights of swordsmen. The soldier captives from conquered nations were used in this way; and some persons kept schools of slaves, who were trained for these fights and called gladiators. The battle was a real one, with sharp weapons, for life or death; and when a man was struck down, he was allowed to live or sentenced to death according as the spectators turned down or turned up their thumbs. The Romans fancied that the sight trained them to be brave, and to despise death and wounds; but the truth was that it only made them hard-hearted, and taught them to despise other people's pain—a very different thing from despising their own.

Another thing that did great harm was the making it lawful for a man to put away a wife who had no children. This ended by making the Romans much less careful to have one good wife, and the Roman ladies became much less noble and excellent than they had been in the good old days.

In the meantime, the Carthaginians, having lost the three islands, began to spread their settlements further in Spain, where their chief colony was New Carthage, or, as we call it, Carthagera. The mountains were full of gold mines, and the Iberians, the nation who held them, were brave and warlike, so that there was much fighting to train up fresh armies. Hamilcar, the chief general in command there, had four sons, whom he said were lion whelps being bred up against Rome. He took them with him to Spain, and at a great sacrifice for the success of his arms the youngest and most promising, Hannibal, a boy of nine years old, was made to lay his hand on



HANNIBAL'S VOW.

the altar of Baal and take an oath that he would always be the enemy of the Romans. Hamilcar was killed in battle, but Hannibal grew up to be all that he had hoped, and at twenty-six was in command of the army. He threatened the Iberians of Saguntum, who sent to ask help from Rome. A message was sent to him to forbid him to disturb the ally of Rome; but he had made up his mind for war, and never even asked the Senate of Carthage what was to be done, but went on with the siege of Saguntum. Rome was busy with a war in Illyria, and could send no help, and the Saguntines held out with the greatest bravery and constancy, month after month, till they were all on the point of starvation, then kindled a great fire, slew all their

wives and children, and let Hannibal win nothing but a pile of smoking ruins.

Again the Romans sent to Carthage to complain, but the Senate there had made up their minds that war there must be, and that it was a good time when Rome had a war in Illyria on her hands, and Cisalpine Gaul hardly subdued; and they had such a general as Hannibal, though they did not know what a wonderful scheme he had in his mind, namely, to make his



HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

way by land from Spain to Italy, gaining the help of the Gauls, and stirring up all those nations of Italy who had fought so long against Rome. His march, which marks the beginning of the Second Punic War, started from the banks of the Ebro in the beginning of the summer of 219. His army was twenty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse, partly Carthaginian, partly Gaul and Iberian. The horsemen were Moorish, and he had thirty-seven elephants. He left his brother Hasdrubal with ten thousand men at the foot of the Pyrenees and pushed on, but he could not reach the Alps before the late autumn, and his passage is one of the greatest wonders of

history. Roads there were none, and he had to force his way up the passes of the Little St. Bernard through snow and ice, terrible to the men and animals of Africa, and fighting all the way, so that men and horses perished in great numbers, and only seven of the elephants were left when he at length descended into the plains of Northern Italy, where he hoped the Cisalpine Gauls would welcome him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

B.C. 219.



WHEN the Romans heard that Hannibal had passed the Pyrenees, they had two armies on foot, one under Publius Cornelius Scipio, which was to go to Spain, and one under Tiberius Sempronius Longus, to attack Africa. They changed their plan, and kept Sempronius to defend Italy, while Scipio went by sea to Marsala, a Greek colony in Gaul, to try to stop Hannibal at the Rhone; but he was too late, and therefore, sending on most of his army to Spain, he came back himself with his choicest troops. With these he tried to stop the enemy from crossing the river Ticinus, but he was defeated and so badly wounded that his life was only saved by the bravery of his son, who led him out of the battle.

Before he was able to join the army again, Sempronius had fought another battle with Hannibal on the banks of the Trebia and suffered a terrible defeat. But winter now came on, and the Carthaginians found it very hard to bear in the marshes of the Arno. Hannibal himself was so ill that he only owed his life to the last of his elephants, which carried him safely through when he was almost blind, and in the end he lost an eye. In the spring he went on ravaging the country in hopes to make the two new consuls, Flaminius and Servilius, fight with him, but they were too cautious, until at last Flaminius attacked him in a heavy fog on the shore of Lake Trasimenus. It is said that an earthquake shook the ground, and that the eager warriors never perceived it; but again the Romans lost, Flaminius was killed, and there was a dreadful slaughter, for Hannibal had sworn to give no quarter to a Roman. The only thing that was hopeful for Rome was that neither Gauls, Etruscans, nor Italians showed any desire to rise in

favor of Hannibal; and though he was now very near Rome, he durst not besiege it without the help of the people around to bring him supplies, so he only marched southward, hoping to gain the support of the Greek colonies. A dictator was appointed, Quintus Fabius Maximus, who saw that, by strengthening all the garrisons in the towns and cutting off all provisions, he should wear the enemy out at last. As he always put off a battle, he was called Cunctator, or the Delayer; but at last he had the Carthaginians enclosed as in a trap in the valley of the river Volturnus, and hoped to cut them off, posting men in ambush to fall on them on their morning's



GAULS REFUSE TO RISE IN FAVOR OF HANNIBAL.

march. Hannibal guessed that this must be his plan; and at night he had the cattle in the camp collected, fastened torches to their horns, and drove them up the hills. The Romans, fancying themselves surrounded by the enemy, came out of their hiding-places to fall back on the camp, and Hannibal and his army safely escaped. This mischance made the Romans weary of the Delayer's policy, and when the year was out, and two consuls came in, though one of them, Lucius Æmilius Paulus, would have gone on in the same cautious plan of starving Hannibal out without a battle, the other, Caius Terentius Varro, who commanded on alternate days with him, was determined on a battle. Hannibal so contrived that it was fought on the

plain of Cannæ, where there was plenty of space to use his Moorish horse. It was Varro's day of command, and he dashed at the centre of the enemy; Hannibal opened a space for him, then closed in on both sides with his terrible horse, and made a regular slaughter of the Romans. The last time that the consul Æmilius was seen was by a tribune named Lentulus, who found him sitting on a stone faint and bleeding, and would have given him his own horse to escape, but Æmilius answered that he had no mind to have to accuse his comrade of rashness, and had rather die. A troop of enemies coming up, Lentulus rode off, and, looking back, saw his consul fall, pierced with darts. So many Romans had been killed, that Hannibal sent to Carthage a basket containing ten thousand of the gold rings worn by the knights.

Hannibal was only five days' march beyond Rome, and his officers wanted him to turn back and attack it in the first shock of the defeat, but he could not expect to succeed without more aid from home, and he wanted to win over the Greek cities of the south; so he wintered in Campania, waiting for the fresh troops he expected from Africa or from Spain, where his brother Mago was preparing an army. But the Carthaginians did not care about Hannibal's campaigns in Italy, and sent no help; and Publius Cornelius Scipio and his brother, with a Roman army in Spain, were watching Mago and preventing him from marching, until at last he gave them battle and defeated and killed them both. But he was not allowed to go to Italy to his brother, who, in the meantime, found his army so unstrung and ill-disciplined in the delightful but languid Campania, that the Romans declared the luxuries of Capua were their best allies. He stayed in the south, however, trying to gain the alliance of the king of Macedon, and stirring up Syracuse to revolt. Marcellus, who was consul for the third time, was sent to reduce the city, which made a famous defence, for it contained Archimedes, the greatest mathematician of his time, who devised wonderful machines for crushing the besiegers in unexpected ways; but at last Marcellus found a weak part of the walls and surprised the citizens. He had given orders that Archimedes should be saved, but a soldier broke into the philosopher's room without knowing him, and found him so intent on his study that he had never heard the storming of the city. The man brandished his sword. "Only wait," muttered Archimedes, "till I have found out my problem;" but the man, not understanding him, killed him.

Hannibal remained in Italy, maintaining himself there with wonderful skill, though with none of the hopes with which he had set out. His brother Hasdrubal did succeed in leaving Spain with an army to help him, but was met on the river Metaurus by Tiberius Claudius Nero, beaten, and slain. His head was cut off by Nero's order, and thrown into Hannibal's camp to give tidings of his fate.

Young Scipio, meantime, had been sent to Spain, where he gained great advantages, winning the friendship of the Iberians, and gaining town after town till Mago had little left but Gades and the extreme south. Scipio was one of the noblest of the Romans, brave, pious, and, what was more unusual, of such sweet and winning temper, that it was said of him that wherever he went he might have been a king.



THE LAST HOUR OF ARCHIMEDES.

On returning to Rome, he showed the Senate that the best way to get Hannibal out of Italy was to attack Africa. Cautious old Fabius doubted, but Scipio was sent to Sicily, where he made an alliance with Massinissa, the Moorish king in Africa; and, obtaining leave to carry out his plan, he was sent thither, and so alarmed Carthage, that Hannibal was recalled to defend his own country, where he had not been since he was a child. A great battle took place at Zama between him and Hannibal, in which Scipio was the conqueror, and the loss of Carthage was so terrible that the Romans were ready to have marched in on her and made her their subject, but Scipio persuaded them to be forbearing. Carthage was to pay an immense tribute, and swear never to make war on any ally of Rome. And thus ended the Second Punic War, in the year 201.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST EASTERN WAR.

B.C. 215—183.



SCIPIO remained in Africa till he had arranged matters and won such a claim to Massinissa's gratitude that this king of Numidia was sure to watch over the interests of Rome. Scipio then returned home, and entered Rome with a grand triumph, all the nobler for himself that he did not lead Hannibal in his chains. He had been too generous to demand that so brave an enemy should be delivered up to him. He received the surname of Africanus, and was one of the most respected and beloved of Romans. He was the first who began to take up Greek learning and culture, and to exchange the old Roman ruggedness for the graces of philosophy and poetry. Indeed the Romans were beginning to have much to do with the Greeks, and the war they entered upon now was the first for the sake of spreading their own power. All the former ones had been in self-defence, and the new one did in fact spring out of the Punic war, for the Carthaginians had tried to persuade Philip, king of Macedon, to follow in the track of Pyrrhus, and come and help Hannibal in Southern Italy. The Romans had kept him off by stirring up the robber Ætolians against him; and when he began to punish these wild neighbors, the Romans leagued themselves with the old Greek cities which Macedon oppressed, and a great war took place.

Titus Quinctius Flaminius commanded in Greece for four years, first as consul and then as proconsul. His crowning victory was at Cynocephalæ, or the Dogshead Rocks, where he so broke the strength of Macedon that at the Isthmian games he proclaimed the deliverance of Greece, and in their joy the people crowded round him with crowns and garlands, and shouted so loud that birds in the air were said to have dropped down at the sound.

Macedon had cities in Asia Minor, and the king of Syria's enemy, Antiochus the Great, hoped to master them, and even to conquer Greece by the help of Hannibal, who had found himself unable to live in Carthage after his defeat, and was wandering about to give his services to any one who was a foe of Rome.

As Rome took the part of Philip, as her subject and ally, there was soon full scope for his efforts; but the Syrians were such wretched troops that

even Hannibal could do nothing with them, and the king himself would not attend to his advice, but wasted his time in pleasure in the isle of Eubœa. So the consul Acilius first beat them at Thermopylæ, and then, on Lucius Cornelius Scipio being sent to conduct the war, his great brother Africanus volunteered to go with him as his lieutenant, and together they followed Antiochus into Asia Minor, and gained such advantages that the Syrian was obliged to sue for peace. The Romans replied by requiring of him to give up all Asia Minor as far as Mount Taurus, and in despair he risked a battle in Magnesia, and met with a total defeat; eighty thousand Greeks and Syrians being overthrown by fifty thousand Romans. Neither Africanus nor Hannibal were present in this battle, since the first was ill, and the second was besieged in a city in Pamphylia; but while terms of peace were being made, the two are said to have met on friendly terms, and Scipio asked Hannibal whom he thought the greatest of generals. "Alexander," was the answer. "Whom the next greatest?" "Pyrrhus." "Whom do you rank as the third?" "Myself," said Hannibal. "But if you had beaten me?" asked Scipio. "Then I would have placed myself before Alexander."

The Romans insisted that Hannibal should be dismissed by Antiochus, though Scipio declared that this was ungenerous; but they dreaded his never-ceasing enmity; and when he took refuge with the king of Bothnia, they still required that he should be given up or driven away. On this, Hannibal, worn-out and disappointed, put an end to his own life by poison, saying he would rid the Romans of their fear of an old man.

The provinces taken from Antiochus were given to Eumenes, king of Pergamus, who was to reign over them as tributary to the Romans. Lucius Scipio received the surname of Asiaticus, and the two brothers returned to Rome; but they had been too generous and merciful to the conquered to suit the grasping spirit that had begun to prevail at Rome, and directly after his triumph Lucius was accused of having taken to himself an undue share of the spoil. His brother was too indignant at the shameful accusation to think of letting him justify himself, but tore up his accounts in the face of the people. The tribune, Nævius, thereupon spitefully called upon him to give an account of the spoil of Carthage taken twenty years before. The only reply he gave was to exclaim, "This is the day of the victory of Zama. Let us give thanks to the gods for it;" and he led all that was noble and good in Rome with him to the temple of Jupiter and offered the anniversary sacrifice. No one durst say another word against him or his brother; but he did not choose to remain among the citizens who had thus insulted him, but went away to his estate at Liternum, and when he died, desired to be buried there, saying that he would not even leave his bones to his ungrateful country. The Cornelian family was the only one among the

higher Romans who buried instead of burning their dead. He left no son, only a daughter, who was married to Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, a brave officer who was among those who were sent to finish reducing Spain. It was a long, terrible war, fought city by city, inch by inch; but Gracchus is said to have taken no less than three hundred fortresses. But he was a milder conqueror than some of the Romans, and tried to tame and civilize



HANNIBAL'S DEATH.

the wild races instead of treating them with the terrible severity shown by Marcus Porcius Cato, the sternest of all old Romans. However, by the year 178 Spain had been reduced to obedience, and the cities and the coast were in good order, though the mountains harbored fierce tribes always ready for revolt.

Gracchus died early, and Cornelia, his widow, devoted herself to the cause of his three children, refusing to be married again, which was very uncommon in a Roman lady. When a lady asked her to show her her ornaments, she called her two boys, Tiberius and Caius, and their sister Sempronius, and said, "These are my jewels;" and when she was complimented

on being the daughter of Africanus, she said that the honor she should care more for was the being called "the mother of the Gracchi."

It was not, however, one of her sons that was chosen to carry on their



CORNELIA AND HER CHILDREN.

grandfather's name and the sacrifices of the Cornelian family. Probably Caius was not born when Scipio died, for his choice had been the second son of his sister and of Lucius Æmilius Paulus (son of him who died at Cannæ). This child, being adopted by his uncle, was called Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus, and when he grew up was to marry his cousin Sémpronia.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CORINTH, AND CARTHAGE.

B.C. 179—145.



T was a great change when Rome, which to the Greeks of Pyrrhus' time had seemed so rude and simple, was thought such a school of policy that Greek and half-Greek kings sent their sons to be educated there, partly as hostages for their own peaceableness, and partly to learn the spirit of Roman rule. The first king who did this was Philip of Macedon, who sent his son Demetrius to be brought up at Rome; but when he came back, his father and brother were jealous of him, and he was soon put to death.

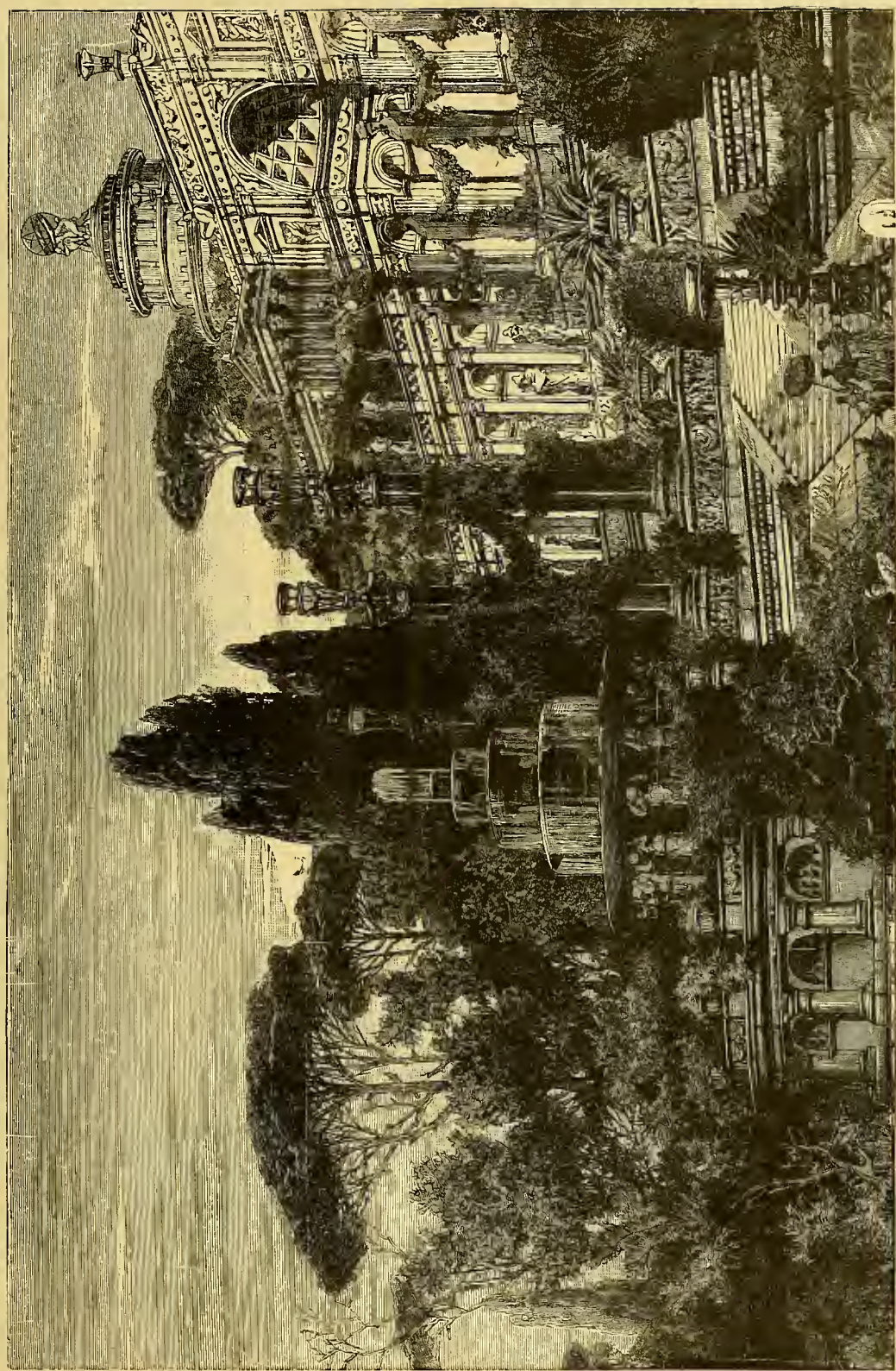
When his brother Perseus came to the throne, there was hatred between him and the Romans, and ere long he was accused of making war on their allies. He offered to make peace, but they replied that they would hear nothing till he had laid down his arms, and this he would not do, so that Lucius Æmilius Paulus (the brother-in-law of Scipio) was sent to reduce him. As Æmilius came into his own house after receiving the appointment, he met his little daughter crying, and when he asked her what was the matter, she answered, "Oh, father, Perseus is dead!" She meant her little dog, but he kissed her and thanked her for the good omen. He overran Macedon, and gained the great battle of Pydna, after which Perseus was obliged to give himself up into the hands of the Romans, begging, however, not to be made to walk in Æmilius' triumph. The general answered that he might obtain that favor from himself, meaning that he could die by his own hand; but Perseus did not take the hint, which seems to us far more shocking than it did to a Roman; he did walk in the triumph, and died a few years after in Italy. Æmilius' two sons were with him throughout this campaign, though still boys under Polybius, their Achaian tutor. Macedon was divided into four provinces, and became entirely subject to Rome.

The Greeks of the Achaian League began to have quarrels among themselves, and when the Romans interfered a fierce spirit broke out, and they wanted to have their old freedom, forgetting how entirely unable they were to stand against the power of the Romans. Caius Cæcilius Metellus, a man of one of the best and most gracious Roman families, was patient with them

and did his best to pacify them, being most unwilling to ruin the noble old historical cities; but these foolish Greeks fancied that his kindness showed weakness, and forced on the war, sending a troop to guard the pass of Thermopylæ, but they were swept away. Unfortunately, Metellus had to go out of office, and Lucius Mummius, a fierce, rude, and ignorant soldier, came in his stead to complete the conquest. Corinth was taken, utterly ruined and plundered throughout, and a huge amount of treasure was sent to Rome, as well as pictures and statues famed all over the world. Mummius was very much laughed at for having been told they must be carried in his triumph; and yet, not understanding their beauty, he told the sailors to whose charge they were given, that if they were lost, new ones must be supplied. However, he was an honest man, who did not help himself out of the plunder, as far too many were doing. After that, Achaia was made a Roman province.

At this time the third and last Punic war was going on. The old Moorish king, Massinissa, had been continually tormenting Carthage ever since she had been weak, and declaring that Phœnician strangers had no business in Africa. The Carthaginians, who had no means of defending themselves, complained; but the Romans would not listen, hoping, perhaps, that they would be goaded at last into attacking the Moor, and thus giving a pretext for a war. Old Marcus Porcius Cato, who was sent on a message to Carthage, came back declaring that it was not safe to let so mighty a city of enemies stand so near. He brought back a branch of figs fresh and good, which he showed the Senate in proof of how near she was, and ended each sentence with saying, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage is to be wiped out). He died that same year at ninety years old, having spent most of his life in making a stanch resistance to the easy and luxurious fashions that were coming in with wealth and refinement. One of his sayings always deserves to be remembered. When he was opposing a law giving permission to the ladies to wear gold and purple, he said they would all be vying with one another, and that the poor would be ashamed of not making as good an appearance as the rich. "And," said he, "she who blushes for doing what she ought, will soon cease to blush for doing what she ought not."

One wonders he did not see that to have no enemy near at hand to guard against was the very worst thing for the hardy, plain old ways he was so anxious to keep up. However, Carthage was to be wiped out, and Scipio Æmilianus was sent to do the terrible work. He defeated Hasdrubal, the last of the Carthaginian generals, and took the citadel of Byrsa; but though all hope was over, the city held out in utter desperation. Weapons were forged out of household implements, even out of gold and silver, and the women twisted their long hair into bow-strings; and when the walls were stormed, they fought from street to street and house to house, so that the



ROMAN VILLA.

Romans gained little but ruins and dead bodies. Carthage and Corinth fell on the same day of the year 179.

Part of Spain still had to be subdued, and Scipio Æmilianus was sent thither. The city of Numantia, with only five thousand inhabitants, endured one of those long, hopeless sieges for which Spanish cities have in all times been remarkable, and was only taken at last when almost every citizen had perished.

At the same time, Attalus, king of Pergamus in Asia Minor, being the last of his race, bequeathed his dominions to the Romans, and thus gave them their first solid footing there.

All this was altering Roman manners much. Weak as the Greeks were, their old doings of every kind were still the admiration of every one, and the Romans, who had always been rough straightforward doers, began to wish to learn of them to think. All the wealthier families had Greeks for tutors for their sons, and expected them to talk and write the language, and study the philosophy and poetry till they should be as familiar with it as if they were Greeks themselves. Unluckily, the Greeks themselves had fallen from their earnestness and greatness, so that there was not much to be learnt of them now but vain deceit and bad taste.

Rich Romans, too, began to get most absurdly luxurious. They had splendid villas on the Italian hill-sides, where they went to spend the summer when Rome was unhealthy, and where they had beautiful gardens, with courts paved with mosaic, and fish-ponds for the pet fish for which many had a passion. One man was laughed at for having shed tears when his favorite fish died, and he retorted by saying that it was more than his accuser had done for his wife.

ROMANS AT TABLE.

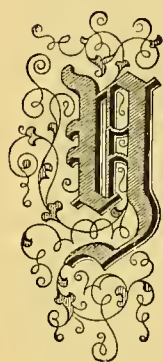


Their feasts were as luxurious as they could make them, in spite of laws to keep them within bounds. Dishes of nightingales' tongues, of fatted dormice, and even of snails, were among their food; and sometimes a stream was made to flow along the table, containing the living companion of the mullet which served as part of the meal.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRACCHI.

B.C. 137—122.



YOUNG Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, the eldest of Cornelia's jewels, was sent in the year 137 to join the Roman army in Spain. As he went through Etruria, which, as every one knew, had been a thickly peopled, fertile country in old times, he was shocked to see its dreariness and desolation. Instead of farms and vineyards, there were great bare spaces of land, where sheep, kids, or goats were feeding. These vast tracks belonged to Romans, who kept slaves to attend to the flocks; while all the corn that was used in Rome came from Sicily or Africa, and the poorer Romans lived in the city itself—idle men, chiefly trusting to distributions of corn, and unable to work for themselves because they had no ground to till; and as to trades and handicrafts, the rich men had everything they wanted made in their own houses by their slaves.

No wonder the Romans were losing their old character. This was the very thing that the Licinian law had been intended to prevent, by forbidding any citizen to have more than a certain quantity of land, and giving the state the power of resuming it. The law was still there, but it had been disused and forgotten; estates had been gathered into the hands of families and handed down, till now, though there were four hundred thousand citizens, only two thousand were men of property.

While Tiberius was serving in Spain, he decided on his plan. As his family was plebeian, he could be a tribune of the people, and as soon as he came home he stood and was elected. Then he proposed reviving the Licinian law, that nobody should have more than five hundred acres, and that the rest should be divided among those who had nothing, leaving, however, a larger portion to those who had many children.

There was, of course, a terrible uproar; the populace clamoring for their rights, and the rich trying to stop the measure. They bribed one of the

other tribunes to forbid it; but there was a fight, in which Tiberius prevailed, and he and his young brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were appointed as triumvirs to see the law carried out. Then the rich men followed their old plan of spreading reports among the people that Tiberius wanted to make himself a king, and had accepted a crown and



REVOLT OF THE PLEBEIANS.

purple robe from some foreign envoy. When his year of office was coming to an end, he sought to be elected tribune again, but the patricians said it was against the law. There was a great tumult, in the course of which he put his hand to his head, either to guard it from a blow or to beckon his friends. "He demands the diadem," shouted his enemies, and there was a great struggle, in which three hundred people were killed. Tiberius tried to take refuge in the Temple of Jupiter, but the doors were closed against him; he stumbled, was knocked down with a club, and killed.

However, the Sempronian law had been made, and the people wanted, of course, to have it carried out, while the nobles wanted it to be a dead

letter. Scipio Æmilianus, the brother-in-law of the Gracchi, had been in Spain all this time, but he had so much disapproved of Tiberius' doings that he was said to have exclaimed, on hearing of his death, "So perish all who do the like." But when he came home, he did so much to calm and quiet matters, that there was a cry to make him Dictator, and let him settle the whole matter. Young Caius Gracchus, who thought the cause would thus be lost, tried to prevent the choice by fixing on him the name of tyrant. To which Scipio calmly replied, "Rome's enemies may well wish me dead, for they know that while I live Rome cannot perish."

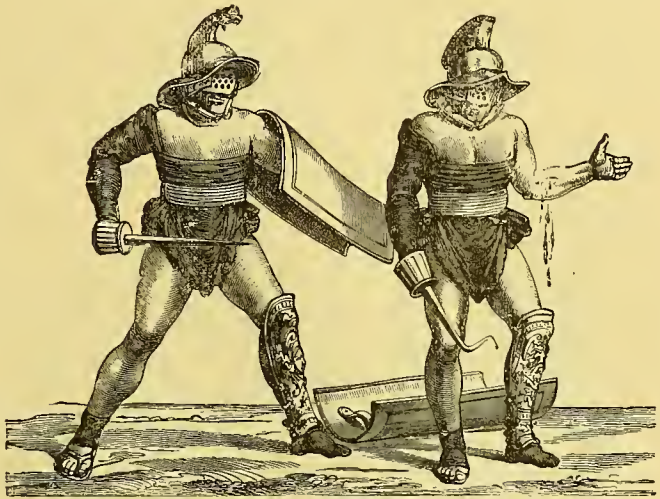
When he went home, he shut himself into his room to prepare his discourse for the next day, but in the morning he was found dead, without a wound, though his slaves declared he had been murdered. Some suspected his wife Sempronia, others even her mother Cornelia, but the Senate would not have the matter enquired into. He left no child, and the Africanus line of Cornelius ended with him.

Caius Gracchus was nine years younger than his brother, and was elected tribune as soon as he was old enough. He was full of still greater schemes than his brother. His mother besought him to be warned by his brother's fate, but he was bent on his objects, and carried some of them out. He had the Sempronian law reaffirmed, though he could not act on it; but in the meantime he began a regular custom of having corn served out to the poorer citizens, and found work for them upon roads and bridges; also he caused the state to clothe the soldiers, instead of their doing it at their own expense. Another scheme which he first proposed was to make the Italians of the countries now one with Roman territory into citizens, with votes like the Romans themselves; but this again angered the patricians, who saw they should be swamped by numbers and lose their power.

He also wanted to found a colony of plebeians on the ruins of Carthage, and when his tribuneship was over he went to Africa to see about it; but when he came home the patricians had arranged an attack on him, and he was insulted by the lictor of the consul Opimius. The patricians collected on one side, the poorer sort round Caius on the Aventine Hill; but the nobles were the strongest, the plebeians fled, and Caius withdrew with one slave into a sacred grove, whence he hoped to reach the Tiber; but the wood was surrounded, his retreat was cut off, and he commanded the slave to kill him that he might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies, after which the poor faithful fellow killed himself, unable to bear the loss of his master. The weight of Caius' head in gold had been promised by the Senate, and the man who found the body was said to have taken out the brains and filled it up with lead that his reward might be larger. Three thousand men were killed in this riot, ten times as many as at Tiberius' death.

Opimius was so proud of having overthrown Caius, that he had a medal struck with Hercules slaying the monsters. Cornelia, broken-hearted, retired to a country house; but in a few years the feeling turned, great love was shown to the memory of the two brothers, statues were set up in their honor, and when Cornelia herself died, her statue was inscribed with the title she had coveted, "The mother of the Gracchi."

Things were indeed growing worse and worse. The Romans were as brave as ever in the field, and



GLADIATORS.

were sure in the end to conquer any nation they came in contact with; but at home, the city was full of overgrown rich men, with huge hosts of slaves, and of turbulent poor men, who only cared for their citizenship for the sake of the corn they gained by it, and the games exhibited by those who stood for a magistracy. Immense sums were spent in hiring gladiators and bringing wild animals to be baited for their amusement; and afterward, when sent out to govern the provinces, the expenses were repaid by cruel grinding and robbing the people of the conquered states.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WARS OF MARIUS.

B.C. 106—98.



AFTER the death of Massinissa, king of Numidia, the ally of the Romans, there were disputes among his grandsons, and Jugurtha, whom they held to have the least right, obtained the kingdom. The commander of the army sent against him was Cains Marius, who had risen from being a free Roman peasant in the village of Arpinum, but, serving under Scipio Æmilianus, had shown such ability, that when some one was wondering where they would find the equal of Scipio when he was gone, that general touched the shoulder of his young officer and said, "Possibly here."

Rough soldier as he always was, he married Julia, of the high family of the Cæsars, who were said to be descended from Æneas; and though he was much disliked by the Senate, he always carried the people with him. When he received the province of Numidia, instead of, as every one had done before, forming his army only of Roman citizens, he offered to enlist whoever would, and thus filled his ranks with all sorts of wild and desperate men, whom he could indeed train to fight, but who had none of the old feeling for honor or the state, and this in the end made a great change in Rome.

Jugurtha maintained a wild war in the deserts of Africa with Marius, but at last he was betrayed to the Romans by his friend Bocchus, another Moorish king; and Lucius Cornelius Sulla, Marius' lieutenant, was sent to receive him—a transaction which Sulla commemorated on a signet ring which he always wore. Poor Jugurtha was kept two years to appear at the triumph, where he walked in chains, and then was thrown alive into the dungeon under the Capitol, where he took six days to die of cold and hunger.

Marius was elected consul for the second time even before he had quite come home from Africa, for it was a time of great danger. Two fierce and terrible tribes, whom the Romans called Cimbri and Teutones, and who were but the vanguard of the swarms who would overwhelm them six centuries later, had come down through Germany to the settled countries belonging to Rome, especially the lands round the old Greek settlements in

Gaul, which had fallen of course into the hands of the Romans, and were full of beautiful rich cities, with houses and gardens round them. The Province, as the Romans called it, would have been grand plundering ground for these savages, and Marius established himself in a camp on the banks of the Rhone to protect it, cutting a canal to bring his provisions from the sea, which still remains. While he was thus engaged, he was a fourth time elected consul.

The enemy began to move. The Cimbri meant to march eastward round the Alps, and pour through the Tyrol into Italy; the Teutones to go



CIMBRIC WOMEN DEFEND THEIR WAGON FORT.

by the west, fighting Marius on the way. But he would not come out of his camp on the Rhone, though the Teutones, as they passed, shouted to ask the Roman soldiers what messages they had to send to their wives in Italy.

When they had all passed, he came out of his camp and followed them as far as Aquæ Sextiæ, now called Aix, where one of the most terrible battles the world ever saw was fought. These people were a whole tribe—wives, children, and everything they had were with them—and to be defeated was utter and absolute ruin. A great enclosure was made with

their carts and wagons, whence the women threw arrows and darts to help the men; and when, after three days of hard fighting, all hope was over, they set fire to the enclosure and killed their children and themselves. The whole swarm was destroyed. Marius marched away, and no one was left to bury the dead, so that the spot was called the Putrid Fields, and is still known as Les Pourrieres.

While Marius was offering up the spoil, tidings came that he was a fifth time chosen consul; but he had to hasten into Italy, for the other consul, Catulus, could not stand before the Cimbri, and Marius met him on the Po, retreating from them. The Cimbri demanded lands in Italy for themselves and their allies the Teutones. "The Teutones have all the ground they will ever want on the other side the Alps," said Marius; and a terrible battle followed, in which the Cimbri were as entirely cut off as their allies had been.

Marius was made consul a sixth time. As a reward to the brave soldiers who had fought under him, he made one thousand of them, who came from the city of Camerinum, Roman citizens, and this the patricians disliked greatly. His excuse was, "The din of arms drowned the voice of the law;" but the new citizens were provided for by lands in the Province, which the Romans said the Gauls had lost to the Teutones and they had reconquered. It was very hard on the Gauls, but that was the last thing a Roman cared about.

The Italians, however, were all crying out for the rights of Romans, and the more far-sighted among the Romans would, like Caius Gracchus, have granted them. Marcus Livius Drusus did his best for them; he was a good man, wise and frank-hearted. When he was having a house built, and the plan was shown him which would make it impossible for any one to see into it, he said, "Rather build one where my fellow-countrymen may see all I do." He was very much loved, and when he was ill, prayers were offered at the temples for his recovery; but no sooner did he take up the cause of the Italians than all the patricians hated him bitterly. "Rome for the Romans," was their watchword. Drusus was one day entertaining an Italian gentleman, when his little nephew, Marcus Porcius Cato, a descendant of the old censor, and bred in stern patrician views, was playing about the room. The Italian merrily asked him to favor his cause. "No," said the boy. He was offered toys and cakes if he would change his mind, but he still refused; he was threatened, and at last he was held by one leg out of the window—all without shaking his resolution for a moment; and this constancy he carried with him through life.

People's minds grew embittered, and Drusus was murdered in the street, crying as he fell, "When will Rome find so good a citizen!" After this, the Italians took up arms, and what was called the Social War began. Marius

had no high command, being probably too much connected with the enemy. Some of the Italian tribes held with Rome, and these were rewarded with the citizenship; and after all, though the consul, Lucius Julius Cæsar, brother-in-law to Marius, gained some victories, the revolt was so widespread, that the Senate felt it wisest, on the first sign of peace, to offer citizenship to such Italians as would come within sixty days to claim it. Citizenship brought a man under Roman law, freed him from taxation, and gave him many advantages and openings to a rise in life. But he could only give his vote at Rome, and only there receive the distribution of corn, and he further became liable to be called out to serve in a legion, so that the benefit was not so great as at first appeared, and no very large numbers of Italians came to apply for it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARIUS.

B. C. 93—84.



THE chief foe of Marius was almost always his second in command, Publius Cornelius Sulla, one of the men of highest family in Rome. He had all the high culture and elegant learning that the rough soldier Marius despised, spoke and wrote Greek as easily as Latin, and was as well read in Greek poetry and philosophy as any Athenian could be; but he was given up to all the excesses of luxury in which the wealthy Romans indulged, and his way of life had made him frightful to look at. His face was said to be like a mulberry sprinkled with salt, with a terrible pair of blue eyes glaring out of it.

In 93 he was sent to command against Mithridates, king of Pontus, one of the little kingdoms in Asia Minor that had sprung up out of the break-up of Alexander's empire. Under this king, Mithridates, it had grown very powerful. He was of Persian birth, had all the learning and science both of Greece and the far East, and was said in especial to be wonderfully learned in all plants and their virtues, so as to have made himself proof against all kinds of poison, and he could speak twenty-five languages.

He had great power in Asia Minor, and took upon himself to appoint a king of Cappadocia, thus leading to a quarrel with the Romans. In the midst of the Social War, when he thought they had their hands full in Italy,

Mithridates caused all the native inhabitants of Asia Minor to rise upon the Romans among them in one night and murder them all, so that eighty thousand are said to have perished. Sulla was ordered to take the command of the army which was to avenge their death; but, while he was raising his forces, Marius, angry that the patricians had hindered the plebeians and Italians from gaining more by the Social War, raised up a great tumult, meaning to overpower the patricians' resistance. He would have done more wisely had he waited until Sulla was quite gone, for that general came back to the rescue of his friends with six newly-raised legions, and Marius could only just contrive to escape from Rome, where he was proclaimed a traitor and a price set on his head. He was now seventy years old, but full of spirit. First he escaped to his own farm, whence he hoped to reach Ostia, where a ship was waiting for him; but a party of horsemen were seen coming, and he was hidden in a cart full of beans and driven down to the coast, where he embarked, meaning to go to Africa; but adverse winds and want of food forced him to land at Circæum, whence, with a few friends, he made his way along the coast, through woods and rocks, keeping up the spirits of his companions by telling them that, when a little boy, he had robbed an eyrie of seven eaglets, and that a soothsayer had then foretold that he would be seven times consul. At last a troop of horse was seen coming towards them, and at the same time two ships near the coast. The only hope was in swimming out to the nearest ship, and Marius was so heavy and old that this was done with great difficulty. Even then the ships were so near the shore that the pursuers could command the crew to throw Marius out, but this they refused to do, though they only waited till the soldiers were gone, to put him on shore again. Here he was in a marshy, boggy place, where an old man let him rest in his cottage, and then hid him in a cave under a heap of rushes. Again, however, the troops appeared, and threatened the old man for hiding an enemy of the Romans. It was in Marius' bearing, and, fearing to be betrayed, he rushed out into a pool, where he stood up to his neck in water till a soldier saw him, and he was dragged out and taken to the city of Minturnæ.

There the council decided on his death, and sent a soldier to kill him, but the fierce old man stood glaring at him, and said, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" The man was so frightened that he ran away, crying out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." The Senate of Minturnæ took this as an omen, and remembered besides that he had been a good friend to the Italians, so they conducted him through a sacred grove to the sea, and sent him off to Africa. On landing, he sent his son to ask shelter from one of the Numidian princes, and, while waiting for an answer, he was harassed by a messenger from a Roman officer of low rank, forbidding his presence in Africa. He made no reply till the messenger pressed to know what to say to his master. Then

the old man looked up, and sternly answered, "Say that you have seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage"—a grand rebuke for the insult to fallen greatness. But the Numidian could not receive him, and he could only find shelter in a little island on the coast.

There he soon heard that no sooner had Sulla embarked for the East than Rome had fallen into dire confusion. The consuls, Caius Octavius and Publius Cornelius Cinna, were of opposite parties, and had had a furious



FIGHT BETWEEN THE CONSULS' ADHERENTS.

fight, in which Cinna was driven out of Rome, and at the same time the Italians had begun a new Social War. Marius saw that his time was come. He hurried to Etruria, where he was joined by a party of his friends and five hundred runaway slaves. The discontented Romans formed another army under Quintus Sertorius, and the Samnites, who had begun the war, overpowered the troops sent against them, and marched to Rome, declaring that they would have no peace till they had destroyed the wolf's lair. Cinna and an army were advancing on another side, and, as he was really consul, the Senate in their distress admitted him, hoping that he would stop

the rest; but when he marched in and seated himself again in his chair of office, he had by his side old Marius clothed in rags.

They were bent on revenge, and terrible it was, beginning with the consul, Caius Octavius, who had disdained to flee, and whose head was severed from his body and displayed in the Forum, with those of many other senators of the noblest blood in Rome, who had offended either Marius or Cinna or any of their fierce followers. Marius walked along in gloomy silence, answering no one; but his followers were bidden to spare only those to whom he gave his hand to be kissed. The slaves pillaged the houses, murdered many on their own account, and everything was in the wildest uproar, till the two chiefs called in Sertorius with a legion to restore order.

Then they named themselves consuls, without even asking for an election, and thus Marius was seven times consul. He wanted to go out to the East and take the command from Sulla, but his health was too much broken, and before the year of his consulate was over he died. The last time he had left the house, he had said to some friends that no man ought to trust again to such a doubtful fortune as his had been; and then he took to his bed for seven days without any known illness, and was there found dead, so that he was thought to have starved himself to death.

Cinna put in another consul named Valerius Flaccus, and invited all the Italians to enrol themselves as Roman citizens. Then Flaccus went out to the East, meaning to take away the command from Sulla, who was hunting Mithridates out of Greece, which he had seized and held for a short time. But Flaccus' own army rose against him and killed him, and Sulla, after beating Mithridates, driving him back to Pontus, and making peace with him, was now to come home.



CHAPTER XXV.

SULLA'S PROSCRIPTION.

B.C. 88—71.



HERE was great fear at Rome, among the friends of Cinna and Marius, at the prospect of Sulla's return. A fire broke out in the Capitol, and this added to their terror, for the Books of the Sybil were burnt, and all her prophecies were lost. Cinna tried to oppose Sulla's landing, but was killed by his own soldiers at Brundisium.

Sulla, with his victorious army, could not be stopped. Sertorius fled to Spain, but Marius' son tried, with the help of the Samnites, to resist, and held out Præneste, but the Samnites were beaten in a terrible battle outside the walls, and, when the people of the city saw the heads of the leaders carried on spear points, they insisted on giving up. Young Marius and a Samnite noble hid themselves in a cave, and, as they had no hope, resolved to die; so they fought, hoping to kill each other, and when Marius was left alive, he caused himself to be slain by a slave.

Sulla marched on towards Rome, furious at the resistance he had met with, and determined on a terrible vengeance. He could not enter the city till he was ready to dismiss his army and have his triumph, so the Senate came out to meet him in the temple of Bellona. As they took their seats, they heard dreadful shrieks and cries. "No matter," said Sulla; "it is only some wretches being punished." The wretches were the eight thousand Samnite prisoners he had taken in the battle of Præneste, and brought to be killed in the Campus Martius; and with these shocking sounds to mark that he was in earnest, the purple-faced general told the trembling Senate that if they submitted to him he would be good to them, but that he would spare none of his enemies, great or small.

And his men were already in the city and country, slaughtering not only the party of Marius, but every one against whom any one of them had a spite, or whose property he coveted. Marius' body, which had been buried and not burnt, was taken from the grave and thrown into the Tiber; and such horrible deeds were done that Sulla was asked in the Senate where the execution was to stop. He showed a list of eighty more

who had yet to die; and the next day and the next he brought other lists of two hundred and thirty each. These dreadful lists were called proscriptions, and any one who tried to shelter the victims was treated in the same manner. The property of all who were slain was seized, and their children declared incapable of holding any public office.



CINNA KILLED BY HIS OWN SOLDIERS.

Among those who were in danger was the nephew of Marius' wife, Caius Julius Cæsar, but, as he was of a high patrician family, Sulla only required of him to divorce his wife and marry a stepdaughter of his own. Cæsar refused, and fled to the Sabine hills, where pursuers were sent after him; but his life was begged for by his friends at Rome, especially by the Vestal Virgins, and Sulla spared his life, saying, however, "Beware; in that young trifier is more than one Marius." Cæsar went to join the army in the East for safety, and thus broke off the idle life of pleasure he had been leading in Rome.

The country people were even more cruelly punished than the citizens; whole cities were destroyed and districts laid waste; the whole of Etruria

was ravaged, the old race entirely swept away, and the towns ruined beyond revival, while the new city of Florence was built with their remains, and all we know of them is from the tombs which have of late years been opened.

Both the consuls had perished, and Sulla caused himself to be named Dictator. He had really a purpose in all the horrors he had perpetrated, namely, to clear the way for restoring the old government at Rome, which Marius and his Italians had been overthrowing. He did not see that the rule which had worked tolerably while Rome was only a little city with a small country round it, would not serve when it was the head of numerous distant countries, where the governors, like himself and Marius, grew rich, and trained armies under them able to overpower the whole state at home. So he set to work to put matters as much as possible in the old order. So many of the Senate had been killed, that he had to make up the numbers by putting in three hundred knights; and, to supply the lack of other citizens, after the hosts who had perished, he allowed the Italians to go on coming in to be enrolled as citizens; and ten thousand slaves, who had belonged to his victims, were not only set free, but made citizens as his own clients, thus taking the name of Cornelius. He also much lessened the power of the tribunes of the people, and made a law that when a man had once been tribune he should never be chosen for any of the higher offices of the state. By these means he sought to keep up the old patrician power, on which he believed the greatness of Rome depended; though, after all, the grand old patrician families had mostly died off, and half the Senate were only knights made noble.

After this, Sulla resigned the dictatorship, for he was growing old, and had worn out his health by his riot and luxury. He spent his time in a villa near Rome, talking philosophy with his friends, and dictating the history of his own life in Greek. When he died, he bade them burn his body, contrary to the practice of the Cornelii, no doubt fearing it would be treated like that of Marius.

The most promising of the men of his party who were growing up and coming forward was Cnæus Pompeius, a brave and worthy man, who had, while quite young, gained such a victory over a Numidian prince that Sulla himself gave him the title of Magnus, or the Great. He was afterward sent to Spain, where Sertorius held out for eight years against the Roman power with the help of the native chiefs, but at last was put to death by his own followers. Things were altogether in a bad state. There were great struggles in Rome at every election, for the offices of the state were now chiefly esteemed for the sake of the three or five years' government in the provinces to which they led. No expense was thought too great in shows of beasts and gladiators by which to win the votes of the people; for, after the year

of office, the candidate meant amply to repay himself by what he could squeeze out of the unhappy province under his charge, and nobody cared for cruelty or injustice to any one but a Roman citizen.

Numbers of gladiators were kept and trained to fight in these shows; and while the Spanish war was going on, a whole school of them—seventy-eight in number—who were kept at Capua, broke out, armed themselves



SPARTACUS' DEATH.

with the spits, hooks, and axes in a butcher's shop, and took refuge in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, which at that time showed no signs of being an active volcano. There, under their leader Spartacus, they gathered together every slave or gladiator who could run away to them, and Spartacus wanted them to march northward, force their way through Italy, climb the Alps, and reach their homes in Thrace and Gaul; but the plunder of Italy tempted them, and they would not go, till an army was sent against them under Marcus Licinius Crassus—called Dives, or the Rich, from the spoil he had gained during the proscription. Then Spartacus hoped to escape in a fleet of pirate ships from Cilicia, and to hold out in the passes of Mount Taurus; but the Cilician pirates deceived him, sailed away with his money, and left him to his fate, and he and his gladiators were all slain by Crassus and Pompeius, who had been called home from Spain.



PUPPET-PLAYER IN POMPEII.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAREER OF POMPEIUS.

B. C. 70—63.



POMPEIUS MAGNUS and Lucius Licinius Crassus Dives were consuls together in the year 70; but Crassus, though he feasted the people at ten thousand tables, was envied and disliked, and would never have been elected but for Pompeius, who was a great favorite with the people, and so much trusted, both by them and the nobles, that it seems to have filled him with pride, for he gave himself great airs, and did not treat his fellow-consul as an equal.

When his term of office was over, the most pressing thing to be done was to put down the Cilician pirates. In the angle formed between Asia Minor and Syria, with plenty of harbors formed by the spurs of Mount Taurus, there had dwelt for ages past a horde of sea robbers, whose swift galleys darted on the merchant ships of Tyre and Alexandria; and now, after the ruin of the Syrian kingdom, they had grown so rich that their state galleys had silken sails, oars inlaid with ivory and silver, and bronze prows. They robbed the old Greek temples and the Eastern shrines, and even made descents on the Italian cities, besides stopping the ships which brought wheat from Sicily and Alexandria to feed the Romans.

To enable Pompeius to crush them, authority was given him for three years over all the Mediterranean and fifty miles inland all round, which was nearly the same thing as the whole empire. He divided the sea into thirteen commands, and sent a party to fight the pirates in each; and this was done so effectually, that in forty days they were all hunted out of the west end of the Mediterranean and driven home to their own gulf, whither he pursued them with his whole force, beat them in a sea-fight, and then besieged them; but, as he was known to be a just and merciful man, they came to terms with him, and he scattered them about in small colonies in distant cities, so that they might cease to be mischievous.

In the meantime, the war with Mithridates had broken out again, and Lucius Lucullus, who had been consul after Pompeius, was fighting with him in the East; but Lucullus did not please the Romans, though he met with good success, and had pushed Mithridates so hard that there was nothing left for Pompeius but to complete the conquest, and he drove the old

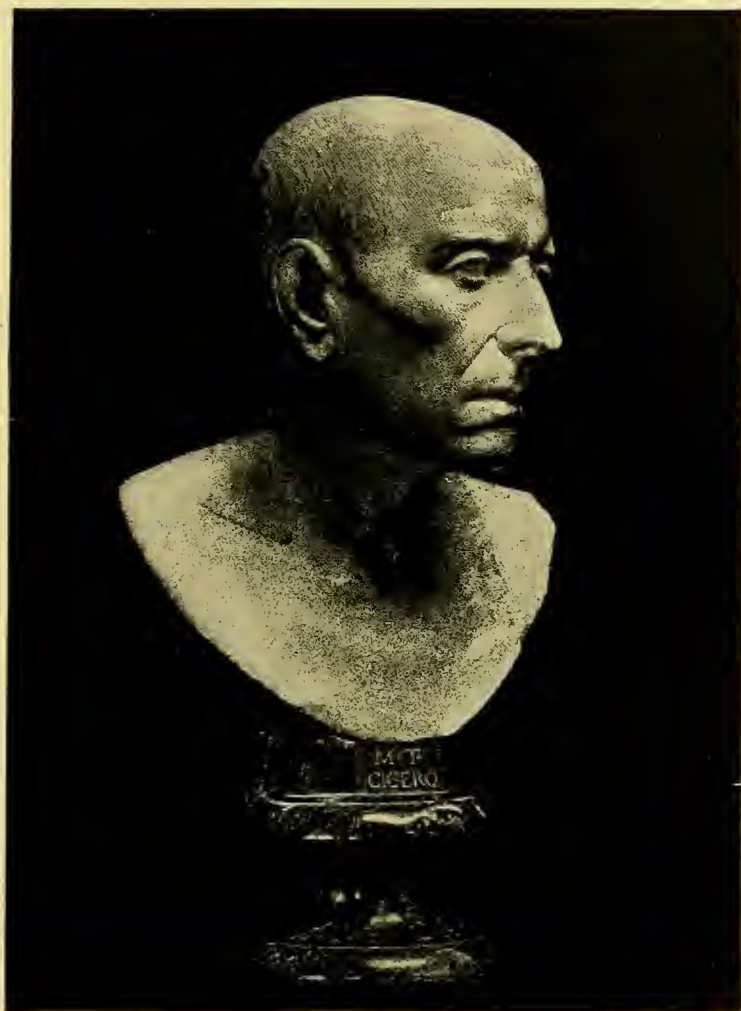
king beyond Caucasus and then marched into Syria, where he overthrew the last of the Seleucian kings, Antiochus, and gave him the little kingdom of Commagene to spend the remainder of his life in, while Syria and Phœnicia were made into a great Roman province.

Under the Maccabees, Palestine had struggled into being independent of Syria, but only by the help of the Romans, who, as usual, tried to ally themselves with small states in order to make an excuse for making war on large ones. There was now a great quarrel between two brothers of the Maccabean family, and one of them, Hyrcanus, came to ask the aid of Pompeius. The Roman army marched into the Holy Land, and, after seizing the whole country, was three months besieging Jerusalem, which, after all, it only took by an attack when the Jews were resting on the Sabbath day. Pompeius insisted on forcing his way into the Holy of Holies, and was very much disappointed to find it empty and dark. He did not plunder the treasury of the Temple, but the Jews remarked that, from the time of this daring entrance, his prosperity seemed to fail him. Before he left the East, however, old Mithridates, who had taken refuge in the Crimea, had been attacked by his own favorite son, and, finding that his power was gone, had taken poison; but, as his constitution was so fortified by antidotes that it took no effect, he caused one of his slaves to kill him.

The son submitted to the Romans, and was allowed to reign on the Bosphorus; but Pompeius had extended the Roman Empire as far as the Euphrates; for though a few small kings still remained, it was only by suzerainty from the Romans, who had gained thirty-nine great cities. Egypt, the Parthian kingdom on the Tigris, and Armenia in the mountains, alone remained free.

While all this was going on in the East, there was a very dangerous plot contrived at Rome by a man named Lucius Sergius Catilina, and seven other good-for-nothing nobles, for arming the mob, even the slaves and gladiators, overthrowing the government, seizing all the offices of state, and murdering all their opponents, after the example first set by Marius and Cinna.

Happily, such secrets are seldom kept; one of the plotters told the woman he was in love with, and she told one of the consuls, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Cicero was one of the wisest and best men in Rome, and the one whom we really know the best, for he left a great number of letters to his friends, which show us the real mind of the man. He was of the order of the knights, and had been bred up to be a lawyer and orator, and his speeches came to be the great models of Roman eloquence. He was a man of real conscience, and he most deeply loved Rome, and her honor; and though he was both vain and timid, he could put these weaknesses aside for the public good. Before all the Senate he impeached Catilina, showing how



CICERO

fully he knew all that he intended. Nothing could be done to him by law till he had actually committed his crime, and Cicero wanted to show him that all was known, so as to cause him to flee and join his friends outside. Catilina tried to face it out, but all the senators began to cry out against



CICERO.

him. and he dashed away in terror, and left the city at night. Cicero announced it the next day in a famous speech, beginning, "He is gone; he has rushed away; he has burst forth." Some of his followers in guilt were left at Rome, and just then some letters were brought to Cicero by some of a tribe of Gauls whom they had invited to help them in the ruin of the Senate. This was positive proof, and Cicero caused the nine worst to be seized, and, having proved their guilt, there was a consultation in the Senate as to their fate. Julius Cæsar wanted to keep them prisoners for life, which he said was worse than death, as that, he believed, would end everything; but all the rest of the Senate were for their death, and they were all strangled, without giving them a chance of defending themselves or appealing to the people. Cicero beheld the execution himself, and then went forth to the crowd, merely saying, "They have lived."

Catilina, meantime, had collected twenty thousand men in Italy, but they were not half-armed, and the newly-retired proconsul, Metellus, made head against him; while the other consul, Caius Antonius, was recalled from Macedonia with his army. As he was a friend of Catilina, he did not choose to fight with him, and gave up the command to his lieutenant, by whom the wretch was defeated and slain. His head was cut off and sent to Rome.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POMPEIUS AND CÆSAR.

B. C. 61—48.



POMPEIUS was coming home for his triumph, and every one had hopes from him, for things were in a very bad state. There had been a great disturbance at Julius Cæsar's house. Every year there was a festival in honor of Cybele, the Bona Dea, or Good Goddess, to which none but women were admitted, and where it was sacrilege for a man to be seen. In the midst of this feast in Cæsar's house, a slave girl told his mother Aurelia that there was a man among the ladies. Aurelia shut the doors, took a torch and ran through the house, looking in every one's face for the offender, who was found to be Publius Clodius, a worthless young man, who had been in Catilina's conspiracy, but had given evidence against him. He escaped, but was brought to trial, and then borrowed money enough of Crassus the rich to bribe the judges and avoid the punishment he deserved. Cæsar's wife, the sister of Pompeius, was free of blame in the matter, but he divorced her, saying that Cæsar's wife must be free from all suspicion; and this, of course, did not bring her brother home in a friendly spirit to Cæsar.

Pompeius' triumph was the most magnificent that had ever yet been seen. It lasted two days, and the banners that were carried in the procession bore the names of nine hundred cities and one thousand fortresses which he had conquered. All the treasures of Mithridates—statues, jewels, and splendid ornaments of gold and silver worked with precious stones—were carried along; and it was reckoned that he brought home twenty thousand talents—equal to five million pounds—for the treasury. He was admired, too, for refusing any surname taken from his conquests, and only wearing the laurel wreath of a victor in the Senate.

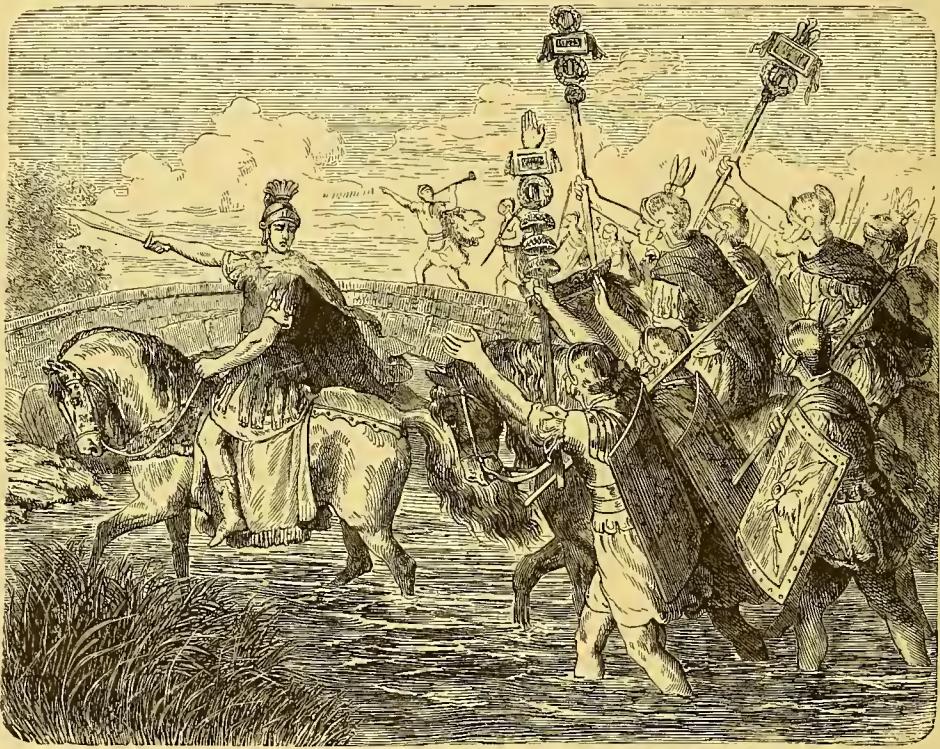
Pompeius and Cæsar were the great rival names at this time. Pompeius' desire was to keep the old framework, and play the part of Sulla as its protector, only without its violence and bloodshed. Cæsar saw that it was impossible that things should go on as they were, and had made up his mind to take the lead and mould them afresh; but this he could not do while Pompeius was looked up to as the last great conqueror. So Cæsar meant to serve his consulate, take some government where he could grow famous and form an army, and then come home and mould everything anew. After a year's service in Spain as proprætor, Cæsar came back and made friends with Pompeius and Crassus, giving his daughter Julia in marriage to Pompeius, and forming what was called a triumvirate, or union of three men. Thus he easily obtained the consulship, and showed himself the friend of the people by bringing in an Agrarian Law for dividing the public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, not forgetting Pompeius' old soldiers; also taking other measures which might make the Senate recollect that Sulla had foretold that he would be another Marius and more.

After this, he took Gaul as his province, and spent seven years in subduing it bit by bit, and in making two visits to Britain. He might pretty well trust the rotten state of Rome to be ready for his interference when he came back. Clodius had actually dared to bring Cicero to a trial for having put to death the friends of Catilina without allowing them to plead their own cause. Pompeius would not help him, and the people banished him four hundred miles from Rome, when he went to Sicily, where he was very miserable; but his exile only lasted two years, and then better counsels prevailed, and he was brought home by a general vote, and welcomed almost as if it had been a triumph.

Marcus Porcius Cato was as honest and true a man as Cicero, but very rough and stern, so that he was feared and hated; and there were often fierce quarrels in the Senate and Forum, and in one of these Pompeius' robe was sprinkled with blood. On his return home, his young wife Julia thought he had been hurt, and the shock brought on an illness of which she died; thus breaking the link between her husband and father.

Pompeius did all he could to please the Romans when he was consul together with Crassus. He had been for some time building a most splendid theatre in the Campus Martius, after the Greek fashion, open to the sky, and with tiers of galleries circling round an arena; but the Greeks had never used their theatres for the savage sports for which this was intended. When it was opened, five hundred lions, eighteen elephants, and a multitude of gladiators were provided to fight in different fashions with one another before thirty thousand spectators, the whole being crowned by a temple to Conquering Venus. After his consulate, Pompeius took Spain as his province, but did not go there, managing it by deputy; while Crassus had Syria.

and there went to war with the wild Parthians on the Eastern border. In the battle of Carrhæ, the army of Crassus was entirely routed by the Parthians; he was killed, his head cut off, and his mouth filled up with molten gold in scorn of his riches. At Rome, there was such distress that no one thought much even of such a disaster. Bribes were given to secure elections, and there was nothing but tumult and uproar, in which good men, like Cicero and Cato could do nothing. Clodius was killed in one of these frays, and the mob grew so furious that the Senate chose Pompeius to be sole consul to put them down; and this he did for a short time, but all fell



CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

into confusion again while he was very ill of a fever at Naples, and even when he recovered there was a feeling that Cæsar was wanted. But Cæsar's friends said he must not be called upon to give up his army unless Pompeius gave up his command of the army in Spain, and neither of them would resign.

Cæsar advanced with all his forces as far as Ravenna, which was still part of Cisalpine Gaul, and then the consul, Marcus Marcellus, begged Pompeius to protect the commonwealth, and he took up arms. Two of Cæsar's great friends, Marcus Antonius and Caius Cassius, who were tribunes, for-

bade this; and when they were not heeded, they fled to Cæsar's camp asking his protection.

So he advanced. It was not lawful for an imperator, or general in command of an army, to come within the Roman territory with his troops except for his triumph, and the little river Rubicon was the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul. So when Cæsar crossed it, he took the first step in breaking through old Roman rules, and thus the saying arose that one has passed the Rubicon when one has gone so far in a matter that there is no turning back. Though Cæsar's army was but small, his fame was such that everybody seemed struck with dismay, even Pompeius himself, and instead of fighting, he carried off all the senators of his party to the South, even to the extreme point of Italy at Brundisium. Cæsar marched after them thither, having met with no resistance, and having, indeed, won all Italy in sixty days. As he advanced on Brundisium, Pompeius embarked on board a ship in the harbor and sailed away, meaning, no doubt, to raise an army in the provinces and return—some feared like Sulla—to take vengeance.

Cæsar was appointed Dictator, and after crushing Pompeius' friends in Spain, he pursued him into Macedonia, where Pompeius had been collecting all the friends of the old commonwealth. There was a great battle fought at Pharsalia, a battle which nearly put an end to the old government of Rome, for Cæsar gained a great victory; and Pompeius fled to the coast, where he found a vessel and sailed for Egypt. He sent a message to ask shelter at Alexandria, and the advisers of the young king pretended to welcome him, but they really intended to make friends with the victor; and as Pompeius stepped ashore he was stabbed in the back, his body thrown into the surf, and his head cut off.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

B. C. 48—44.

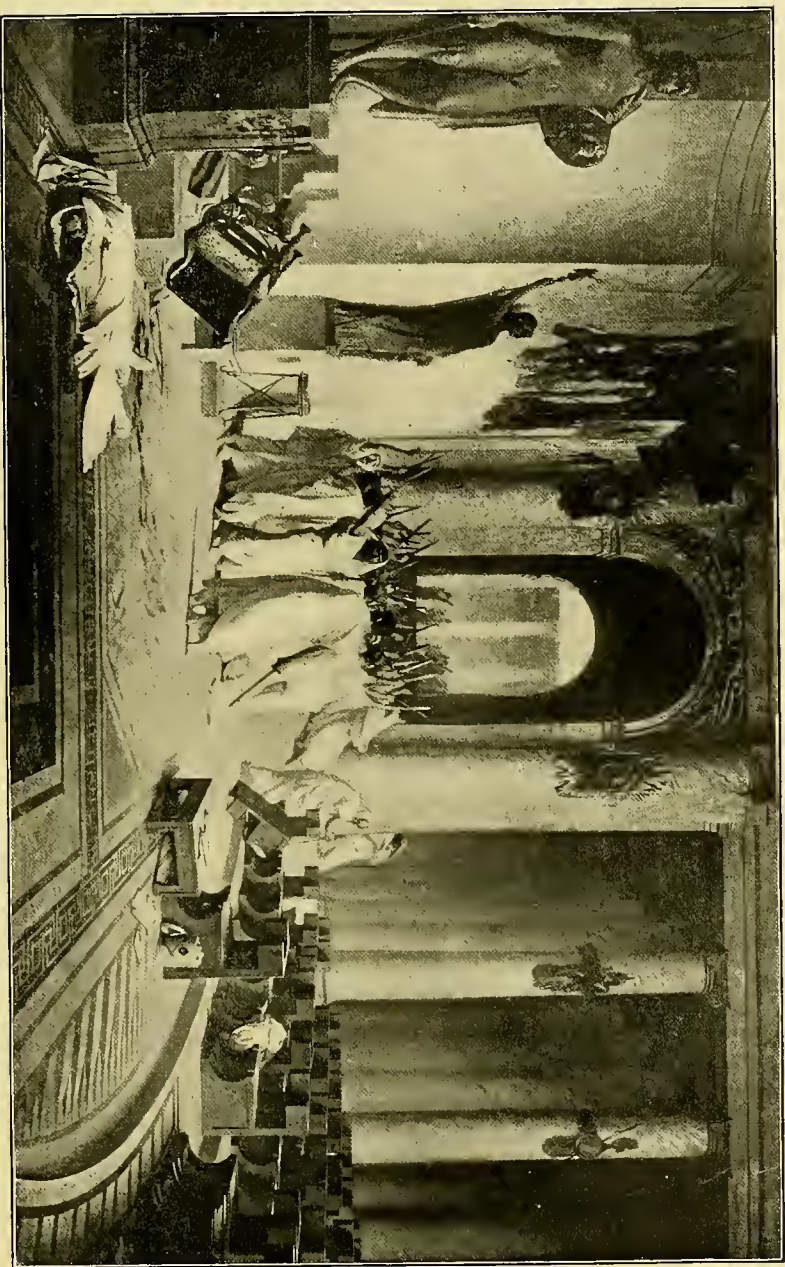


WITH Pompeius fell the hopes of those who were faithful to the old government, such as Cicero and Cato. They had only to wait and see what Cæsar would do, and with the memory of Marius in their minds.

Cæsar did not come at once to Rome; he had first to reduce the East to obedience. Egypt was under the last descendants of Alexander's general Ptolemy, and was an ally of Rome, that is, only remaining a kingdom by her permission. The king was a wretched weak lad; his sister

Cleopatra, who was joined with him in the throne, was one of the most beautiful and winning women who ever lived. Cæsar, who needed money, demanded some that was owing to the state. The young king's advisers refused, and Cæsar, who had but a small force with him, was shut up in a quarter of Alexandria where he could get no fresh water but from pits which his men dug in the sand. He burnt the Egyptian fleet that it might not stop the succors that were coming from Syria, and he tried to take the Isle of Pharos, with the lighthouse on it, but his ship was sunk, and he was obliged to save himself by swimming, holding his journals in one hand above the water. However, the forces from Syria were soon brought to him, and he was able to fight a battle in which the young king was drowned; and Egypt was at his mercy. Cleopatra was determined to have an interview with him, and had herself carried into his rooms in a roll of carpet, and when there, she charmed him so much that he set her up as queen of Egypt. He remained three months longer in Egypt collecting money; and hearing that Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, had attacked the Roman settlements in Asia Minor, he sailed for Tarsus, marched against Pharnaces, routed and killed him in battle. The success was announced to the Senate in the following brief words, "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

He was a second time appointed Dictator, and came home to arrange affairs; but there were no proscriptions, though he took away the estates of those who opposed him. There was still a party of the senators and their supporters who had followed Pompeius in Africa, with Cato and Cnæus



DEATH OF JULIUS CESAR
From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

Pompeius, the eldest son of the great leader, and Cæsar had to follow them thither. He gave them a great defeat at Thapsus, and the remnant took refuge in the city of Utica, whither Cæsar followed them. They would have stood a siege, but the townspeople would not consent, and Cato sent off all his party by sea, and remained alone with his son and a few of his friends, not to face the conqueror, but to die by his own sword ere he came, as the Romans had learned from Stoic philosophy to think the nobler part.

Such of the Senate as had not joined Pompeius were ready to fall down and worship Cæsar when he came home. So rejoiced was Rome to fear no proscription, that temples were dedicated to Cæsar's clemency, and his image was to be carried in procession with those of the gods. He was named Dictator for ten years, and was received with four triumphs—over the Gauls, over the Egyptians, over Pharnaces, and over Juba, an African king who had aided Cato. Foremost of the Gaulish prisoners was the brave Vercingetorix, and among the Egyptians, Arsinoë, the sister of Cleopatra. A banquet was given at his cost to the whole Roman people, and the shows of gladiators and beasts surpassed all that had ever been seen. The Julii were said to be descended from Æneas, and to Venus, as his ancestress, Cæsar dedicated a breastplate of pearls from the river mussels of Britain. Still, however, he had to go to Spain to reduce the sons of Pompeius. They were defeated in battle, the elder was killed, but Cnæus, the younger, held out in the mountains and hid himself among the natives.

After this, Cæsar returned to Rome to carry out his plans. He was dictator for ten years and consul for five, and was also imperator or commander of an army he was not made to disband, so that he nearly was as powerful as any king; and, as he saw that such an enormous domain as Rome now possessed could never be governed by two magistrates changing every year, he prepared matters for there being one ruler. The influence of the Senate, too, he weakened very much by naming a great many persons to it of no rank or distinction, till there were nine hundred members, and nobody thought much of being a senator. He also made an immense number of new citizens, and he caused a great survey to be begun by Roman officers in preparation for properly arranging the provinces, governments, and tribute; and he began to have the laws drawn up in regular order. In fact, he was one of the greatest men the world has ever produced, not only as a conqueror, but a statesman and ruler; and though his power over Rome was not according to the laws, and had been gained by a rebellion, he was using it for her good.

He was learned in all philosophy and science, and his history of his wars in Gaul has come down to our times. As a high patrician by birth, he was Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest, and thus had to fix all the festival days in each year.* Now the year had been supposed to be only

three hundred and fifty-five days long, and the Pontifex put in another month or several days whenever he pleased, so that there was great confusion, and the feast days for the harvest and vintage came, according to the calendar, three months before there was any corn or grapes.

To set this to rights, since it was now understood that the length of the year was three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, Cæsar and the scientific men who assisted him devised the fresh arrangement that we call leap year, adding a day to the three hundred and sixty-five once in four years. He also changed the name of one of the summer months from Sextile to July, in honor of himself. Another work of his was restoring Corinth and Carthage, which had both been ruined the same year, and now were both refounded the same year.



THE CONSPIRATORS IN COUNCIL.

He was busy about the glory of the state, but there was much to shock old Roman feelings in his conduct. Cleopatra had followed him to Rome, and he was thinking of putting away his wife Calpurnia to marry her. But his keeping the dictatorship was the real grievance, and the remains of the old party in the Senate could not bear that the patrician freedom of Rome should be lost. Every now and then his flatterers offered him a royal crown and hailed him as king, though he always refused it, and this title still stirred up bitter hatred. He was preparing an army, intending to march into the further East, avenge Crassus' defeat on the Parthians, and



MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CAESAR

From a painting by J. D. Court. Salon, 1889



march where no one but Alexander had made his way; and if he came back victorious from thence, nothing would be able to stand against him.

The plotters then resolved to strike before he set out. Caius Cassius, a tall, lean man, who had lately been made prætor, was the chief conspirator, and with him was Marcus Junius Brutus, a descendant of him who overthrew the Tarquins, and husband to Porcia, Cato's daughter, also another Brutus named Decimus, hitherto a friend of Cæsar, and newly appointed to the government of Cisalpine Gaul. These and twelve more agreed to murder Cæsar on the 15th of March, called in the Roman calendar the Ides of March, when he went to the senate-house.

Rumors got abroad and warnings came to him about that special day. His wife dreamt so terrible a dream that he had almost yielded to her entreaties to stay at home, when Decimus Brutus came in and laughed him out of it. As he was carried to the senate-house in a litter, a man gave him a writing and begged him to read it instantly; but he kept it rolled in his hand without looking. As he went up the steps he said to the augur Spurius, "The Ides of March are come." "Yes, Cæsar," was the answer; "but they are not passed." A few steps further on, one of the conspirators met him with a petition, and the others joined in it, clinging to his robe and his neck, till another caught his toga and pulled it over his arms, and then the first blow was struck with a dagger. Cæsar struggled at first as all fifteen tried to strike at him, but, when he saw the hand uplifted of his treacherous friend Decimus, he exclaimed, "*Et tu Brute*"—"Thou too, Brutus"—drew his toga over his head, and fell dead at the foot of the statue of Pompeius.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE.

B.C. 44—33.



HE murderers of Cæsar had expected the Romans to hail them as deliverers from a tyrant, but his great friend Marcus Antonius, who was, together with him, consul for that year, made a speech over his body as it lay on a couch of gold and ivory in the Forum ready for the funeral. Antonius read aloud Cæsar's will, and showed what benefits he had intended for his fellow-citizens, and how he loved them; so that love for him and wrath against his enemies filled every hearer.

The army, of course, were furious against the murderers; the Senate was terrified, and granted everything Antonius chose to ask, provided he would protect them, whereupon he begged for a guard for himself that he might be saved from Cæsar's fate, and this they gave him; while the fifteen murderers fled secretly, mostly to Cisalpine Gaul, of which Decimus Brutus was governor.

Cæsar had no child but the Julia who had been wife to Pompeius, and his heir was his young cousin Caius Octavius, who changed his name to Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and, coming to Rome, demanded his inheritance, which Antonius had seized, declaring that it was public money; but Octavianus, though only eighteen, showed so much prudence and fairness that many of the Senate were drawn toward him rather than Antonius, who had always been known as a bad, untrustworthy man; but the first thing to be done was to put down the murderers—Decimus Brutus was in Gaul, Marcus Brutus and Cassius in Macedonia, and Sextus Pompeius had also raised an army in Spain.

Good men in the Senate dreaded no one so much as Antonius, and put their hope in young Octavianus. Cicero made a set of speeches against Antonius, which are called Philippics, because they denounce him as Demosthenes used to denounce Philip of Macedon, and like them, too, they were the last flashes of spirit in a sinking state; and Cicero, in those days, was the foremost and best man who was trying at his own risk to save the old institutions of his country. But it was all in vain; they were too rotten to last, and there were not enough of honest men to make a stand against a violent unscrupulous schemer like Antonius; above all now that the clever



CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

young Octavianus saw it was for his interest to make common cause with him, and with a third friend of Cæsar, rich but dull, named Marcus Æmilius Lepidus. They called on Decimus Brutus to surrender his forces to them, and marched against him. Then his troops deserted him, and he tried to escape into the Alps, but was delivered up to Antonius and put to death.

Soon after, Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavianus all met on a little island in the river Rhenus and agreed to form a triumvirate for five years for setting things to rights once more, all three enjoying consular power together; and, as they had the command of all the armies, there was no one to stop them. Lepidus was to stay and govern Rome, while the other two hunted down the murderers of Cæsar in the East. But first, there was a deadly vengeance to be taken in the city upon all who could be supposed to have favored the murder of Cæsar, or who could be enemies to their schemes. So these three sat down with a list of the citizens before them to make a proscription, each letting a kinsman or friend of his own be marked for death, provided he might slay one related to another of the three. The dreadful list was set up in the Forum, and a price paid for the heads of the people in it, so that soldiers, ruffians, and slaves brought them in; but it does not seem that—as in the other two proscriptions—there was random murder, and many bribed their assassins and escaped from Italy. Octavianus had marked the fewest and tried to save Cicero, but Antonius insisted on his death. On hearing that he was in the fatal roll, Cicero had left Rome with his brother, and slowly traveled toward the coast from one country house to another till he came to Antium, whence he meant to sail for Greece; but there he was overtaken. His brother was killed at once, but he was put into a boat by his slaves, and went down the coast to Formiæ, where he landed again, and, going to a house near, said he would rather die in his own country which he had so often saved. However, when the pursuers knocked at the gate, his slaves placed him in a litter and hurried him out at another door. He was, however, again overtaken, and he forbade his slaves to fight for him, but stretched out his throat for the sword with his eyes full upon it. His head was carried to Antonius, whose wife Fulvia actually pierced the tongue with her bodkin in revenge for the speeches it had made against her husband.

After this dreadful work, Antonius and Octavianus went across to Greece, where Marcus Brutus had collected the remains of the army that had fought under Pompeius. He had been made much of at Athens, where his statue had been set up beside that of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the slayers of Pisistratus. Cassius had plundered Asia Minor, and the two met at Sardis. It is said that the night before they were to pass into Macedonia, Brutus was sitting alone in his tent, when he saw the figure of a man



CLEOPATRA SAILS UP THE CYDNUS.

before him. "Who art thou?" he asked; and the answer was, "I am thine evil genius, Brutus; I will meet thee again at Philippi."

And it was at Philippi that Brutus and Cassius found themselves face to face with Antonius and Octavianus. Each army was divided into two, and Brutus, who fought against Octavianus, put his army to flight, but Cassius was driven back by Antonius; and seeing a troop of horsemen coming toward him, he thought all was lost, and threw himself upon a sword. Brutus gathered the troops together, and after twenty days renewed the fight, when he was routed, fled, and hid himself, but after some hours put himself to death, as did his wife Porcia when she heard of his end.

After this, Octavianus went back to Italy, while Antonius stayed to pacify the East. When he was at Tarsus, the lovely queen of Egypt came, resolved to win him over. She sailed up the Cydnus in a beautiful galley, carved, gilded, and inlaid with ivory, with sails of purple silk and silvered oars, moving to the sound of flutes, while she

lay on the deck under a star-spangled canopy arrayed as Venus, with her ladies as nymphs, and little boys as Cupids fanning her. Antonius was perfectly fascinated, and she took him back to Alexandria with her, heeding nothing but her and the delights with which she entertained him, though his wife Fulvia and his brother were struggling to keep up his power at Rome. He did come home, but only to make a fresh agreement with Octavianus, by which Fulvia was given up and he married Octavia, the widow of Marcellus and sister of Octavianus. But he could not bear to stay long away from Cleopatra, and, deserting Octavia, he returned to Egypt, where the most wonderful revelries were kept up. Stories are told of eight wild boars being roasted in one day, each being begun a little later than the last, that one might be in perfection when Antonius should call for his dinner. Cleopatra vowed once that she would drink the most costly of draughts, and, taking off an earring of inestimable price, dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it.

In the meantime, Octavianus and Lepidus together had put down Decimus, and Lepidus had then tried to overcome Octavianus, but was himself conquered and banished; for Octavianus was a kindly man, who never shed blood if he could help it, and, now that he was alone at Rome, won every one's heart by his gracious ways, while Antonius' riots in Egypt were a scandal to all who loved virtue and nobleness. So far was the Roman fallen that he even promised Cleopatra to conquer Italy and make Alexandria the capital of the world. Octavia tried to win him back, but she was a grave, virtuous Roman matron, and coarse, dissipated Antonius did not care for her compared with the enticing Egyptian queen. It was needful at last for Octavianus to destroy this dangerous power, and he mustered a fleet and army, while Antonius and Cleopatra sailed out of Alexandria with their ships and gave battle off the Cape of Actium. In the midst, either fright or treachery made Cleopatra sail away, and all the Egyptian ships with her, so that Antonius turned at once and fled with her. They tried to raise the East in their favor, but all their allies deserted them, and their soldiers went over to Alexandria, where Octavianus followed them. Then Cleopatra betrayed her lover, and put into the hands of Octavianus the ships in which he might have fled. He killed himself, and Cleopatra surrendered, hoping to charm young Octavianus as she had done Julius and Antonius; but when she saw him grave and unmoved, and found he meant to exhibit her in his triumph, she went to the tomb of Antonius and crowned it with flowers. The next day she was found on her couch, in her royal robes, dead, and her two maids dying too. "Is this well?" asked the man who found her. "It is well for the daughter of kings," said her maid with her last breath. Cleopatra had long made experiments on easy ways of death, and it was believed that an asp was brought to her in a basket of figs as the means of her death.

CHAPTER XXX.

CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

B. C. 33—A. D. 14.



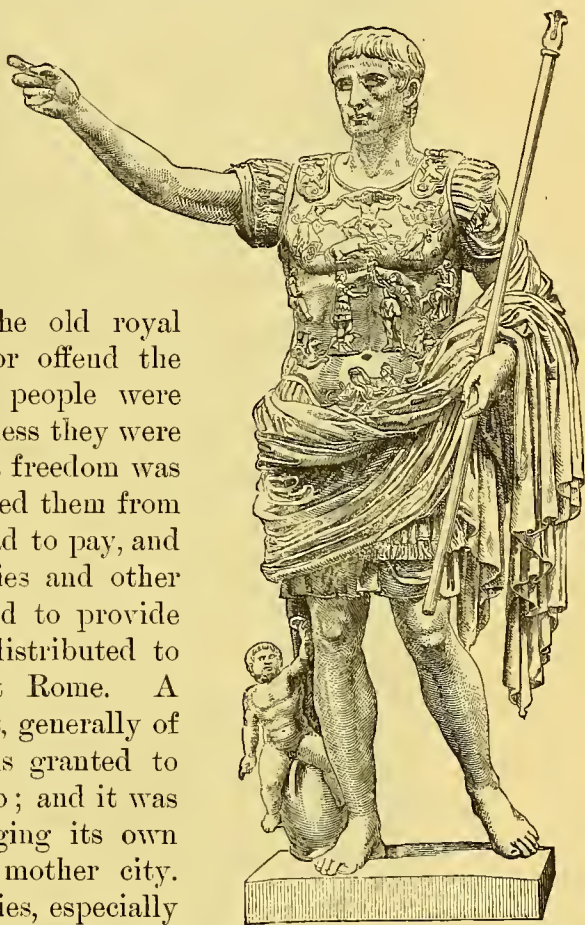
THE death of Antonius ended the fierce struggles which had torn Rome so long. Octavianus was left alone; all the men who had striven for the old government were dead, and those who were left were worn out and only longed for rest. They had found that he was kind and friendly, and trusted to him thankfully, nay, were ready to treat him as a kind of god. The old frame of constitution went on as usual; there was still a Senate, still consuls, and all the other magistrates, but Cæsar Octavianus had the power belonging to each gathered in one. He was prince of the Senate, which gave him rule in the city; prætor, which made him judge, and gave him a special guard of soldiers called the Prætorian Guard to execute justice; and tribune of the people, which made him their voice; and even after his triumph he was still imperator, or general of the army. This word becomes in English, emperor, but it meant at this time merely commander-in-chief. He was also Pontifex Maximus, as Julius Cæsar had been; and there was a general feeling that he was something sacred and set apart as the ruler and peace-maker; and, as he shared this feeling himself, he took the name of Augustus, which is the one by which he is always known.

He did not, however, take to himself any great show or state. He lived in his family abode, and dressed and walked about the streets like any other Roman gentleman of consular rank, and no special respect was paid to him in speech, for, warned by the fate of Julius, he was determined to prevent the Romans from being put in mind of kings and crowns. He was a wise and deep-thinking man, and he tried to carry out the plans of Julius for the benefit of the nation and of the whole Roman world. He had the survey finished of all the countries of the empire, which now formed a complete border round the Mediterranean Sea, reaching as far north as the British Channel, the Alps, and the Black Sea; as far south as the African desert, as far west as the Atlantic, and east as the borders of the Euphrates; and he also had a universal census made of the whole of the inhabitants. It was the first time such a thing had been possible, for all the world was at last at peace, so that the Temple of Janus was closed for the third and last time in

Roman history. There was a feeling all over the world that a great Deliverer and peaceful Prince was to be expected at this time. One of the Sybils was believed to have so sung, and the Romans, in their relief at the good rule of Augustus, thought he was the promised one; but they little knew why God had brought about this great stillness from all wars, or why He moved the heart of Augustus to make the decree that all the world should be taxed—namely, that the true Prince of Peace, the real Deliverer, might be born in the home of His forefathers, Bethlehem, the city of David.

The purpose of Augustus' taxing was to make a regular division of the empire into provinces for the proconsuls to govern, with lesser divisions for the proprætors, while many cities, especially Greek ones, were allowed their own magistrates, and some small tributary kingdoms still remained till the old royal family should either die out or offend the Romans. In these lands the people were governed by their own laws, unless they were made Roman citizens; and this freedom was more and more granted, and saved them from paying the tribute all the rest had to pay, and which went to support the armies and other public institutions at Rome, and to provide the corn which was regularly distributed to such citizens as claimed it at Rome. A Roman colony was a settlement, generally of old soldiers who had had lands granted to them, and kept their citizenship; and it was like another little Rome managing its own affairs, though subject to the mother city. There were many of these colonies, especially in Gaul on the north coast, to defend it from the Germans. Cologne was one, and still keeps its name. The tribute was carefully fixed, and Augustus did his best to prevent the governors from preying on the people.

He tried to bring back better ways to Rome, which was in a sad state, full of vice and riot, and with little of the old, noble, hardy ways of the former times. The educated men had studied Greek philosophy till they had no faith in their own gods, and, indeed, had so mixed up their mythol-



STATUE OF AUGUSTUS AT THE VATICAN.



HORACE.

ogy with the Greek that they really did not know who their own were, and could not tell who were the greater gods whom Decius Mus invoked before

he rushed on the enemy; and yet they kept up their worship, because their feasts were so connected with the State that everything depended on them; but they made them no real judges or helpers. The best men of the time were those who had taken up the Stoic philosophy, which held that virtue was above all things, whether it was rewarded or not; the worst were often



GERMANICUS.

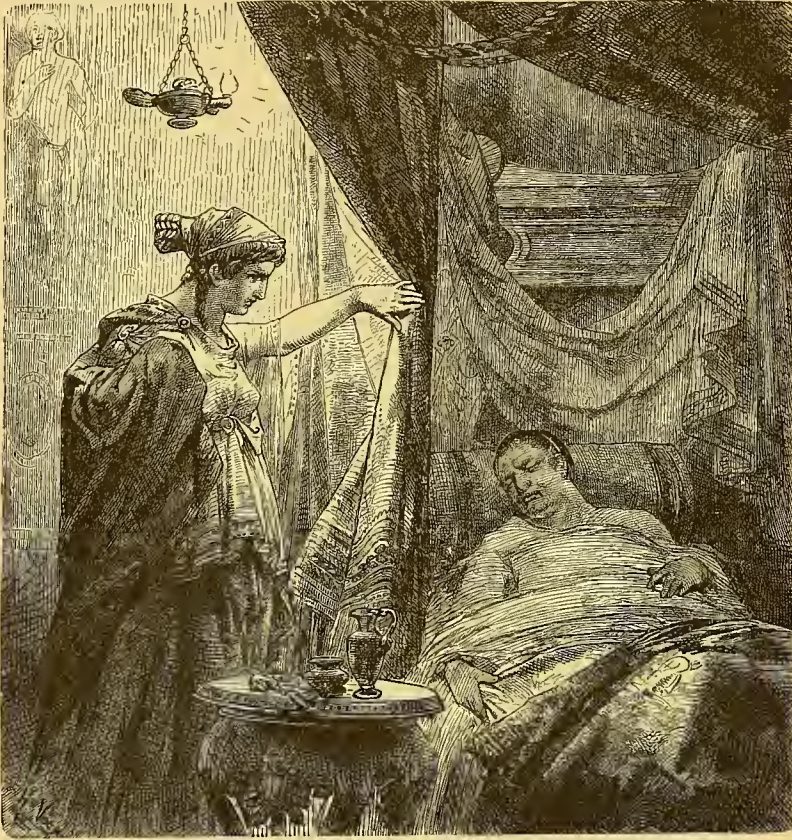
the Epicureans, who held that we had better enjoy all we can in this life, being sure of nothing else.

Learning was much esteemed in the time of Augustus. He and his two great friends, Caius Cilnius Mæcenas and Vipsanius Agrippa, both had a great esteem for scholarship and poetry, and in especial the house of Mæcenas was always open to literary men. The two chief poets of Rome, Publius Virgilius Maro and Quintus Horatius Flaccus, were warm friends of his. Virgil wrote poems on husbandry, and short dialogue poems called eclogues, in one of which he spoke of the time of Augustus in words that would almost serve as a prophecy of the kingdom of Him who was just born at Bethlehem. By desire of Augustus, he also wrote the *Æneid*, a poem on the war-doings of Æneas and his settlement in Italy.

Horace wrote odes and letters in verse and satires, which show the habits and ways of thinking of his time in a very curious manner. and there were many other writers whose works have not come down to us; but

the Latin of this time is the model of the language, and an Augustan age has ever since been a term for one in which literature flourishes.

All the early part of Augustus' reign was prosperous, but he had no son, only a daughter named Julia. He meant to marry her to Marcellus, the



LIVIA AT THE DEATH-BED OF AUGUSTUS.

son of his sister Antonia, but Marcellus died young, and was lamented in Virgil's *Aeneid*; so Julia was given to Agrippa's son. Augustus' second wife was Livia, who had been married to Tiberius Claudius Nero, and had two sons, Tiberius and Drusus, whom Augustus adopted as his own and intended for his heirs; and when Julia lost her husband Agrippa and her two young sons, he forced Tiberius to divorce the young wife he really loved to marry her. It was a great grief to Tiberius, and seems to have quite changed his character into being grave, silent, and morose. Julia, though carefully brought up, was one of the most wicked and depraved of women, and almost broke her father's heart. He banished her to an island near Rhegium, and when she died there would allow no funeral honors to be paid to her.

The peace was beginning to be broken by wars with the Germans; and young Drusus was commanding the army against them, and gaining such honor that he was called Germanicus, when he fell from his horse and died of his injuries, leaving one young son. He was buried at Rome, and his brother Tiberius walked all the way beside the bier, with his long flaxen hair flowing on his shoulders. Tiberius then went back to command the armies on the Rhine. Some half-conquered country lay beyond, and the Germans in the forests were at this time under a brave leader called Arminius. They were attacked by the pro-consul Quinctilius Varus, and near the river Ems, in the Herycimian forest, Arminius turned on him and routed him completely, cutting off the whole army, so that only a few fled back to Tiberius to tell the tale, and he had to fall back and defend the Rhine.

The news of this disaster was a terrible shock to the Emperor. He sat grieving over it, and at times he dashed his head against the wall, crying, "Varus, Varus! give me back my legions." His friends were dead, he was an old man now, and sadness was around him. He was soon, however, grave and composed again; and, as his health began to fail, he sent for Tiberius and put his affairs into his hands. When his dying day came, he met it calmly. He asked if there was any fear of a tumult on his death, and was told there was none; then he called for a mirror, and saw that his gray hair and beard were in order, and, asking his friends whether he had played his part well, he uttered a verse from a play bidding them applaud his exit, bade Livia remember him, and so died in his seventy-seventh year, having ruled fifty-eight years—ten as a triumvir, forty-eight alone.



CHAPTER XXXI.

TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA.

A.D. 14—41.

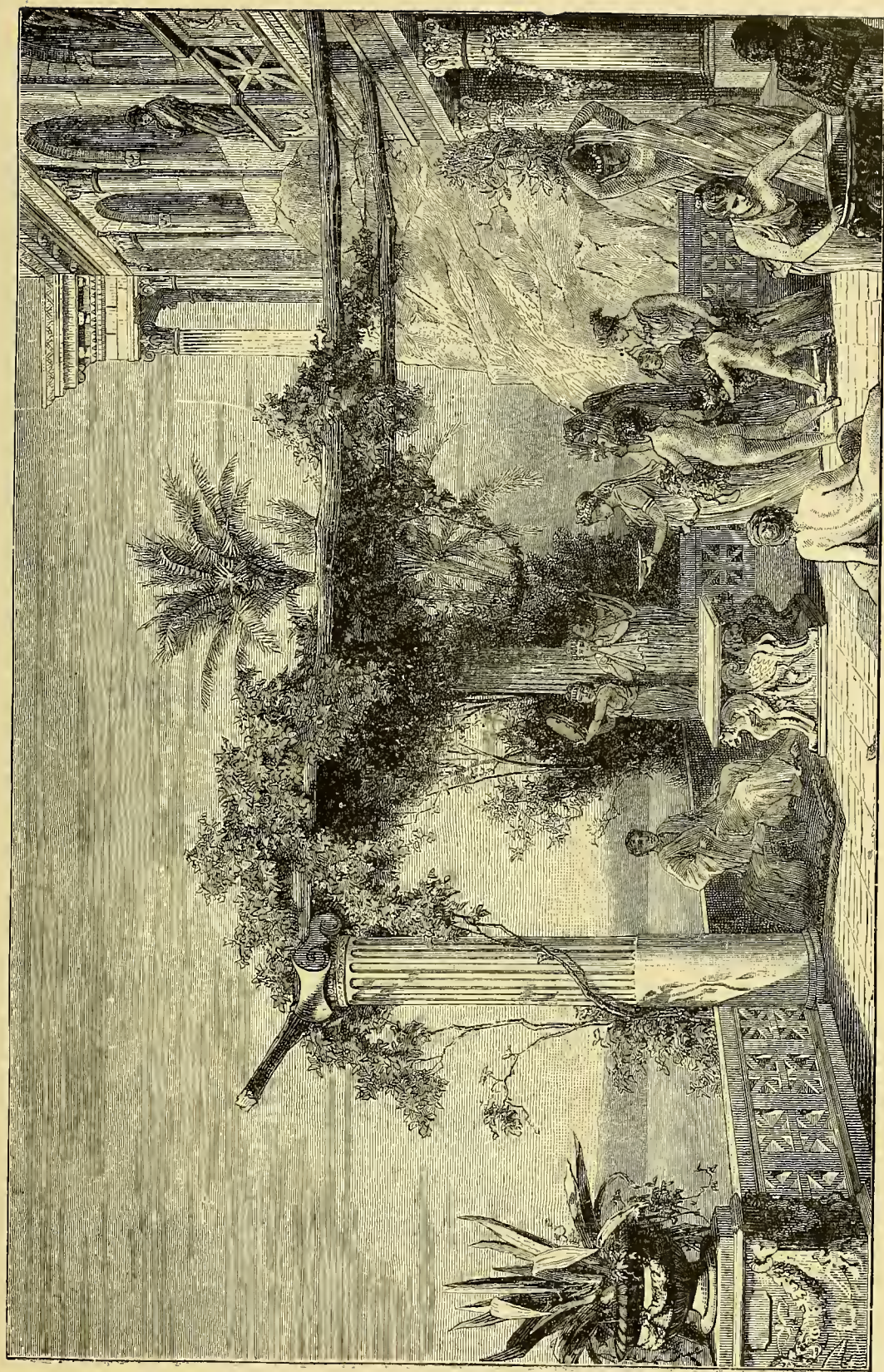


NO difficulty was made about giving all the powers Augustus had held to his stepson, Tiberius Claudius Nero, who had also a right to the names of Julius Cæsar Augustus, and was in his own time generally called Cæsar. The Senate had grown too helpless to think for themselves, and all the choice they ever made of the consuls was that the Emperor gave out four names, among which they chose two.

Tiberius had been a grave, morose man ever since he was deprived of the wife he loved, and had lost his brother; and he greatly despised the mean, cringing ways round him, and kept to himself; but his nephew, called Germanicus, after his father, was the person whom every one loved and trusted. He had married Julia's daughter Agrippina, who was also a very good and noble person; and when he was sent against the Germans, she went with him, and her little boys ran about among the soldiers, and were petted by them. One of them, Caius, was called by the soldiers Caligula, or the Little Shoe, because he wore a caliga or shoe like theirs; and he never lost the nickname.

Germanicus earned his surname over again by driving Arminius back; but he was more enterprising than would have been approved by Augustus, who thought it wiser to guard what he had than to make wider conquests; and Tiberius was not only of the same mind, but was jealous of the great love that all the army were showing for his nephew, and this distrust was increased when the soldiers in the East begged for Germanicus to lead them against the Parthians. He set out, visiting all the famous places in Greece by the way, and going to see the wonders of Egypt; but while in Syria he fell ill of a wasting sickness and died, so that many suspected the spy, Cnæus Piso, whom Tiberius had sent with him, of having poisoned him. When his wife Agrippina came home, bringing his corpse to be burnt and his ashes placed in the burying-place of the Cæsars, there was universal love and pity for her. Piso seized on all the offices that Germanicus had held, but was called back to Rome, and was just going to be put on his trial when he cut his own throat.

All this tended to make Tiberius more gloomy and distrustful, and



TIBERIUS AT CAPREÆ.



THE MURDER OF THE EMPEROR VITELLIUS

when his mother Livia died he had no one to keep him in check, but fell under the influence of a man named Sejanus, who managed all his affairs for him, while he lived in a villa in the island of Capreæ in the Bay of Naples, seeing hardly any but a few intimates, given up to all sorts of evil luxuries and self-indulgences, and hating and dreading every one. Agrippina was so much loved and respected that he dreaded and disliked her beyond all others; and Sejanus contrived to get up an accusation of plotting against the state, upon which she and her eldest son were banished to two small rocky isles in the Mediterranean Sea. The other two sons, Drusus and Caius, were kept by Tiberius at Capreæ, till Tiberius grew suspicious of Drusus and threw him into prison. Sejanus, who had encouraged all his dislike to his own kinsmen, and was managing all Rome, then began to hope to gain the full power; but his plans were guessed by Tiberius, and he caused his former favorite to be set upon in the senate-house and put to death.



AGRIPPINA.

It is strange to remember that, while such dark deeds were being done at Rome, came the three years when the true Light was shining in the darkness. It was in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, when Pontius Pilatus was proprætor of Palestine, that our Lord Jesus Christ spent three years in teaching and working miracles; then was crucified and slain by wicked hands, that the sin of mankind might be redeemed. Then He rose again from the dead and ascended into Heaven, leaving His Apostles to make known what He had done in all the world.

To the East, where our Lord dwelt, nay, to all the rest of the empire, the reign of Tiberius was a quiet time, with the good government arranged by Augustus working on. It was only his own family, and the senators and people of rank at Rome, who had much to fear from his strange, harsh, and jealous temper. The Claudian family had in all times been shy, proud, and stern, and to have such power as belonged to Augustus Cæsar was more than their heads could bear. Tiberius hated and suspected everybody, and yet he did not like putting people to death, so he let Drusus be starved to death in his prison, and Agrippina chose the same way of dying in her island, while some of the chief senators received such messages that they

put themselves to death. He led a wretched life, watching for treason and fearing everybody, and trying to drown the thought of danger in the banquets of Capreae, where the remains of his villa may still be seen. Once he set out, intending to visit Rome, but no sooner had he landed in Campania than the sight of hundreds of country people shouting welcome so disturbed him that he hastened on board ship again, and thus entered the Tiber; but at the very sight of the hills of Rome his terror returned, and he had his galley turned about and went back to his island, which he never again quitted.

Only two males of his family were left now—a great-nephew and a nephew, Caius, that son of the second Germanicus who had been nicknamed Caligula, a youth of a strange, excitable, feverish nature, but who from his fright at Tiberius had managed to keep the peace with him, and had only once been for a short time in disgrace; and his uncle, the youngest son of the first Germanicus, commonly called Claudius, a very dull, heavy man, fond of books, but so slow and shy that he was considered to be wanting in brains, and thus had never fallen under suspicion.

At length Tiberius fell ill, and when he was known to be dying, he was smothered with pillows as he began to recover from a fainting fit, lest he should take vengeance on those who had for a moment thought him dead. He died A.D. 37, and the power went to Caligula, properly called Caius, who was only twenty-five, and who began in a kindly, generous spirit, which pleased the people and gave them hope; but to have so much power was too much for his brain, and he can only be thought of as mad, especially after he had a severe illness, which made the people so anxious that he was puffed up with the notion of his own importance.

He put to death all who offended him, and, inheriting some of Tiberius' distrust and hatred of the people, he cried out, when they did not admire one of his shows as much as he expected, "Would that the people of Rome had but one neck, so that I might behead them all at once." He planned great public buildings, but had not steadiness to carry them out; and he became so greedy of the fame which, poor wretch, he could not earn, that he was jealous even of the dead. He turned the books of Livy and Virgil out of the libraries, and deprived the statues of the great men of old of the marks by which they were known—Cincinnatus of his curls, and Torquatus of his collar, and he forbade the last of the Pompeii to be called Magnus.

He made an expedition into Gaul, and talked of conquering Britain, but he got no further than the shore of the channel, where, instead of setting sail, he bade the soldiers gather up shells, which he sent home to the Senate to be placed among the treasures in the Capitol, calling them the spoils of the conquered ocean. Then he collected the German slaves and the tallest



THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA

From a painting by Benjamin West

Gauls he could find, commanded the latter to dye their hair and beards to a light color, and brought them home to walk in his triumph. The Senate, however, were slow to understand that he could really expect a triumph, and this affronted him so much that, when they offered him one, he would not have it, and went on insulting them. He made his horse a consul, though only for a day, and showed it with golden oats before it in a golden manger. Once, when the two consuls were sitting by him, he burst out laughing, to think, he said, how with one word he could make both their heads roll on the floor.

The provinces were not so ill off, but the state of Rome was unbearable. Everybody was in danger, and at last a plot was formed for his death; and as he was on his way from his house to the circus, and stopped to look at some singers who were going to perform, a party of men set upon him and killed him with many wounds, after he had reigned only ~~five~~ years, and when he was but thirty years old.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLAUDIUS AND NERO.

A.D. 41—68.



FOR dull Claudius heard an uproar and hid himself, thinking he was going to be murdered like his nephew; but still worse was going to befall him. They were looking for him to make him Emperor, for he was the last of his family. He was clumsy in figure, though his face was good, and he was a kind-hearted man, who made large promises, and tried to do well; but he was slow and timid, and let himself be led by wicked men and women, so that his rule ended no better than that of the former Cæsars.

He began in a spirited way, by sending troops who conquered the southern part of Britain, and making an expedition thither himself. His wife chose to share his triumph, which was not, as usual, a drive in a chariot, but a sitting in armor on their thrones, with the eagles and standards over their heads, and the prisoners led up before them. Among them came the great British chief Caractacus, who is said to have declared that he could not think why those who had such palaces as there were at Rome should want the huts of the Britons.

Claudius was kind to the people in the distant provinces. He gave the Jews a king again, Herod Agrippa, the grandson of the first Herod, who was much loved by them, but died suddenly after a few years at Cæsarea, after the meeting with the Tyrians, when he let them greet him as a god. There were a great many Jews living at Rome, but those from Jerusalem quarreled with those from Alexandria; and one year, when there was a great scarcity of corn, Claudius banished them all from Rome.

Claudius was very unhappy in his wives. Two he divorced, and then married a third named Messalina, who was given up to all kinds of wicked-



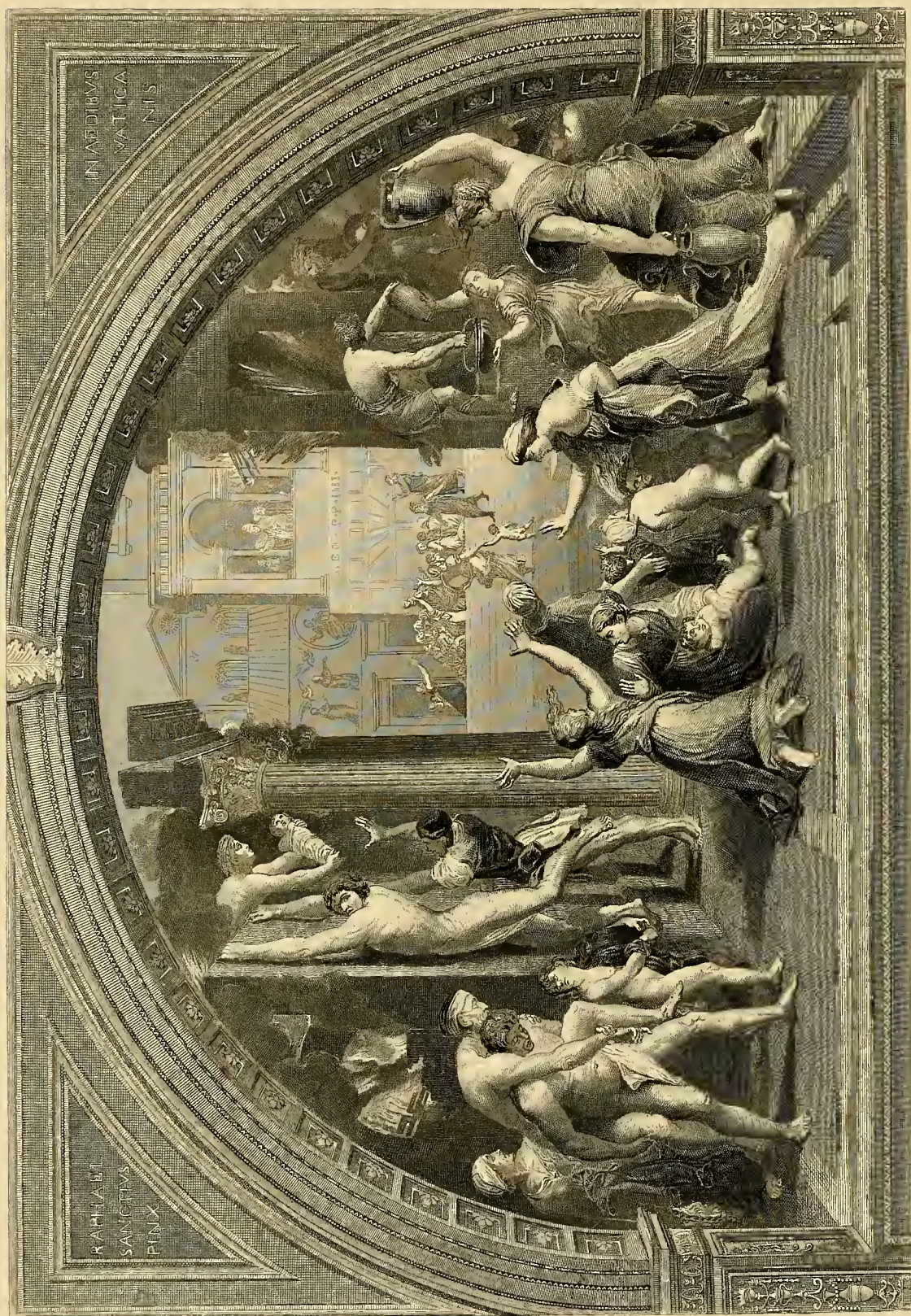
CLAUDIUS.

ness which he never guessed at, while she used all manner of arts to keep up her beauty and to deceive him. At last she actually married a young man while Claudius was absent from Rome; but when this came to his knowledge, he had her put to death. His last wife was, however, the worst of all. She was the daughter of the good Germanicus, and bore her mother's name of Agrippina. She had been previously married to Lucius Domitius Aenobarbus, by whom she had a son, whom Claudius adopted when he married her, though he had a child of his own called Britannicus, son to Messalina. Romans had never married their nieces before, but the power of the Emperors was leading them to trample down all law and custom,

and it was for the misfortune of Claudius that he did so in this case, for Agrippina's purpose was to put every one out of the way of her own son, who, taking all the Claudian and Julian names in addition to his own, is commonly known as Nero. She married him to Claudius' daughter Octavia, and then, after much tormenting the Emperor, she poisoned him with a dish of mushrooms, and bribed his physician to take care that he did not recover. He died A.D. 54, and, honest and true-hearted as he had been, the Romans were glad to be rid of him, and told mocking stories of him. Indeed, they were very bad in all ways themselves, and many of the ladies were poisoners like Agrippina, so that the city almost deserved the tyrant who came after Claudius. Nero, the son of Agrippina by her first marriage, and Britannicus, the son of Claudius and Messalina, were to reign together; but Nero was the elder, and as soon as his poor young cousin came to manhood, Agrippina had a dose of poison ready for him.

Nero, however, began well. He had been well brought up by Seneca,





A. H. TATNE SC

RAPHAEL SANZIO PINXIT

CONFLAGRATION-ROME.

Vatican.

Solmar Press, Publisher, New York

an excellent student of the Stoic philosophy, who, with Burrhus, the commander of the Prætorian Guard, guided the young Emperor with good advice through the first five years of his reign; and though his wicked mother called herself Augusta, and had equal honors paid her with her son, not much harm was done to the government till Nero fell in love with a wicked woman, Poppæa Sabina, who was a proverb for vanity, and was said to keep five hundred she-asses that she might bathe in their milk to preserve her complexion. Nero wanted to marry this lady, and as his mother befriended his neglected wife Octavia, he ordered that when she went to her favorite villa at Baiæ her galley should be wrecked, and, if she was not drowned, she should be stabbed. Octavia was divorced, sent to an island, and put to death there; and after Nero married Poppæa, he quickly grew more violent and savage.

Burrhus died about the same time, and Seneca alone could not restrain the Emperor from his foolish vanity. He would descend into the arena of the great amphitheatre and sing to the lyre his own compositions; and he showed off his chariot-eering in the circus before the whole assembled city, letting no one go away till the performance was over. It very much shocked the patricians, but the mob were delighted, and he chiefly cared for their praises. He was building a huge palace, called the Golden House because of its splendid decorations; and, needing money, he caused accusations to be got up against all the richer men that he might have their hoards.

A terrible fire broke out in Rome, which raged for six days, and entirely destroyed fourteen quarters of the city. While it was burning, Nero, full of excitement, stood watching it, and sang to his lyre the descrip-



NERO.

tion of the burning of Troy. A report therefore arose that he had actually caused the fire for the amusement of watching it; and to put this out of men's minds he accused the Christians. The Christian faith had begun to be known in Rome during the last reign, and it was to Nero, as Cæsar, that St. Paul had appealed. He had spent two years in a hired house of his own at Rome, and thus had been in the guard-room of the Prætorians, but he was released after being tried at "Cæsar's judgment-seat," and remained at large until this sudden outburst which caused the first persecution. Then he was taken at Nicopolis, and St. Peter at Rome, and they were thrown into the

Mamertine dungeon. Rome counts St. Peter as her first bishop. On the 29th of June, A.D. 66, both suffered; St. Paul, as a Roman citizen, being beheaded with the sword; St. Peter crucified, with his head, by his own desire, downward. Many others suffered at the same time, some being thrown to the beasts, while others were wrapped in cloths covered with pitch, and slowly burnt to light the games in the Emperor's gardens. At last the people were shocked, and cried out for these horrors to end. And Nero, who cared for the voice of the people, turned his hatred and cruelty against men of higher class whose fate they heeded less. So common was it to have a message advising a man to put himself to death rather than be sentenced, that every one had studied easy ways of dying. Nero's old tutor, Seneca, felt his tyranny unbearable, and had joined in a plot for overthrowing him, but it was found out, and Seneca had to die by his own hand. The way he chose, and his wife too for his sake, was to open their veins, get into a warm bath, and bleed to death.

Nero made a journey to Greece, and showed off at Olympus and the Isthmus, at the same time robbing the Greek cities of numbers of their best statues and reliefs to adorn his Golden House; for the Romans had no original art—they could only imitate the Greeks and employ Greek artists. But danger was closing in on Nero. Such an Emperor could be endured no longer, and the generals of the armies in the provinces began to threaten him, they not being smitten dumb and helpless as every one at Rome seemed to be.

The Spanish army, under an officer named Galba, who was seventy-two years old, but to whom Augustus had said when he was a little boy, "You too shall share my taste of empire," began to move homeward to attack the tyrant, and the army from Gaul advanced to join it. Nero went nearly wild with fright, sometimes raging, sometimes tearing his hair and clothes; and the people began to turn against him in anger at a dearth of corn, saying he spent everything on his own pleasures. As Galba came nearer, the nobles and knights hoped for deliverance, and the Prætorian Guard showed that they meant to join their fellow-soldiers, and would not fight for him. The wretched Emperor found himself alone, and vainly called for some one to kill him, for he had not nerve to do it himself. He fled to a villa in the country, and wandered in the woods till he heard that, if he was caught, he would be put to death in the "ancient fashion," which he was told was being fixed with his neck in a forked stick and beaten to death. Then, hearing the hoofs of the horses of his pursuers, he set a sword against his breast and made a slave drive it home, and was groaning his last when the horsemen came up. He was but thirty years old, and was the last Emperor who could trace any connection, even by adoption, with Augustus. He perished A.D. 68.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FLAVIAN FAMILY.

A.D. 62—96.



THE ablest of all Nero's officers was Titus Flavius Vespasianus, a stern, rigid old soldier, who, with his son of the same name, was in the East, preparing to put down a great rising of the Jews. He waited to see what was going to happen, and in a very few weeks old Galba had offended the soldiers by his saving ways; there was a rising against him, and another soldier named Otho became Emperor; but the legions from Gaul marched up under Vitellius to dethrone him, and he killed himself to prevent other bloodshed.

When the Eastern army heard of these changes, they declared they would make an Emperor like the soldiers of the West, and hailed Vespasian as Emperor. He left his son Titus to subdue Judea, and set out himself for Italy, where Vitellius had given himself up to riot and feasting. There was a terrible fight and fire in the streets of Rome itself, and the Gauls, who chiefly made up Vitellius' army, did even more mischief than the Gauls of old under Brennus; but at last Vespasian triumphed, Vitellius was taken, and, after being goaded along with the point of a lance, was put to death. There had been eighteen months of confusion, and Vespasian began his reign in the year 70.

It was just then that his son Titus, having taken all the strongholds in Galilee, though they were desperately defended by the Jews, had advanced to besiege Jerusalem. All the Christians had heeded the warning that our blessed Lord had left them, and were safe at a city in the hills called Pella; but the Jews who were left within were fiercely quarreling among themselves, and fought with one another as savagely as they fought with the enemy. Titus threw trenches round and blockaded the city; and the famine within grew to be most horrible. Some died in their houses, but the fierce, lawless zealots rushed up and down the streets, breaking into the houses where they thought food was to be found. When they smelt roasting in one grand dwelling belonging to a lady, they rushed in and asked for the meat, but even they turned away in horror when she uncovered the remains of her own little child, whom she had been eating. At last the Roman engines broke down the walls of the lower city, and with desperate struggling

the Romans entered, and found every house full of dead women and children. Still they had the Temple to take, and the Jews had gathered there, fancying that, at the worst, the Messiah would appear and save them. Alas! they had rejected Him long ago, and this was the time of judgment. The Romans fought their way in, up the marble steps, slippery with blood



CONDEMNED TO FIGHT WITH WILD BEASTS.

and choked with dead bodies; and fire raged round them. Titus would have saved the Holy Place as a wonder of the world, but a soldier threw a torch through a golden latticed window, and the flame spread rapidly. Titus had just time to look round on all the rich gilding and marbles before it sank into ruins. He took a terrible vengeance on the Jews. Great numbers were crucified, and the rest were either taken to the amphitheatres all over the empire to fight with wild beasts, or were sold as slaves, in such numbers that, cheap as they were, no one would buy them. And yet this wonderful nation has lived on in its dispersion ever since. The city was utterly overthrown and sown with salt, and such treasures as could be saved from the fire were carried in the triumph of Titus—namely, the shew-bread table, the seven-branched candlestick, and the silver trumpets—and laid up as usual among the other spoils dedicated to Jupiter. Their figures are to



“And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.”

From a painting by Jacques Louis David



be seen sculptured on the triumphal arch built in honor of Titus, which still stands at Rome.

These Flavian Cæsars were great builders. Much had to be restored at Rome after the two great fires, and they built a new Capitol and new Forum, besides pulling down Nero's Golden House, and setting up on part of the site the magnificent baths known as the Baths of Titus. Going to the bath, to be steamed, rubbed, anointed, and perfumed by the slaves, was



TREASURES OF THE TEMPLE IN THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS.

the great amusement of an idle Roman's day, for in the waiting-rooms he met all his friends and heard the news; and these rooms were splendid halls, inlaid with marble, and adorned with the statues and pictures Nero had brought from Greece. On part of the gardens was begun what was then called the Flavian Amphitheatre, but is now known as the Colosseum, from the colossal statue that stood at its door—a wonderful place, with a succession of galleries on stone vaults round the area, on which every rank and station, from the Emperor and Vestal Virgins down to the slaves, had their places, whence to see gladiators and beasts struggle and perish, on sand mixed with scarlet grains to hide the stain, and perfumed showers to overcome the scent of blood, and under silken embroidered awnings to keep off the sun.

Vespasian was an upright man, and though he was stern and unrelenting, his reign was a great relief after the capricious tyranny of the last Claudii. He and his eldest son Titus were plain and simple in their habits, and tried to put down the horrid riot and excess that were ruining the Romans, and they were feared and loved. They had great successes too. Britain was subdued and settled as far as the northern hills, and a great rising in Eastern Gaul subdued. Vespasian was accused of being avaricious, but Nero had left the treasury in such a state that he could hardly have governed without being careful. He died in the year 79, at seventy years

old. When he found himself almost gone, he desired to be lifted to his feet, saying that an Emperor should die standing.

He left two sons, Titus and Domitian. Titus was more of a scholar than his father, and was gentle and kindly in manner, so that he was much beloved. He used to say, "I have lost a day," when one had gone by without his finding some kind act to do. He was called the delight of mankind, and his reign would have been happy but for another great fire in Rome, which burnt what Nero's fire had left. In his time, too, Mount Vesuvius suddenly woke from its rest, and by a dreadful eruption destroyed the two cities at its foot, Herculaneum and Pompeii. The philosopher Plinius, who wrote on geography and natural history, was stifled by the sulphurous air while fleeing from the showers of stones and ashes cast up by the mountain. His nephew, called Pliny the younger, has left a full account of the disaster, and the cloud like a pine tree that hung over the mountain, the noises, the earthquake, and the fall at last of the ashes and lava. Drusilla, the wife of Felix, the governor before whom St. Paul pleaded, also perished. Herculaneum was covered with solid lava, so that very little could be recovered from it; but Pompeii, being overwhelmed with dust and ashes, was only choked, and in modern days has been discovered, showing perfectly what an old Roman town was like—amphitheatre, shops, bakerhouses, and all. Some skeletons have been found—a man with his keys in a cellar full of treasure, a priest crushed by a statue of Isis, a family crowded into a vault, a sentry at his post; and in other cases the ashes have perfectly moulded the impression of the figure they stifled, and on pouring plaster into them the forms of the victims have been recovered, especially two women, elder and younger, just as they fell at the gate, the girl with her head hidden in her mother's robe.

Titus died the next year, and his son-in-law Tacitus, who wrote the history of these reigns, laid the blame on his brother Domitian, who was as cruel and savage a tyrant as Nero. He does seem to have been shocked at the wickedness of the Romans. Even the Vestal Virgins had grown shameless, and there was hardly a girl of the patrician families in Rome well brought up enough to become one. The blame was laid on forsaking the old religion; and what the Romans call "Judaizing," which meant Christianity, was persecuted again. Flavius Clemens, a cousin of the Emperor, was thus accused and put to death; and probably it was this which led to St. John, the last of the Apostles, being brought to Rome and placed in a cauldron of boiling oil by the Lateran Gate; but a miracle was wrought in his behalf, and the oil did him no hurt, upon which he was banished to the Isle of Patmos.

The Colosseum was opened in Domitian's time, and the shows of gladiators, fights with beasts, and even sea-fights, when the arena was flooded, exceeded all that had gone before. There were fights between women and



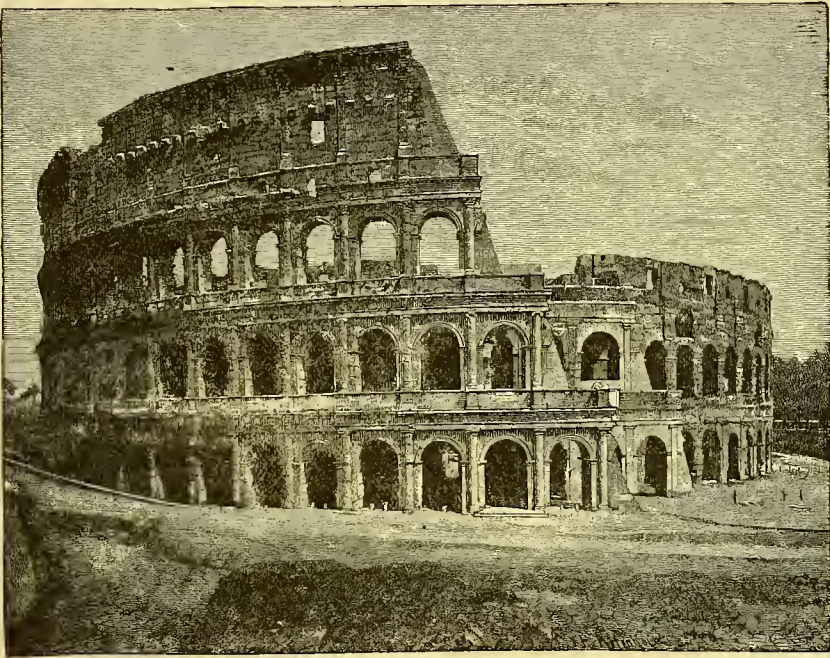
Drawn by Col. Cockburn.

Engraved by W.B. Cooke.

COLISEUM AT ROME.

women, dwarfs and cranes. There is an inscription at Rome which has made some believe that the architect of the Colosseum was one Gaudentius, who afterward perished there as a Christian.

Domitian affronted the Romans by wearing a gold crown with little figures of the gods on it. He did strange things. Once he called together all his council in the middle of the night on urgent business, and while they expected to hear of some foreign enemy on the borders, a monstrous turbot was brought in, and they were consulted whether it was to be cut in pieces or have a dish made on purpose for it. Another time he invited a number



COLOSSEUM. (*Restored.*)

of guests, and they found themselves in a black marble hall, with funeral couches, each man's name graven on a column like a tomb, a feast laid as at a funeral, and black boys to wait on them! This time it was only a joke; but Domitian did put so many people to death that he grew frightened lest vengeance should fall on him, and he had his halls lined with polished marble, that he might see as in a glass if any one approached him from behind. But this did not save him. His wife found that he meant to put her to death, and contrived that a party of servants should murder him, A.D. 96.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

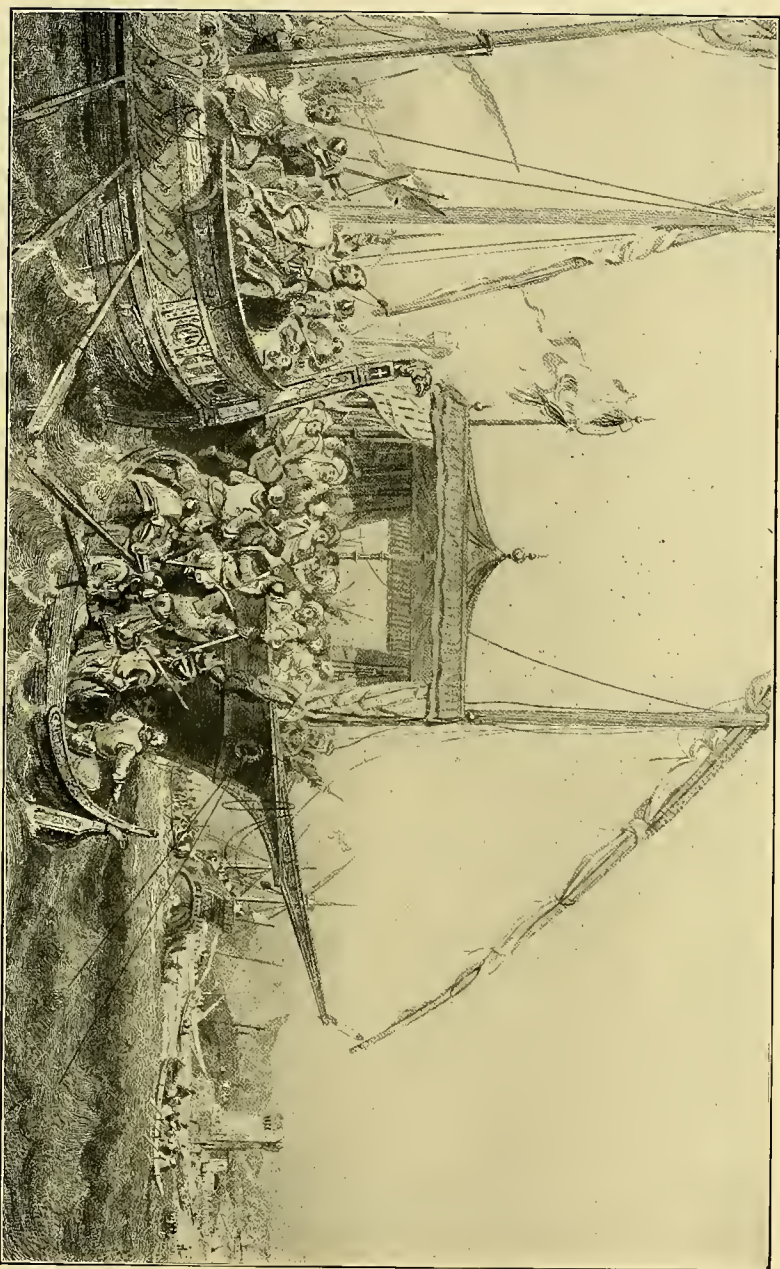
THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.

A.D. 96—194.



DOMITIAN is called the last of the twelve Cæsars, though all who came after him called themselves Cæsar. He had no son, and a highly esteemed old senator named Cocceius Nerva became Emperor. He was an upright man, who tried to restore the old Roman spirit; and as he thought Christianity was only a superstition which spoiled the ancient temper, he enacted that all should die who would not offer incense to the gods, and among these died St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who had been bred up among the Apostles. He was taken to Rome, saw his friend St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, on the way, and wrote him one of a set of letters which remain to this day. He was then thrown to the lions in the Colosseum.

It seems strange that the good Emperors were often worse persecutors than the bad ones, but the fact was that the bad ones let the people do as they pleased, as long as they did not offend them; while the good ones were trying to bring back what they read of in Livy's history, of plain living and high thinking, and shut their ears to knowing more of the Christians than that they were people who did not worship the gods. Moreover, Julius Trajanus, whom Nerva adopted, and who began to reign after him in 98, did not persecute actively, but there were laws in force against the Christians. When Pliny the younger was proprætor of the province of Pontica in Asia Minor, he wrote to ask the Emperor what to do about the Christians, telling him what he had been able to find out about them from two slave girls who had been tortured; namely, that they were wont to meet together at night or early morning, to sing together, and eat what he called a harmless social meal. Trajan answered that he need not try to hunt them out, but that, if they were brought before him, the law must take its course. In Rome, the chief refuge of the Christians was in the Catacombs, or quarries of tufa, from which the city was chiefly built, and which were hollowed out in long galleries. Slaves and convicts worked them, and they were thus made known to the Christians, who buried their dead in places hollowed at the sides, used the galleries for their churches, and often hid there when there was search made for them.



VENETIANS AND SARACENS

From a painting by Lepolitevin

Trajan was so good a ruler that he bears the title of *Optimus*, the Best, as no one else has ever done. He was a great captain too, and conquered Dacia, the country between the rivers Danube, Theiss, and Pruth, and the Carpathian Hills; and he also defeated the Parthians, and said if he had been a younger man he would have gone as far as Alexander. As it was, the empire was at its very largest in his reign, and he was a very great builder and improver, so that one of his successors called him a wall-flower, because his name was everywhere to be seen on walls and bridges and roads—some of which still remain, as does his tall column at Rome, with a spiral line of his conquests engraven round it from top to bottom. He was on his way back from the East when, in 117, he died at Cilicia, leaving the empire to another brave warrior, Publius Ætius Hadrianus, who took the command with great vigor, but found he could not keep Dacia, and broke down the bridge over the Danube. He came to Britain, where the Roman settlements were tormented by the Picts. There he built the famous Roman wall from sea to sea to keep them out. He was wonderfully active, and hastened from one end of the empire to the other wherever his presence was needed. There was a revolt of the Jews in the far East, under a man who pretended to be the Messiah, and called himself the Son of a Star. This was put down most severely, and no Jew was allowed to come near Jerusalem, over which a new city was built, and called after the Emperor's second name, *Ælia Capitolina*; and, to drive the Jews further away, a temple to Jupiter was built where the Temple had been, and one to Venus on Mount Calvary.

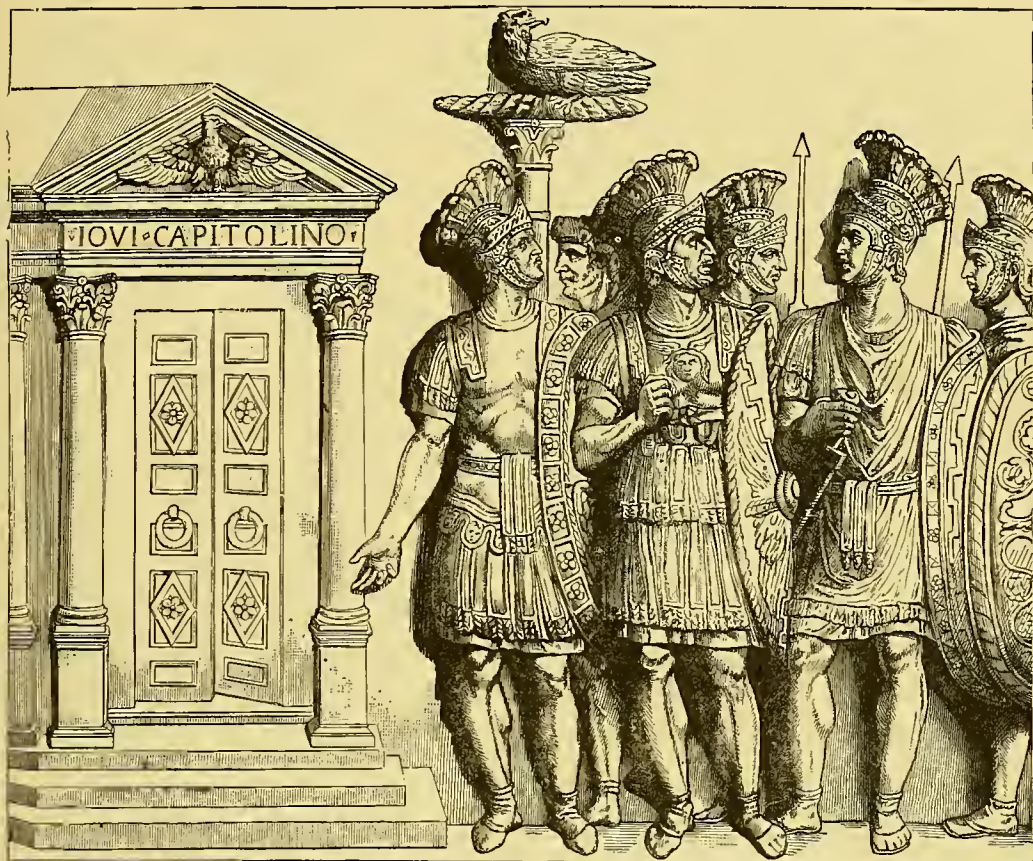
But Hadrian did not persecute, and listened kindly to an explanation of the faith which was shown him at Athens by Quadratus, a Christian philosopher. Hadrian built himself a grand tower-like monument, surrounded by stages of columns and arches, which was called the Mole of Hadrian, and still stands, though stripped of its ornaments. Before his death, in 138, he had chosen his successor, Titus Aurelius Antoninus, a good upright man, a philosopher, and fifty-two years old; for it had been found that youths who became Emperors had their heads turned by such unbounded power, while elder men cared for the work and duty. Antoninus was so earnest for his people's welfare that they called him *Pius*. He avoided wars, only defending the empire; but he was a great builder, for he raised another rampart in Britain, much further north, set up another column at Rome, and in Gaul built a great amphitheatre at Nîmes, and raised the wonderful aqueduct which is still standing, and is called the Pont du Gard.

His son-in-law, whom he adopted and who succeeded him, is commonly called Marcus Aurelius, as a choice among his many names. He was a deep student and Stoic philosopher, with an earnest longing for truth and virtue, though he knew not how to seek them where alone they could be found; and when earthquake, pestilence, and war fell on his empire, and the people

thought the gods were offended, he let them persecute the Christians, whose faith he despised, because the hope of Resurrection and of Heaven seemed weak and foolish to him beside his stern, proud, hopeless Stoicism. So the aged Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, the last pupil of the Apostles themselves, was sentenced to be burnt in the theatre of his own city, though, as the fire curled round him in a curtain of flame without touching him, he was actually slain with the sword. And in Gaul, especially at Vienne, there was a fearful persecution which fell on women of all ranks, and where Blandina the slave, under the most unspeakable torments, was specially noted for her brave patience.

Aurelius was fighting hard with the German tribes on the Danube, who gave him no rest, and threatened to break into the empire. While pursuing them, he and his army were shut into a strong place where they could get no water, and were perishing with thirst, when a whole legion, all Christian soldiers, knelt down and prayed. A cloud came up, and a welcome shower of rain descended, and was the saving of the thirsty host. It is said that the name of the Thundering Legion was given to this division in consequence, though on the column reared by Aurelius it is Jupiter who is shown sending rain on the thirsty host, who are catching it in their shields. After this there was less persecution, but every sort of trouble—plague, earthquake, famine, and war—beset the empire on all sides, and the Emperor toiled in vain against these troubles, writing, meantime, meditations that show how sad and sick at heart he was, and how little comfort philosophy gave him, while his eyes were blind to the truth. He died of a fever in his camp, while still in the prime of life, in the year 180, and with him ended the period of good Emperors, which the Romans called the age of the Antonines. Aurelius was indeed succeeded by his son Commodus, but he was a foolish good-for-nothing youth, who would not bear the fatigues and toil of real war, though he had no shame in showing off in the arena, and is said to have fought there seven hundred and fifty times, besides killing wild beasts. He boasted of having slain one hundred lions with one hundred arrows, and a whole row of ostriches with half-moon shaped arrows which cut off their heads, the poor things being fastened where he could not miss them, and the Romans applauding as if for some noble deed. They let him reign sixteen years before he was murdered, and then a good old soldier named Pertinax began to reign; but the Prætorian Guard had in those sixteen years grown disorderly, and the moment they felt the pressure of a firm hand they attacked the palace, killed the Emperor, cut off his head, and ran with it to the senate-house, asking who would be emperor. An old senator was foolish enough to offer them a large sum if they would choose him, and this put it into their heads to rush out to the ramparts and proclaim that they would sell the empire to the highest bidder.

A vain, old, rich senator, named Didius Julianus, was at supper with his family when he heard that the Prætorians were selling the empire by auction, and out he ran, and actually bought it at the rate of about £200 to



PRÆTORIANS.

each man. The Emperor being really the commander-in-chief, with other offices attached to the dignity, the soldiers had a sort of right to the choice; but the other armies at a distance, who were really fighting and guarding the empire, had no notion of letting the matter be settled by the Prætorians, mere guardsmen, who stayed at home and tried to rule the rest; so each army chose its own general and marched on Rome, and it was the general on the Danube, Septimius Severus, who got there first; whereupon the Prætorians killed their foolish Emperor and joined him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRÆTORIAN INFLUENCE.

A.D. 197—284.



SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS was an able Emperor, and reigned a long time. He was stern and harsh, as was needed by the wickedness of the time; and he was very active, seldom at Rome, but flashing as it were from one end of the empire to the other, wherever he was needed, and keeping excellent order. There was no regular persecution of the Christians in his time; but at Lyons, where the townspeople were in great numbers Christians, the country-folk by some sudden impulse broke in and made a horrible massacre of them, in which the bishop, St. Irenæus, was killed. So few country people were at this time converts, that Paganus, a peasant, came to be used as a term for a heathen.

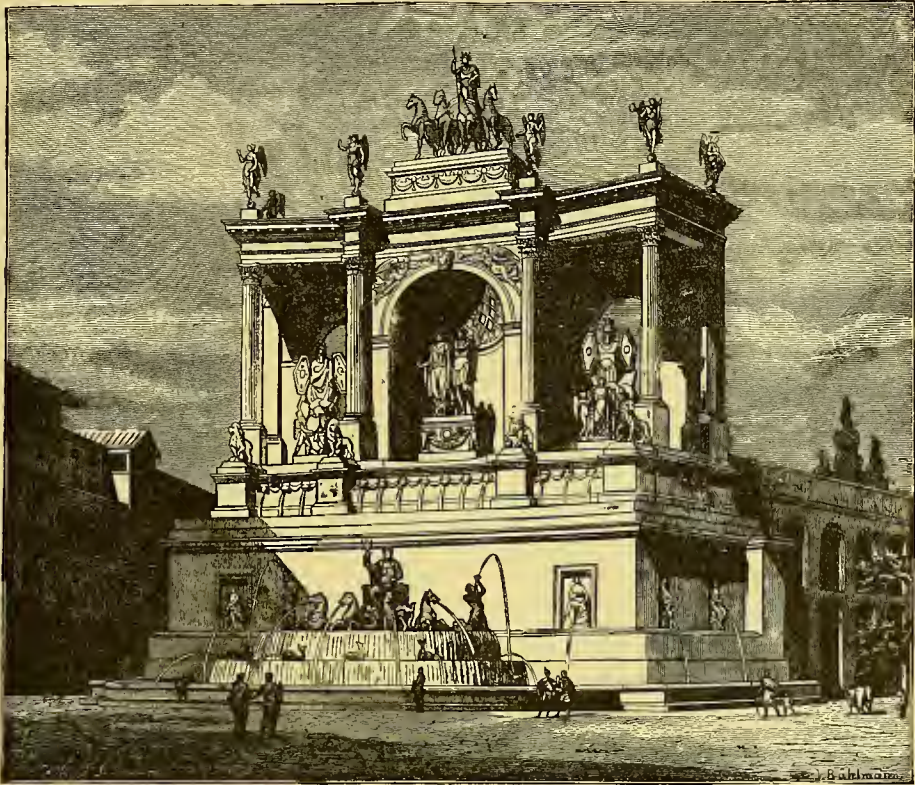
Severus was, like Trajan and Hadrian, a great builder and road-maker. The whole empire was connected by a network of paved roads by the soldiery, cutting through hills, bridging valleys, straight, smooth, and so solid that they remain to this day. This made communication so rapid that government was possible to an active man like him. He gave the Parthians a check; and, when an old man, came to Britain and marched far north, but he saw it was impossible to guard Antoninus' wall between the Forth and Clyde, and only strengthened the rampart of Hadrian from the Tweed to the Solway. He died at York, in 211, on his return, and his last watchword was "Labor!" His wife was named Julia Domna, and he left two sons, usually called Caracalla and Geta, who divided the empire; but Geta was soon stabbed by his brother's own hand, and then Caracalla showed himself even worse than Commodus, till he in his turn was murdered in 217.

His mother, Julia Domna, had a sister called Julia Sæmias, who had lived at Antioch, and had two daughters, Sæmias and Mammæa, who each had a son, Elagabalus—so called after the idol supposed to represent the sun, whose priest at Emesa he was—and Alexander Severus. The Prætorian Guard, in their difficulty whom to choose Emperor, chose Elagabalus, a lad of nineteen, who showed himself a poor, miserable, foolish wretch, who did the most absurd things. His feasts were a proverb for excess, and



A ROMAN BANQUET.

even his lions were fed on parrots and pheasants. Sometimes he would get together a festival party of all fat men, or all thin, all tall, all short, all bald, or all gouty ; and at others he would keep the wedding of his namesake god and Pallas, making matches between the gods and goddesses all over Italy ; and he carried on his service to his god with the same barbaric dances in a



THE FOUNTAIN OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS AT ROME.

strange costume as at Emesa, to the great disgust of the Romans. His grandmother persuaded him to adopt his cousin Alexander, a youth of much more promise, who took the name of Severus. The soldiers were charmed with him ; Elagabalus became jealous, and was going to strip him of his honors ; but this angered the Prætorians, so that they put the elder Emperor to death in 222.

Alexander Severus was a good and just prince, whose mother is believed to have been a Christian, and he had certainly learned enough of the Divine Law to love virtue, and be firm while he was forbearing. He loved virtue, but he did not accept the faith, and would only look upon our Blessed Lord as a sort of great philosopher, placing His statue with that of Abraham, Orpheus, and all whom he thought great teachers of mankind, in a private temple of his own, as if they were all on a level. He never came

any nearer to the faith, and after thirteen years of good and firm government he was killed in a mutiny of the Prætorians in 235.

These guards had all the power, and set up and put down Emperors so rapidly that there are hardly any names worth remembering. In the unsettled state of the empire no one had time to persecute the Christians, and their numbers grew and prospered; in many places they had churches, with worship going on openly, and their Bishops were known and respected. The Emperor Philip, called the Arabian, who was actually a Christian, though he would not own it openly, when he was at Antioch, joined in the service at Easter, and presented himself to receive the Holy Communion; but Bishop Babylas refused him, until he should have done open penance for the crimes by which he had come to the purple, and renounced all remains of heathenism. He turned away rebuked, but put off his repentance; and the next year celebrated the games called the *Seculæ*, because they took place every *Seculum* or hundredth year, with all their heathen ceremonies, and with tenfold splendor, in honor of this being Rome's thousandth birthday.

Soon after, another general named Decius was chosen by the army on the German frontier, and Philip was killed in battle with him. Decius wanted to be an old-fashioned Roman; he believed in the gods, and thought the troubles of the empire came of forsaking them; and as the Parthians molested the East, and the Goths and Germans the North, and the soldiers seemed more ready to kill their Emperors than the enemy, he thought to win back prosperity by causing all to return to the old worship, and began the worst persecution the Church had yet known. Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Alexandria, and all the chief cities were searched for Christians. If they would not throw a handful of incense on the idol's altar or disown Christ, they were given over to all the horrid torments cruel ingenuity could invent, in the hope of subduing their constancy. Some fell, but the greater number were firm, and witnessed a glorious confession before, in 251, Decius and his son were both slain in battle in *Mæsia*.

The next Emperor whose name is worth remembering was Valerian, who had to make war against the Persians. The old stock of Persian kings, professing to be descended from Cyrus, and, like him, adoring fire, had overcome the Parthians, and were spreading the Persian power in the East, under their king Sapor, who conquered Mesopotamia, and on the banks of the Euphrates defeated Valerian in a terrible battle at Edessa. Valerian was made prisoner, and kept as a wretched slave, who was forced to crouch down that Sapor might climb up by his back when mounting on horseback; and when he died, his skin was dyed purple, stuffed, and hung up in a temple.

The best resistance made to Sapor was by Odenatus, a Syrian chief, and

his beautiful Arabian wife Zenobia, who held out the city of Palmyra, or an oasis in the desert between Palestine and Assyria, till Sapor retreated. Finding that no notice was taken of them by Rome, they called themselves Emperor and Empress. The city was very beautifully adorned with splendid buildings in the later Greek style; and Zenobia, who reigned with her young sons after her husband's death, was well read in Greek classics and philosophy, and was a pupil of the philosopher Longinus. Aurelian, becoming Emperor of Rome, came against this strange little kingdom, and was bravely resisted by Zenobia; but he defeated her, made her prisoner, and caused her to march in his triumph to Rome. She afterwards lived with her children in Italy.

Aurelian saw perils closing in on all sides of the empire, and thought it time to fortify the city of Rome itself, which had long spread beyond the old walls of Servius Tullus. He traced a new circuit, and built the wall, the lines of which are the same that still enclose Rome, though the wall itself has been several times thrown down and rebuilt. He also built the city in Gaul which still bears his name, slightly altered into Orleans. He was one of those stern, brave Emperors, who vainly tried to bring back old Roman manners, and fancied it was Christianity that corrupted them; and he was just preparing for a great persecution when he was murdered in his tent, and there were three or four more Emperors set up and then killed almost as soon as their reign was well begun. The last thirty of them are sometimes called the Thirty Tyrants. This power of the Prætorian Guard, of setting up and pulling down their Emperor as being primarily their general, lasted altogether fully a hundred years.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE.

A.D. 284—312.



DALMATIAN soldier named Diocles had been told by a witch that he should become Emperor by the slaughter of a boar. He became a great hunter, but no wild boar that he killed seemed to bring him nearer to the purple, till, when the army was fighting on the Tigris, the Emperor Numerianus died, and an officer named Aper offered himself as his successor. Aper is the Latin for a boar, and Diocles, perceiving the scope of the prophecy, thrust his sword into his rival's breast, and was hailed Emperor by the legions.

He lengthened his name out to Diocletianus, to sound more imperial, and began a dominion unlike that of any who had gone before. They had only been, as it were, overgrown generals, chosen by the Prætorians or some part of the army, and at the same time taking the tribuneship and other offices for life. Diocletian, though called Emperor, reigned like the kings of the East. He broke the strength of the Prætorians, so that they could never again kill one Emperor and elect another as before; and he never would visit Rome lest he should be obliged to acknowledge the authority of the Senate, whose power he contrived so entirely to take away, that thenceforward Senator became only a complimentary title, of which people in the subdned countries were very proud.

He divided the empire into two parts, feeling that it was beyond the management of any one man, and chose an able soldier of low birth but much courage, named Maximian, to rule the West from Trier as his capital, while he himself ruled the East from Nicomedia. Each of the two Emperors chose a future successor, who was to rule in part of his dominions under the title of Cæsar, and to reign after him. Diocletian chose his son-in-law Galerius, and sent him to fight on the Danube; and Maximian chose, as Cæsar, Constantius Chlorus, who commanded in Britain, Gaul, and Spain; and thus everything was done to secure that a strong hand should be ready everywhere to keep the legions from setting up Emperors at their own will.

Diocletian was esteemed the most just and kind of the Emperors; Maximian, the fiercest and most savage. He had a bitter hatred of the

Christian name, which was shared by Galerius; but, on the other hand, the wife of Diocletian was believed to be a Christian, and Helena, the wife of Constantius, was certainly one. However, Maximian and Galerius were determined to put down the faith. Maximian is said to have had a whole



CHRISTIANS HUNTED DOWN IN THE CATACOMBS.

legion of Christians in his army, called the Theban, from the Egyptian Thebes. These he commanded to sacrifice, and on their refusal had them decimated—that is, every tenth man was slain. They were called on again to sacrifice, but still were stanch, and after a last summons were, every man of them, slain as they stood, with their tribune Maurice, whose name is still held in high honor in the Engadine. Diocletian was slow to become a persecutor, until a fire broke out in his palace at Nicomedia, which did much mischief in the city, but spared the chief Christian church. The enemies of the Christians accused them of having caused it, and Diocletian required every one in his household to clear themselves by offering sacrifice to Jupiter. His wife and daughter yielded, but most of his officers and slaves held out, and died in cruel torments. One slave was scourged till the flesh parted from his bones, and then the wounds were rubbed with salt and vinegar; others were racked till their bones were out of joint, and others

hung up by their hands to hooks, with weights fastened to their feet. A city in Phrygia was surrounded by soldiers and every person in it slaughtered; and the Christians were hunted down like wild beasts from one end of the empire to the other, everywhere save in Britain, where, under Constantius, only one martyrdom is reported to have taken place, namely, that of the soldier at Verulam, St. Alban. It was the worst of all the persecutions, and lasted the longest.

The two Emperors were good soldiers, and kept the enemies back, so that Diocletian celebrated a triumph at Nicomedia; but he had an illness just after, and, as he was fifty-nine years old, he decided that it would be



DIOCLETIAN IN RETIREMENT.

better to resign the empire while he was still in his full strength, and he persuaded Maximian to do the same, in 305, making Constantius and Galerius Emperors in their stead. Constantius stopped the persecution in the West, but it raged as much as ever in the East under Galerius and the Cæsar he had appointed, whose name was Daza, but who called himself Maximin. Constantius fought bravely, both in Britain and Gaul, with the enemies who tried to break into the empire. The Franks, one of the Teuton

nations, were constantly breaking in on the eastern frontier of Gaul, and the Caledonians on the northern border of the settlements in Britain. He opposed them gallantly, and was much loved, but he died at York, B.C. 305, and Galerius passed over his son Constantine, and appointed a favorite of his own named Licinius. Constantine was so much beloved by the army and people of Gaul that they proclaimed him Emperor, and he held the province of Britain and Gaul securely against all enemies.

Old Maximian, who had only retired on the command of Diocletian, now came out from his retreat, and called on his colleague to do the same; but Diocletian was far too happy on his little farm at Salona to leave it, and answered the messenger who urged him again to take upon him the purple with—"Come and look at the cabbages I have planted." However, Max-



RAPHAEL del. et sculp.

A. H. PAYNE sc.

THE BATTLE OF CONSTANTINE.

Vatican. Rome.

Selmar Hess. Publisher. New York.

imian was accepted as the true Emperor by the Senate, and made his son Maxentius, Cæsar, while he allied himself with Constantine, to whom he gave his daughter Fausta in marriage. Maxentius turned out a rebel, and drove the old man away to Marseilles, where Constantine gave him a home on condition of his not interfering with government; but he could not rest, and raised the troops in the south against his son-in-law. Constantine's army marched eagerly against him and made him prisoner, but even then he was pardoned; yet he still plotted, and tried to persuade his daughter Fausta to murder her husband. Upon this, Constantine was obliged to have him put to death.

Galerius died soon after of a horrible disease, during which he was filled with remorse for his cruelties to the Christians, sent to entreat their prayers, and stopped the persecution. On his death, Licinius seized part of his dominions, and there were four men calling themselves Emperors—Licinius in Asia, Daza Maximin in Egypt, Maxentius at Rome, and Constantine in Gaul.

There was sure soon to be a terrible struggle. It began between Maxentius and Constantine. This last marched out of Gaul and entered Italy. He had hitherto seemed doubtful between Christianity and paganism, but a wonder was seen in the heavens before his whole army, namely, a bright cross of light in the noon-tide sky, with the words plainly to be traced round it, *In hoc signo vinces*—"In this sign thou shalt conquer." The sight decided his mind; he proclaimed himself a Christian, and from Milan issued forth an edict promising the Christians his favor and protection. Great victories were gained by him at Turin, Verona, and on the banks of the Tiber, where, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge in 312, Maxentius was defeated, and was drowned in crossing the river. Constantine entered Rome, and was owned by the Senate as Emperor of the West.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

A.D. 312—337.



CONSTANTINE entered Rome as a Christian, and from his time forward Christianity prevailed. He reigned only over the West at first, but Licinius overthrew Daza, treating him and his family with great barbarity, and then Constantine, becoming alarmed at his power, marched against him, beat him in Thrace, and ten years later made another attack on him. In the battle of Adrianople, Licinius was defeated, and soon after made prisoner and put to death. Thus, in 323, Constantine became the only Emperor.

He was a Christian in faith, though not as yet baptized. He did not destroy heathen temples nor forbid heathen rites, but he did everything to favor the Christians and make Christian laws. Churches were rebuilt and ornamented; Sunday was kept as the day of the Lord, and on it no business might be transacted except the setting free of a slave; soldiers might go to church, and all that had made it difficult and dangerous to confess the faith was taken away. Constantine longed to see his whole empire Christian; but at Rome, heathen ceremonies were so bound up with every action of the state or of a man's life that it was very hard for the Emperor to avoid them, and he therefore spent as little time as he could there, but was generally at the newer cities of Arles and Trier; and at last he decided on founding a fresh capital, to be a Christian city from the first.

The place he chose was the shore of the Bosphorus, where Asia and Europe are only divided by that narrow channel, and where the old Greek city of Byzantium already stood. From hence he hoped to be able to rule the East and the West. He enlarged the city with splendid buildings, made a palace there for himself, and called it after his own name—Constantinople, or New Rome, neither of which names has it ever lost. He carried many of the ornaments of Old Rome thither, but consecrated them as far as possible, and he surrounded himself with Bishops and clergy. His mother Helena made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the spots where our blessed Lord lived and died, and to clear them from profanation. The churches she built over the Holy Sepulchre and the Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem have been kept up even to this day.



ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF NICEA.

There was now no danger in being a Christian, and thus worldly and even wicked men and women owned themselves as belonging to the Church. So much evil prevailed that many good men fled from the sight of it, thinking to do more good by praying in lonely places free from temptation than

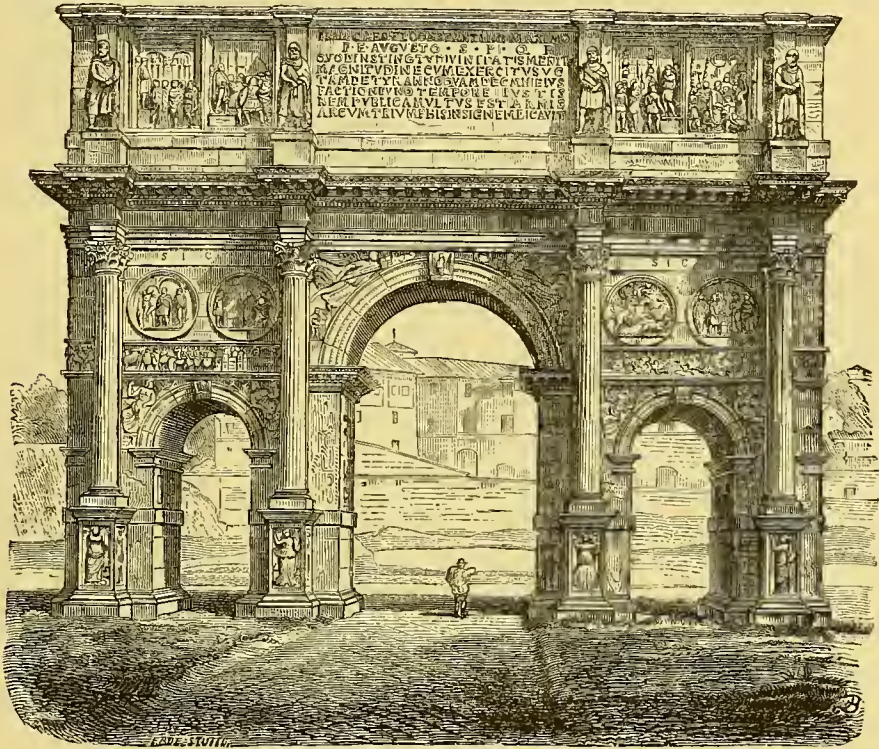
by living in the midst of it. These were called hermits, and the first and most noted of them was St. Antony. The Thebaid, or hilly country above Thebes in Egypt, was full of these hermits. When they banded together in brotherhoods they were called monks, and the women who did the like were called nuns.

At this time there arose in Egypt a priest named Arius, who fell away from the true faith respecting our blessed Lord, and taught that He was not from the beginning, and was not equal with God the Father. The Patriarch of Alexandria tried to silence him, but he led away an immense number of followers, who did not like to stretch their souls to confess that Jesus Christ is God. At last Constantine resolved to call together a council of the Bishops and the wisest priests of the whole Church, to declare what was the truth that had been always held from the beginning. The place he appointed for the meeting was Nicea, in Asia Minor, and he paid for the journeys of all the Bishops, three hundred and eighteen in number, who came from all parts of the empire, east and west, so as to form the first Œcumenical or general Council of the Church. Many of them still bore the marks of the persecutions they had borne in Diocletian's time: some had been blinded, or had their ears cut off; some had marks worn on their arms by chains, or were bowed by hard labor in the mines. The Emperor, in purple and gold, took a seat in the council as the prince, but only as a layman and not yet baptized; and the person who used the most powerful arguments was a young deacon of Alexandria named Athanasius. Almost every Bishop declared that the doctrine of Arius was contrary to what the Church had held from the first, and the confession of faith was drawn up which we call the Nicene Creed. Three hundred Bishops at once set their seals to it, and of those who at first refused all but two were won over, and these were banished. It was then that the faith of the Church began to be called Catholic or universal, and orthodox or straight teaching; while those who attacked it were called heretics, and their doctrine heresy, from a Greek word meaning to choose.

The troubles were not at an end with the Council and Creed of Nicea. Arius had pretended to submit, but he went on with his false teaching, and the courtly Bishop Eusebius of Nicomedia, who had the ear of the Emperor, protected him. Athanasius had been made Patriarch, or Father-Bishop, of Alexandria, and with all his might argued against the false doctrine, and cut off those who followed it from the Church. But Eusebius so talked that Constantine fancied quiet was better than truth, and sent orders to Athanasius that no one was to be shut out. This the Patriarch could not obey, and the Emperor therefore banished him to Gaul. Arius then went to Constantinople to ask the Emperor to insist on his being received back to communion. He declared that he believed that which he

held in his hand, showing the Creed of Nicea, but keeping hidden under it a statement of his own heresy.

"Go," said Constantine; "if your faith agree with your oath, you are blameless; if not, God be your judge;" and he commanded that Arius should be received to communion the next day, which was Sunday. But on



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

his way to church, among a great number of his friends, Arius was struck with sudden illness, and died in a few minutes. The Emperor, as well as the Catholics, took this as a clear token of the hand of God, and Constantine was cured of any leaning to the Arians, though he still believed the men who called Athanasius factious and troublesome, and therefore would not recall him from exile.

The great grief of Constantine's life was, that he put his eldest son Crispus to death on a wicked accusation of his stepmother Fausta. On learning the truth, he caused a silver statue to be raised, bearing the inscription, "My son, whom I unjustly condemned;" and when other crimes of Fausta came to light, he caused her to be suffocated.

Baptism was often in those days put off to the end of life, that there might be no more sin after it, and Constantine was not baptized till his last

illness had begun, when he was sixty-four years old, and he sent for Sylvester, Pope or Bishop of Rome, where he then was, and received from him baptism, absolution, and Holy Communion. After this, Constantine never put on purple robes again, but wore white till the day of his death in 337

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONSTANTIUS.

A.D. 337—364.



CONSTANTINE THE GREAT left three sons, who shared the empire between them; but two were slain early in life, and only Constantius, the second and worst of the brothers, remained Emperor. He was an Arian, and under him Athanasius, who had returned to Alexandria, was banished again, and took refuge with the Pope Liberius at Rome. Pope—papa in Latin—is the name for father, just as patriarch is; and the Pope had become more important since the removal of the court from Rome; but Constantius

tried to overcome Liberius, banished him to Thrace, and placed an Arian named Felix in his room. The whole people of Rome rose in indignation, and Constantius tried to appease them by declaring that Liberius and Felix should rule the Church together; but the Romans would not submit to such a decree; "Shall we have the circus factions in the Church?" they said. "No! one God, one Christ, one Bishop!" In the end Felix was forced to fly, and Liberius kept his seat. Athanasius found his safest refuge in the deserts among the hermits of the Thebaid in Egypt.

Meantime Sapor, king of Persia, was attacking Nisibis, the most Eastern city of the Roman empire, where a brave Catholic named James was Bishop, and encouraged the people to a most brave resistance, so that they held out for four months; and Sapor, thinking the city was under some divine protection, and finding that his army sickened in the hot marshes around it, gave up the siege at last.

Constantius was a little, mean-looking man, but he dressed himself up to do his part as Emperor. He had swarms of attendants like any Eastern prince, most of them slaves, who waited on him as if he was perfectly helpless. He had his face painted, and was covered with gold embroidery and jewels on all state occasions, and he used to stand like a statue to be looked



GRAND CANAL, VENICE.
From a painting by J. M. W. Turner.



at, never winking an eyelid, nor moving his hand, nor doing anything to remind people that he was a man like themselves. He was timid and jealous, and, above all others, he dreaded his young cousin Julian, the only relation he had. Julian had studied at Athens, and what he there heard and fancied of the old Greek philosophy seemed to him far grander than the Christianity that showed itself in the lives of Constantius and his courtiers. He was full of spirit and ability, and Constantius thought it best to keep him at a distance by sending him to fight the Germans on the borders of Gaul. There he was so successful, and was such a favorite with the soldiers, that Constantius sent to recall him. This only made the army proclaim him Emperor, and he set out with them across the Danubian country toward Constantinople, but on the way met the tidings that Constantius was dead.

This was in 361, and without going to Rome Julian hastened on to Constantinople, where he was received as Emperor. He no longer pretended to be a Christian, but had all the old heathen temples opened again, and the sacrifices performed as in old times, though it was not easy to find any one who recollected how they were carried on. He said that all forms of religion should be free to every one, but he himself tried to live like an ancient philosopher, getting rid of all the pomp of jewels, robes, courtiers, and slaves who had attended Constantius, wearing simply the old purple garb of a Roman general, sleeping on a lion's skin, and living on the plainest food. Meanwhile, he tried to put down the Christian faith by laughing at it, and trying to get people to despise it as something low and mean. When this did not succeed, he forbade Christians to be schoolmasters or teachers; and as they declared that the ruin of the Temple at Jerusalem proved our Lord to have been a true Prophet, he commanded that it should be rebuilt. As soon as the foundations were dug, there was an outburst of fiery smoke and balls of flame which forced the workmen to leave off. Such things sometimes happen when long-buried ruins are opened, from the gases that have formed there; but it was no doubt the work of God's providence, and the Christians held it as a miracle.

Julian hated the Catholic Christians worse than the Arians, because he found them more staunch against him. Athanasius had come back to Alexandria, but the Arians got up an accusation against him that he had been guilty of a murder, and brought forward a hand in a box to prove the crime; and though Athanasius showed the man said to have been murdered, alive and with both his hands in their places, he was still hunted out of Alexandria, and had to hide among the hermits of the Thebaid again. When any search was threatened of the spot where he was, the horn was sounded which called the hermits together to church, and he was taken to another hiding-place. Sometimes he visited his flock at Alexandria in

secret, and once, when he was returning down the Nile, he learned that a boat-load of soldiers was pursuing him. Turning back, his boat met them. They called out to ask if Athanasius had been seen. "He was going down the Nile a little while ago," the Bishop answered. His enemies hurried on, and he was safe.

Julian was angered by finding it impossible to waken paganism. At one grand temple in Asia, whither hundreds of oxen used to be brought to sacrifice, all his encouragement only caused one goose to be offered, which the priest of the temple received as a grand gift. Julian expected, too, that pagans would worship their old gods and yet live the virtuous lives of Christians; and he was disappointed and grieved to find that no works of goodness or mercy sprang from those who followed his belief. He was a kind man by nature, but he began to grow bitter with disappointment, and to threaten when he found it was of no use to persuade; and the Christians expected that there would be a great persecution when he should return from an expedition into the East against the king of Persia.



COIN OF HADRIAN.

He went with a fine army in ships down the Euphrates, and thence marched into Persia, where King Sapor was wise enough to avoid a battle, and only retreat before him. The Romans were half starved, and obliged to turn back. Then Sapor attacked their rear, and cut off their stragglers. Julian shared all the sufferings of his troops, and was always wherever there was danger. At last a javelin pierced him under the arm. It is said that he caught some of his blood in his other hand, cast it up toward heaven, and cried, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered." He died in a few hours, in 363, and the Romans could only choose the best leader they knew to get them out of the sad plight they were in—almost that of the ten thousand Greeks, except that they knew the roads and had friendly lands much nearer. Their choice fell on a plain, honest Christian soldier named Jovian, who did his best by making a treaty with Sapor, giving up all claim to any lands beyond

the Tigris, and surrendering the brave city of Nisibis which had held out so gallantly—a great grief to the Eastern Christians. The first thing Jovian did was to have Athanasius recalled, but his reign did not last a year, and he died on the way to Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

A.D. 364—392.



WHEN Jovian died, the army chose another soldier named Valentinian, a stout, brave, rough man, with little education, rude and passionate, but a Catholic Christian. As soon as he reached Constantinople, he divided the empire with his brother Valens, whom he left to rule the East, while he himself went to govern the West, chiefly from Milan, for the Emperors were not fond of living at Rome, partly because the remains of the Senate interfered with their full grandeur, and partly because there were old customs that were inconvenient to a Christian Emperor. He was in general just and honest in his dealings, but when he was angry he could be cruel, and it is said he had two bears to whom criminals were thrown. His brother Valens was a weaker and less able man, and was an Arian, who banished Athanasius once more for the fifth time; but the Church of Alexandria prevailed, and he was allowed to remain and die in peace. The Creed that bears his name is not thought to be of his writing, but to convey what he taught. There was great talk at this time all over the cities about the questions between the Catholics and Arians, and good men were shocked by hearing the holiest mysteries of the faith gossiped about by the idlers in baths and market-places.

At this time Damasus, the Pope, desired a very learned deacon of his church, named Jerome, to make a good translation of the whole of the Scriptures into Latin, comparing the best versions, and giving an account of the books. For this purpose Jerome went to the Holy Land, and lived in a cell at Bethlehem, happy to be out of the way of the quarrels at Rome and Constantinople. There, too, was made the first translation of the Gospels into one of the Teutonic languages, namely, the Gothic. The Goths were a great people, of the same Teutonic race as the Germans, Franks and Saxons

—tall, fair, brave, strong, and handsome—and were at this time living on the north bank of the Danube. Many of their young men hired themselves to fight as soldiers in the Roman army; and they were learning Christianity, but only as Arians. It was for them that their Bishop Ulfilas translated the Gospels into Gothic, and invented an alphabet to write them in. A copy of this translation is still to be seen at Upsal in Sweden, written on purple vellum in silver letters.

Another great and holy man of this time was Ambrose, the Archbishop of Milan, who was the guide and teacher of Gratian, Valentinian's eldest son, a good and promising youth so far as he went, but who, after the habit of the time, was waiting to be baptized till he should be further on in life. Valentinian's second wife was named Justina; and when he died, as it is said, from breaking a blood-vessel in a fit of rage, in 375, the Western Empire was shared between her little son Valentinian and Gratian.

Justina was an Arian, and wanted to have a church in Milan where she could worship without ascribing full honor and glory to God the Son; but Ambrose felt that the churches were his Master's, not his own to be given away, and filled the Church with Christians, who watched there chanting Psalms day and night, while the soldiers Justina sent to turn them out joined them, and sang and prayed with them.

Gratian did not choose to be called Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest of all the Roman idols, as all the Emperors had been; and this offended many persons. A general named Maximus rose and reigned as Emperor in Britain, and Gratian had too much on his hands in the north to put him down.

In the meantime, a terrible wild tribe called Huns were coming from the West and driving the Goths before them, so that they asked leave from Valens to come across the Danube and settle themselves in Thrace. The reply was so ill managed by Valens' counsellors that the Goths were offended, and came over the river as foes when they might have come as friends; and Valens was killed in battle with them at Adrianople in 378.

Gratian felt that he alone could not cope with the dangers that beset the empire, and his brother was still a child; so he gave the Eastern Empire to a brave and noble Spanish general named Theodosius, who was a Catholic Christian and baptized, and who made peace with the Goths, gave them settlements, and took their young men into his armies. In the meantime, Maximus was growing more powerful in Britain, and Gratian, who chiefly lived in Gaul, was disliked by the soldiers especially for making friends with the young Gothic chief Alaric, whom he joined in hunting in the forests of Gaul in a way they thought unworthy of an Emperor. Finding that he was thus disliked, Maximus crossed the Channel to attack him. His soldiers would not march against the British legions, and he was taken and

put to death, bitterly lamenting that he had so long deferred his baptism till now it was denied to him.

Young Valentinian went on reigning at Milan, and Maximus in Gaul. This last had become a Christian and a Catholic in name, but without laying



TOILET OF A ROMAN LADY OF RANK.

aside his fierceness and cruelty, so that, when some heretics were brought before him, he had them put to death, entirely against the advice of the great Saint and Bishop then working in Gaul, Martin of Tours, and likewise of St. Ambrose, who had been sent by Valentinian to make peace with the Gallic tyrant.

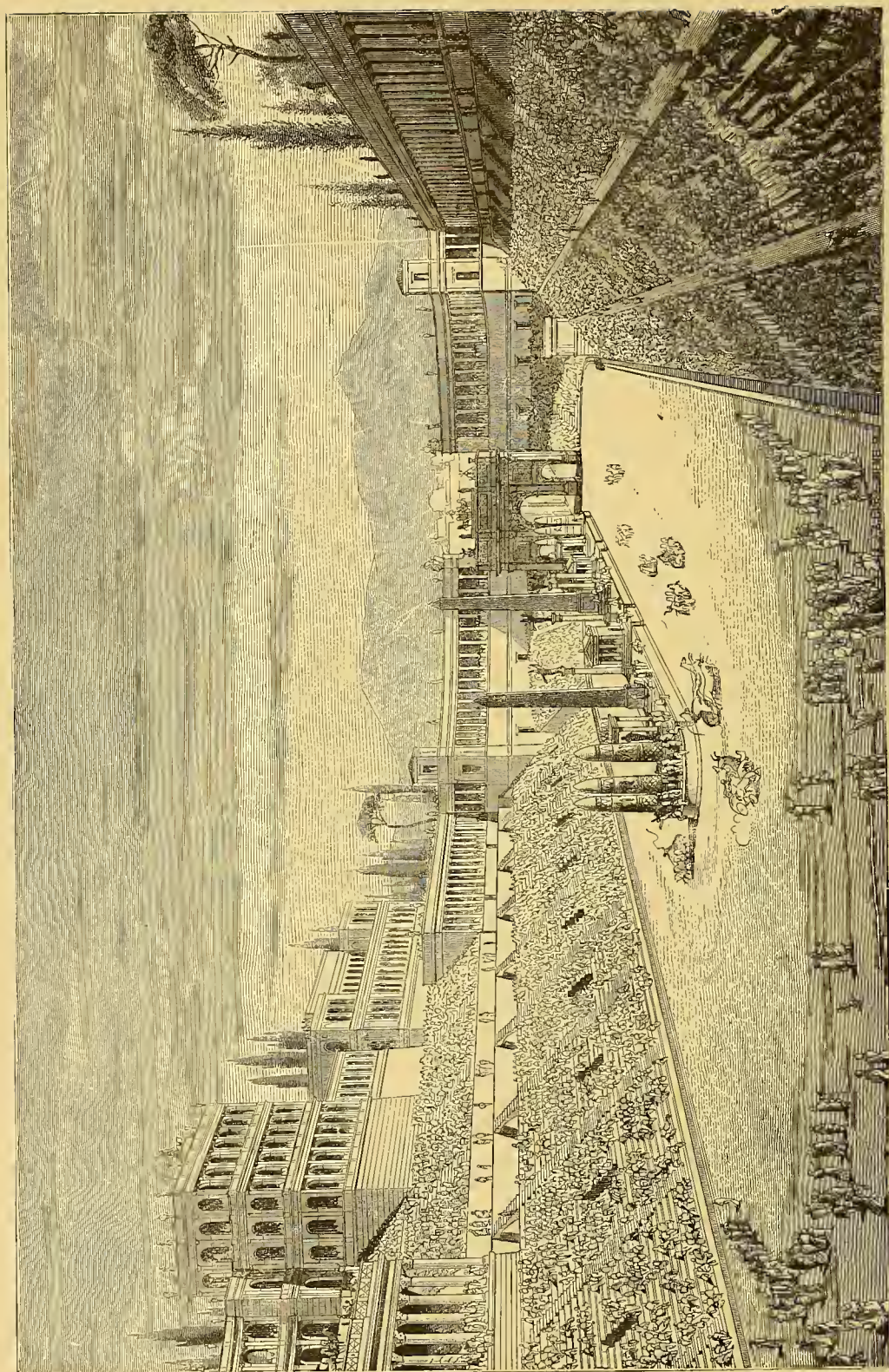
It was a time of great men in the Church. In Africa a very great man had risen up, St. Augustine, who, after doubting long and living a life of

sin, was drawn to the truth by the prayers of his good mother Monica, and, when studying in Italy, listened to St. Ambrose, and became a hearty believer and maintainer of all that was good. He became Bishop of Hippo in Africa.

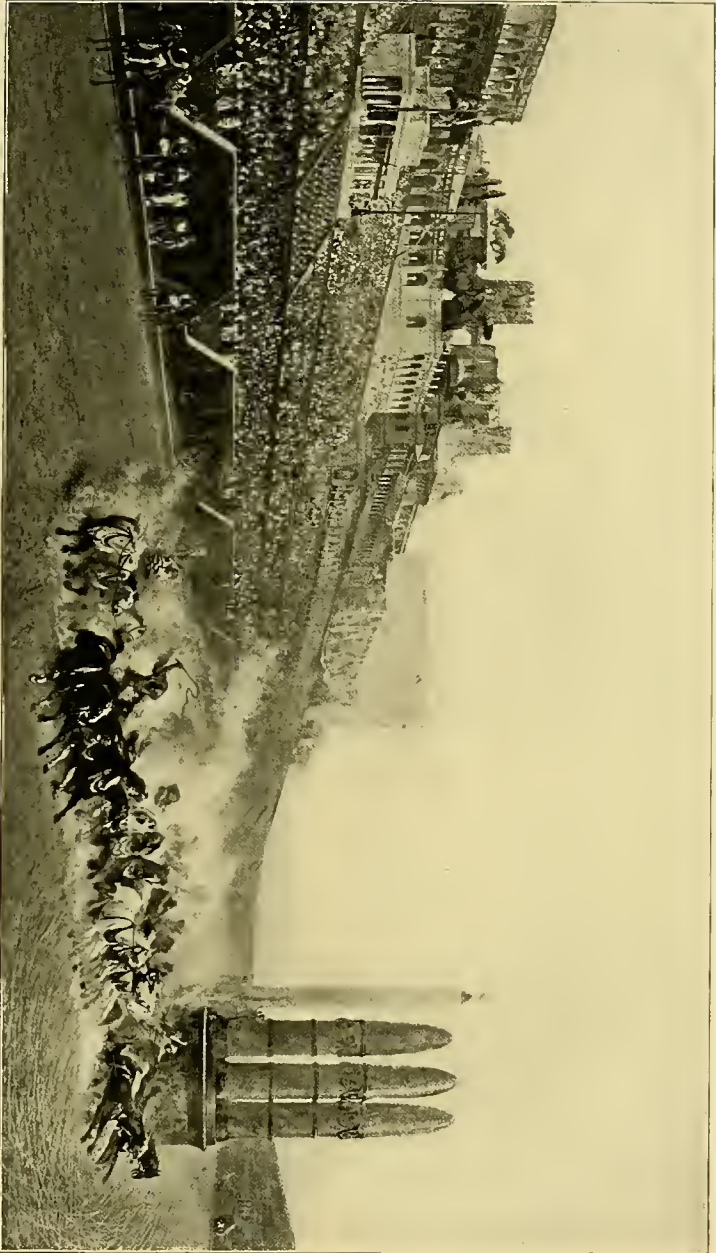
But with the good there was much of evil. All the old cities, and especially Rome, were full of a strange mixture of Christian show and heathen vice. There was such idleness and luxury in the towns that hardly any Romans had hardihood enough to go out to fight their own battles, but hired Goths, Germans, Gauls, and Moors; and these learned their ways of warfare, and used them in their turn against the Romans themselves. Nothing was so much run after as the games in the amphitheatres. People rushed there to watch the chariot races, and went perfectly wild with eagerness about the drivers whose colors they wore; and even the gladiator games were not done away with by Christianity, although these sports were continually preached against by the clergy, and no really devout person would go to the theatres. Much time was idled away at the baths, which were the place for talk and gossip, and where there was a soft steamy air which was enough to take away all manhood and resolution. The ladies' dresses were exceedingly expensive and absurd, and the whole way of living quite as sumptuous and helpless as in the times of heathenism. Good people tried to live apart. More than ever became monks and hermits; and a number of ladies, who had been much struck with St. Jerome's teaching, made up a sort of society at Rome which busied itself in good works and devotion. Two of the ladies, a mother and daughter, followed him to the Holy Land, and dwelt in a convent at Bethlehem.

Maximus after a time advanced into Italy, and Valentinian fled to ask the help of Theodosius, who came with an army, defeated and slew Maximus, and restored Valentinian, but only for a short time, for the poor youth was soon murdered by a Frank chief in his own service named Arbogastes.





CIRCUS MAXIMUS.



THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS
From a painting by J. L. Gérôme



CHAPTER XL.

THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

A.D. 392—395.



THE Frank, Arbogastes, who had killed Valentinian, did not make himself Emperor, but set up a heathen philosopher called Eugenius, who for a little while restored all the heathen pomp and splendor, and opened the temples again, threatening even to take away the churches and turn the chief one at Milan into a stable. They knew that Theodosius would soon come to attack them, so they prepared for a great resistance in the passes of the Julian Alps, and the image of the Thundering Jupiter was placed to guard them.

Theodosius had collected his troops and marched under the Labarum—that is to say, the Cross of Constantine, which had been the ensign of the imperial army ever since the battle of the Milvian Bridge. It was the cross combined with the two first Greek letters of the name Christ, $\chi\rho$, and was carried, as the eagles had been, above a purple silk banner. The men of Eugenius bore before them a figure of Hercules, and in the first battle they gained the advantage, for the more ignorant Eastern soldiers, though Christians, could not get rid of the notion that there was some sort of power in a heathen god, and thought Jupiter and Hercules were too strong for them.

But Theodosius rallied them and led them back, so that they gained a great victory, and a terrible storm and whirlwind which fell at the same time upon the host of Eugenius made the Christian army feel the more sure that God fought on their side. Eugenius was taken and put to death, and Arbogastes fell on his own sword.

Theodosius thus united the empires of the East and West once more. He was a brave and gallant soldier, and a good and conscientious man, and was much loved and honored; but he could be stern and passionate, and he was likewise greatly feared. At Antioch, the people had been much offended at a tax which Theodosius had laid on them; they rose in rebellion, overthrew his statues and those of his family, and dragged them about in the mud. No sooner was this done than they began to be shocked and terrified, especially because of the insult to the statue of the Empress, who was lately dead after a most kind and charitable life. The citizens in haste sent off messengers, with the Bishop at their head, to declare their grief

and sorrow, and entreat the Emperor's pardon. All the time they were gone the city gave itself up to prayer and fasting, listening to sermons from the priest, John—called from his eloquence Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth—who preached repentance for all the most frequent sins, such as love of pleasure, irreverence at church, &c. The Bishop on his way met the Emperor's deputies who were charged to inquire into the crime and punish the people; and he redoubled his speed in reaching Constantinople, where he so pleaded the cause of the people that Theodosius freely forgave them, and sent him home to keep a happy Easter with them. This was while he was still Emperor only of the East.

But when he was in Italy with Valentinian, three years later, there was another great sedition at Thessalonica. The people there were as mad as were most of the citizens of the larger towns upon the sports of the amphitheatre, and were vehemently fond of the charioteers whom they admired on either side. Just before some races that were expected, one of the favorite drivers committed a crime for which he was imprisoned. The people, wild with fury, rose and called for his release; and when this was denied to them, they fell on the magistrates with stones, and killed the chief of them, Botheric, the commander of the forces. The news was taken to Milan, where the Emperor then was, and his wrath was so great and terrible that he commanded that the whole city should suffer. The soldiers, who were glad both to revenge their captain and to gain plunder, hastened to put his command into execution; the unhappy people were collected in the circus, and slaughtered so rapidly and suddenly, that when Theodosius began to recover from his passion, and sent to stay the hands of the slayers, they found the city burning and the streets full of corpses.

St. Ambrose felt it his duty to speak forth in the name of the Church against such fury and cruelty; and when Theodosius presented himself at the church door to come to the Holy Communion, Ambrose met him there, and turned him back as a blood-stained sinner unfit to partake of the heavenly feast, and bidding him not add sacrilege to murder.

Theodosius pleaded that David had sinned even more deeply, and yet had been forgiven. "If you have sinned like him, repent like him," said Ambrose; and the Emperor went back weeping to his palace, there to remain as a penitent. Easter was the usual time for receiving penitents back to the Church, but at Christmas the Emperor presented himself again, hoping to win the Bishop's consent to his return at once; but Ambrose was firm, and again met him at the gate, rebuking him for trying to break the rules of the Church.

"No," said Theodosius; "I am not come to break the laws, but to entreat you to imitate the mercy of God whom we serve, who opens the gates of mercy to contrite sinners."

On seeing how deep was his repentance, Ambrose allowed him to enter the church, though it was not for some time that he was admitted to the Holy Communion, and all that time he fasted and never put on his imperial robes. He also made a law that no sentence of death should be carried out till thirty days after it was given, so as to give time to see whether it were hasty or just.

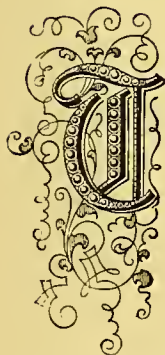
During this reign another heresy sprang up, denying the Godhead of God the Holy Ghost, and, in consequence, Theodosius called together another Council of the Church, at which was added to the Nicene Creed those latter sentences which follow the words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." In this reign, too, began to be sung the *Te Deum*, which is generally known as the hymn of St. Ambrose. It was first used at Milan, but whether he wrote it or not is uncertain, though there is a story that he had it sung for the first time at the baptism of St. Augustine.

Theodosius only lived six months after his defeat of Eugenius, dying at Milan in 395, when only fifty years old. He was the last who really deserved the name of a Roman Emperor, though the title was kept up, and Rome had still much to undergo. He left two young sons named Arcadius and Honorius, between whom the empire was divided.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALARIC THE GOTH.

A.D. 395—410.



THE sons of the great Theodosius were, like almost all the children of the Roman Emperors, vain and weak, spoiled by growing up as princes. Arcadius, who was eighteen, had the East, and was under the charge of a Roman officer called Rufinus; Honorius, who was only eleven, reigned at Rome under the care of Stilicho, who was by birth a Vandal, that is to say, of one of those Teutonic nations who were living all round the northern bounds of the empire, and whose sons came to serve in the Roman armies and learn Roman habits. Stilicho was brave and faithful, and almost belonged to the imperial family, for his wife Serena was niece to Theodosius, and his daughter Maria was betrothed to the young Honorius.

Stilicho was a very active, spirited man, who found troops to check the

enemies of Rome on all sides of the Western Empire. Rufinus was not so faithful, and did great harm in the East by quarreling with Arcadius' other ministers, and then, as all believed, inviting the Goths to come out of their settlements on the Danube and invade Greece, under Alaric, the same Gothic chief who had been a friend and companion of Gratian, and had fought under Theodosius.

They passed the Danube, overran Macedon, and spread all over Greece, where, being Arian Christians, they destroyed with all their might all the remaining statues and temples of the old pagans; although, as they did not attack Athens, the pagans, who were numerous there, fancied that they were prevented by a vision of Apollo and Pallas Athene. Arcadius sent to his brother for aid, and Stilicho marched through Thrace; Rufinus was murdered through his contrivance, and then, marching on into the Peloponnesus, he defeated Alaric in battle, and drove him out from thence, but no further than Epirus, where the Goths took up their station to wait for another opportunity; but by this time Arcadius had grown afraid of Stilicho, sent him back to Italy with many gifts and promises, and engaged Alaric to be the guardian of his empire, not only against the wild tribes, but against his brother and his minister.

This was a fine chance for Alaric, who had all the temper of a great conqueror, and to the wild bravery of a Goth had added the knowledge and skill of a Roman general. He led his forces through the Alps into Italy, and showed himself before the gates of Milan. The poor weak boy Honorius was carried off for safety to Ravenna, while Stilicho gathered all the troops from Gaul, and left Britain unguarded by Roman soldiers, to protect the heart of the empire. With these he attacked Alaric, and gained a great victory at Pollentia; the Goths retreated; he followed, and beat them again at Verona, driving them out of Italy.

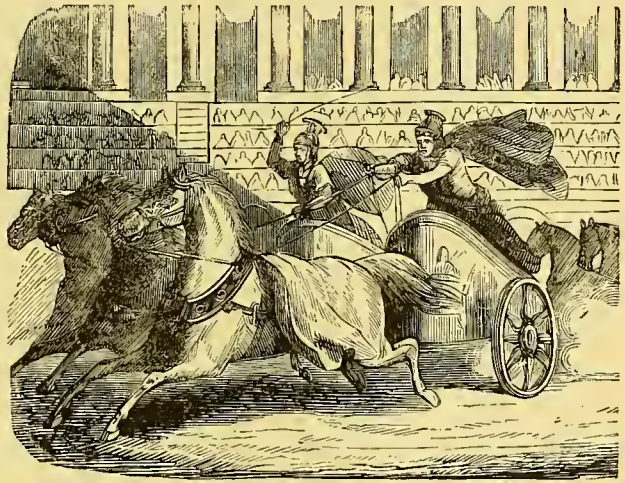
It was the last Roman victory, and it was celebrated by the last Roman triumph. There had been three hundred triumphs of Roman generals, but it was Honorius who entered Rome in the car of victory and was taken to the Capitol, and afterward there were games in the amphitheatre as usual, and fights of gladiators. In the midst of the horrid battle a voice was heard bidding it to cease in the name of Christ, and between the swords there was seen standing a monk in his dark brown dress, holding up his hand and keeping back the blows. There was a shout of rage, and he was cut down and killed in a moment; but then in horror the games were stopped. It was found that he was an Egyptian monk named Telemachus, freshly come to Rome. No one knew any more about him, but this noble death of his put an end to shows of gladiators. Chariot races and games went on, though the good and thoughtful disapproved of the wild excitement they caused; but the horrid sports of death and blood were ended for ever.

Alaric was driven back for a time, but there were swarms of Germans who were breaking in where the line of boundary had been left undefended by the soldiers being called away to fight the Goths. A fierce heathen chief named Radegaisus advanced with at least two hundred thousand men as far as Florence, but was there beaten by the brave Stilicho, and was put to death, while the other prisoners were sold into slavery. But Stilicho, brave as he was, was neither loved nor trusted by the Emperor or the people. Some abused him for not bringing back the old gods under whom, they said, Rome had prospered; others said that he was no honest Christian, and all believed that he meant to make his son Emperor. When he married this son to a daughter of Arcadius, people made sure that this was his purpose. Honorius listened to the accusation, and his new favorite Olympius persuaded the army to give up Stilicho. He fled to a church, but was persuaded to come out of it, and was then put to death.

And at that very time Alaric was crossing the Alps. There was no one to make

any resistance. Honorius was at Ravenna, safe behind walls and marshes, and cared for nothing but his favorite poultry. Alaric encamped outside the walls of Rome, but he did not attempt to break in, waiting till the Romans should be starved out. When they had come to terrible distress, they offered to ransom their city. He asked a monstrous sum, which they refused, telling him what hosts there were of them, and that he might yet find them dangerous. "The thicker the hay, the easier to mow," said the Goth. "What will you leave us then?" they asked. "Your lives," was the answer.

The ransom the wretched Romans agreed to pay was five thousand pounds' weight of gold and thirty thousand of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds of pepper. They stripped the roof of the temple in the Capitol, and melted down the images of the old gods to raise the sum, and Alaric drew off his men; but he came again the next year, blocked up Ostia, and starved them faster. This time he brought a man called Attalus, whom he ordered them to admit as Emperor, and they did so; but as the governor of Africa would



A CHARIOT RACE.

send no corn while this man reigned, the people rose and drove him out, and thus for the third time brought Alaric down on them. The gates were opened to him at night, and he entered Rome on the 24th of August, 410, exactly eight hundred years after the sack of Rome by Brennus.

Alaric did not wish to ruin and destroy the grand old city, nor to massacre the inhabitants; but his Goths were thirsty for the spoil he had kept them from so long, and he gave them leave to plunder for six days, but not to kill, nor to do any harm to the churches. A set of wild, furious men could not, of course, be kept in by these orders, and terrible misfortunes befell many unhappy families; but the mischief done was much less than could have been expected, and the great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul were unhurt. One old lady named Marcella, a friend of St. Jerome, was beaten to make her show where her treasures were; but when at last her tormentors came to believe that she had spent her all on charity, they led her to the shelter of the church with her friends, soon to die of what she had undergone. After twelve days, however, Alaric drew off his forces, leaving Rome to shift for itself. Bishop Innocent was at Ravenna, where he had gone to ask help from the Emperor; but Honorius knew and cared so little that, when he was told Rome was lost, he only thought of his favorite hen whose name was Rome, and said, "That cannot be, for I have just fed her."

Alaric marched southward, the Goths plundering the villas of the Roman nobles on their way. At Cosenza, in the extreme south, he fell ill of a fever and died. His warriors turned the stream of the river Bionzo out of its course, caused his grave to be dug in the bed of the torrent, and when his corpse had been laid there, they slew all the slaves who had done the work, so that none might be able to tell where lay the great Goth.



CHAPTER XLII.

THE VANDALS.

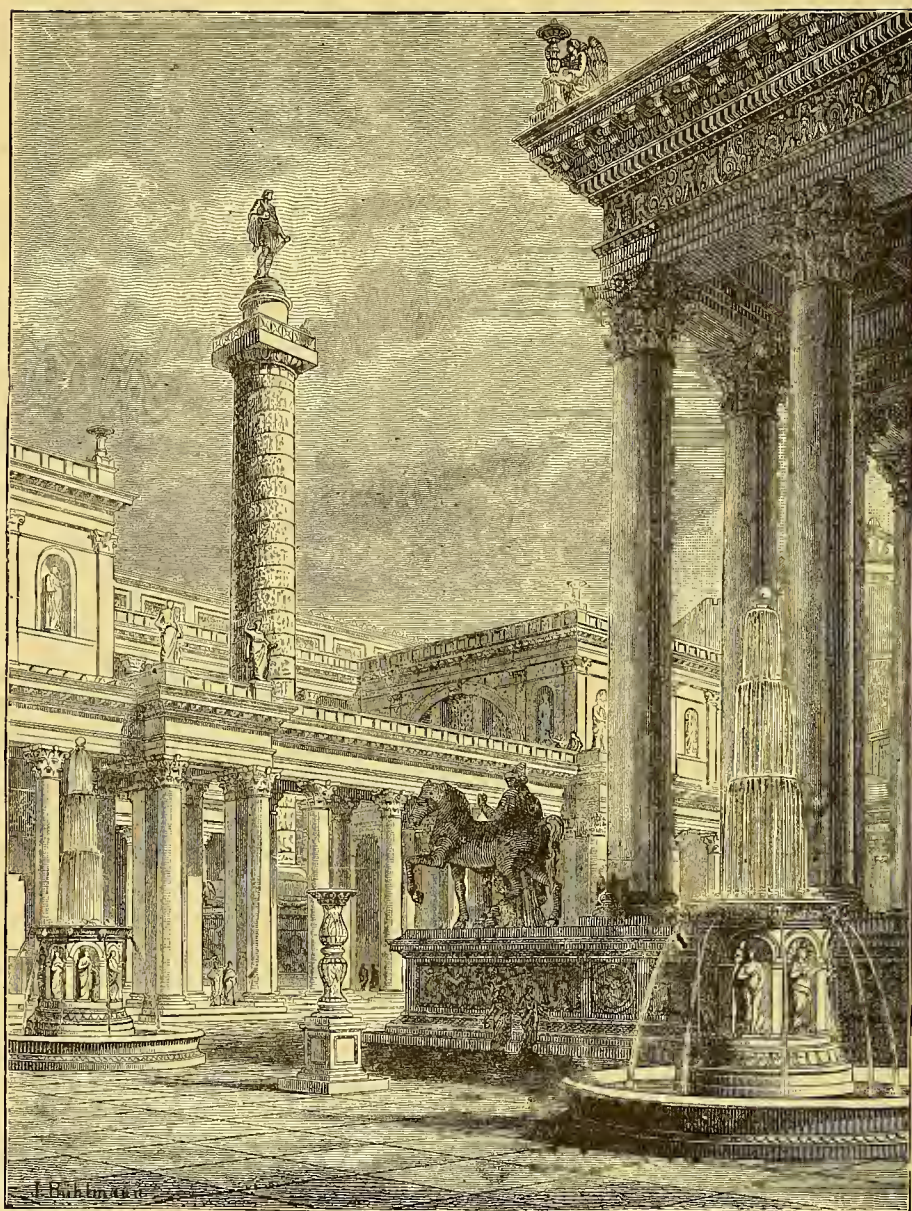
A.D. 403.



NE good thing came of the Gothic conquest—the pagans were put to silence for ever. The temples had been razed, the idols broken, and no one set them up again; but the whole people of Rome were Christian, at least in name, from that time forth; and the temples and halls of justice began to be turned into churches.

Honorius still lived his idle life at Ravenna, and the Bishop—or, as the Romans called him, Papa, father, or Pope—came back and helped them to put matters into order again. Alaric had left no son, but his wife's brother Ataulf became leader of the Goths. At Rome he had made prisoner Theodosius' daughter Placidia, and he married her; but he did not choose to rule at Rome, because, as he said, his Goths would never bear a quiet life in a city. So he promised to protect the empire for Honorius, and led his tribe away from Italy to Spain, which they conquered, and began a kingdom there. They were therefore known as the Visigoths, or Western Goths.

Arcadius, in the meantime, reigned quietly at Constantinople, where St. John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher of Antioch, was made Patriarch, or father-bishop. The games and races in the circus at Constantinople were as madly run after as they had ever been at Rome or Thessalonica; there were not indeed shows of gladiators, but people set themselves with foolish vehemence to back up one driver against another, wearing their colors and calling themselves by their names, and the two factions of the Greens and the Blues were ready to tear each other to pieces. The Empress Eudoxia, Arcadius' wife, was one of the most vehement of all, and was, besides, a vain, silly woman, who encouraged all kinds of pomp and expense. St. Chrysostom preached against all the mischiefs that thus arose, so that she was offended, and contrived to raise up an accusation against him and have him driven out of the city. The people of Constantinople still showed so much love for him that she insisted on his being sent further off to the bleak shores of the Black Sea, and on the journey he died, his last words being, "Glory be to God in all things."



FORUM AND COLUMN AT TRAJAN.

Arcadius died in 408, leaving a young son, called Theodosius II., in the care of his elder sister Pulcheria, under whom the Eastern Empire lay at peace, while the miseries of the Western went on increasing. New Emperors were set up by the legions in the distant provinces, but were soon overthrown, while Honorius only remained at Ravenna by the support of the kings of the Teuton tribes; and as he never trusted them or kept faith

with them, he was always offending them and being punished by fresh attacks on some part of his empire, for which he did not greatly care as long as they let him alone,

Ataulf died in Spain, and Placidia came back to Ravenna, where Honorius gave her in marriage to a Roman general named Constantius, and she had a son named Valentinian, who, when his uncle died, after thirty-seven years of a wretched reign, became Emperor in his stead, under his mother's guardianship, in 423.

Two great generals who were really able men were her chief supporters—Boniface, Count or Commander of Africa; and Aëtius, who is sometimes called the last of the Romans, though he was not by birth a Roman at all, but a Scythian. He gained the ear of the Empress Placidia, and persuaded her that Boniface wanted to set himself up in Africa as Emperor, so that she sent to recall him, and evil friends assured him that she meant to put him to death as soon as he arrived. He was very much enraged, and though St. Augustine, now an old man, who had long been Bishop of Hippo, advised him to restrain his anger, he called on Genseric, the chief of the Vandals, to come and help him to defend his province.

The Vandals were another tribe of Teutons—tall, strong, fair-haired, and much like the Goths, and, like them, they were Arians. They had marauded in Italy, and then had followed the Goths to Spain, where they had established themselves in the South, in the country called from them Vandalusia, or Andalusia. Their chief was only too glad to obey the summons of Boniface, but before he came the Roman had found out his mistake; Placidia had apologized to him, and all was right between them. But it was now too late; Genseric and his Vandals were on the way, and there was nothing for it but to fight his best against them.

He could not save Carthage, and, though he made the bravest defence in his power, he was driven into Hippo, which was so strongly fortified that he was able to hold it out a whole year, during which time St. Augustine died, after a long illness. He had caused the seven penitential Psalms to be written out on the walls of his room, and was constantly musing on them. He died, and was buried in peace before the city was taken. Boniface held out for five years altogether before Africa was entirely taken by the Vandals, and a miserable time began for the Church, for Genseric was an Arian, and set himself to crush out the Catholic Church by taking away her buildings and grievously persecuting her faithful bishops.

Valentinian III. made a treaty with him, and even yielded up to him all right to the old Roman province of Africa; but Genseric had a strong fleet of ships, and went on attacking and plundering Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, and the coasts of Greece.

Britain, at the same time, was being so tormented by the attacks of the

Saxons by sea, and the Caledonians from the north, that her chiefs sent a piteous letter to Aëtius in Gaul, beginning with "The groans of the Britons;" but Aëtius could send no help, and Gaul itself was being overrun by the Goths in the south, the Burgundians in the middle, and the Franks in the north, so that scarcely more than Italy itself remained to Valentinian.



ROMAN ARMOR.

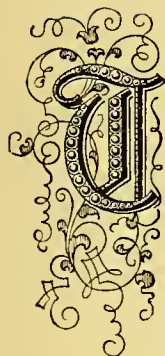
The Eastern half of the Empire was better off, though it was tormented by the Persians in the East, on the northern border by the Eastern Goths or Ostrogoths, who had stayed on the banks of the Danube instead of coming to Italy, and to the south by the Vandals from Africa. But Pulcheria was so wise and good that, when her young brother Theodosius II. died without children, the people begged her to chose a husband who might be an Emperor for them. She chose a wise old senator named Marcian, and when he died, she again chose another good and wise man named Zeno; and thus the Eastern Empire stood while the West was fast crumbling away. The nobles were almost all vain, weak cowards, who only thought of themselves, and left strangers to fight their battles; and every one was cowed with fear, for a more terrible foe than any was now coming on them.



CHAPTER XLIII.

ATTILA THE HUN.

A.D. 435—457.



THE terrible enemy who was coming against the unhappy Roman Empire was the nation of Huns—a wild, savage race, who were of the same stock as the Tartars, and dwelt as they do in the northern parts of Asia, keeping huge herds of horses, spending their life on horseback, and using mares' milk as food. They were an ugly, small, but active race, and used to cut their children's faces that the scars might make them look more terrible to their enemies. Just at this time a great spirit of conquest had come upon them, and they had, as said before, driven the Goths over the Danube fifty years ago, and seized the lands we still call Hungary. A most mighty and warlike chief called Attila had become their head, and wherever he went his track was marked by blood and flame, so that he was called "The Scourge of God." His home was on the banks of the Theiss, in a camp enclosed with trunks of trees, for he did not care to dwell in cities or establish a kingdom, though the wild tribes of Huns from the furthest parts of Asia followed his standard—a sword fastened to a pole, which was said to be also his idol.

He threatened to fall upon the two empires, and an embassy was sent to him at his camp. The Huns would not dismount, and thus the Romans were forced to address them on horseback. The only condition on which he would abstain from invading the empire was the paying of an enormous tribute, beyond what almost any power of theirs could attempt to raise. However, he did not then attack Italy, but turned upon Gaul. So much was he hated and dreaded by the Teutonic nations, that all Goths, Franks, and Burgundians flocked to join the Roman forces under Aëtius to drive him back. They came just in time to save the city of Orleans from being ravaged by him, and defeated him in the battle of Chalons with a great slaughter; but he made good his retreat from Gaul with an immense number of captives, whom he killed in revenge.

The next year he demanded that Valentinian's sister, Honoria, should be given to him, and when she was refused, he led his host into Italy and destroyed all the beautiful cities of the north. A great many of the inhabitants fled into the islands among the salt marshes and pools at the

head of the Adriatic Sea, between the mouths of the rivers Po and Adige, where no enemy could reach them; and there they built houses and made a town, which in time became the great city of Venice, the queen of the Adriatic.

Aëtius was still in Gaul, the wretched Valentinian at Ravenna was helpless and useless, and Attila proceeded toward Rome. It was well for Rome that she had a brave and devoted Pope in Leo I., who went out at the head of his clergy to meet the barbarian in his tent, and threaten him with the wrath of Heaven if he should let loose his cruel followers upon the city. Attila was struck with his calm greatness, and, remembering that Alaric had died soon after plundering Rome, became afraid. He consented to accept of Honoria's dowry instead of herself, and to be content with a great ransom for the city of Rome. He then returned to his camp on the Danube with all his horde, and soon after his arrival he married a young girl whom he had made prisoner. The next morning he was found dead on his bed in a pool of his own blood, and she was gone; but as there was no wound about him, it was thought that he had broken a blood-vessel in the drunken fit in which he fell asleep, and that she had fled in terror. His warriors tore their cheeks with their daggers, saying that he ought to be mourned only with tears of blood; but as they had no chief as able and daring as he, they gradually fell back again to their north-eastern settlements, and troubled Europe no more.

Valentinian thought the danger over, and when Aëtius came back to Ravenna, he grew jealous of his glory and stabbed him with his own hand. Soon after he offended a senator named Maximus, who killed him in revenge, became Emperor, and married his widow, Eudoxia, the daughter of Theodosius II. of Constantinople, telling her that it was for love of her that her husband was slain. Eudoxia sent a message to invite the dreadful Genseric, king of the Vandals, to come and deliver her from a rebel who had slain the lawful Emperor. Genseric's ships were ready, and sailed into the Tiber; while the Romans, mad with terror, stoned Maximus in their streets. Nobody had any courage or resolution but the Pope Leo, who went forth again to meet the barbarian and plead for his city; but Genseric, being an Arian, had not the same awe of him as the wild Huns, hated the Catholics, and was eager for the prey. He would accept no ransom instead of the plunder, but promised that the lives of the Romans should be spared. This was the most dreadful calamity that Rome, once the queen of cities, had undergone. The pillage lasted fourteen days, and the Vandals stripped churches, houses, and all alike, putting their booty on board their ships; but much was lost in a storm between Italy and Africa. The golden candlestick and shew-bread table belonging to the Temple of Jerusalem were carried off to Carthage with the spoil, and no less than sixty thousand



AR. PATHE. SC.

ATTILA.

Vaticau. Rome.

Selmar Hess, Publisher, New York

captives, among them the Empress Eudoxia, who had been the means of bringing in Genseric, with her two daughters. The Empress was given back to her friends at Constantinople, but one of her daughters was kept by the Vandals, and was married to the son of Genseric. After plundering



GENSERIC'S VANDALS IN ITALY.

all the south of Italy, Genseric went back to Africa without trying to keep Rome or set up a kingdom; and when he was gone, the Romans elected as Emperor a senator named Avitus, a Gaul by birth, a peaceful and good man.

His daughter had married a most excellent Gaulish gentleman named Sidonius Apollinaris, who wrote such good poetry that the Romans had placed his bust crowned with laurel in the Capitol. He wrote many letters, too, which are preserved to this time, and show that, in the midst of all this crumbling power of Rome, people in Southern Gaul managed to

have many peaceful days of pleasant country life. But Sidonius' quiet days came to an end when, layman and lawyer as he was, the people of Clermont begged him to be their Bishop. The Church stood, whatever fell, and people trusted more to their Bishop than to any one else, and wanted him to be the ablest man they could find. So Sidonius took the charge of them, and helped them to hold out their mountain city of Clermont for a whole year against the Goths, and gained good terms for them at last, though he himself had to suffer imprisonment and exile from these Arian Goths because of his Catholic faith.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THEODORIC THE OSTROGOTH.

A.D. 457—561.



VITUS was a good man, but the Romans grew weary of him, and in the year 457 they engaged Ricimer, a chief of the Teutonic tribe called Suevi, to drive him out, when he went back to Gaul, where he had a beautiful palace and garden. After ten months Ricimer chose another Sueve to be Emperor. He had been a captain under Aëtius, and had the Roman name of Majorian. He showed himself brave and spirited; led an army into Spain and attacked Genseric; but he was beaten, and came back disappointed. Ricimer was, however, jealous of him, forced him to resign, and soon after poisoned him.

After this, Ricimer really ruled Italy, but he seemed to have a sort of awe of the title of Cæsar Augustus, the Emperor, for he forbore to use it himself, and gave it to one poor weak wretch after another until his death in 472. His nephew went on in the same course; but at last a soldier named Orestes, of Roman birth, gained the chief power, and set up as Emperor his own little son, whose Christian name was Romulus Augustus, making him wear the purple and the crown, and calling him by all the titles; but the Romans made his name into Augustulus, or Little Augustus. At the end of a year, a Teutonic chief named Odoacer crossed the Alps at the head of a great mixture of different German tribes, and Orestes could make no stand against him, but was taken and put to death. His little boy was spared, and was placed at Sorrento; but Odoacer sent the crown and

robes of the West to Zeno, the Eastern Emperor, saying that one Emperor was enough. So fell the Roman power in 476, exactly twelve centuries after the date of the founding of Rome. It was thought that this was meant by the twelve vultures seen by Romulus, and that the seven which Remus saw denoted the seven centuries that the Republic stood. It was curious, too, that it should be with the two names of Romulus and Augustus that Rome and her empire fell.

Odoacer called himself king, and, indeed, the Western Empire had been nearly all seized by different kings—the Vandal kings in Africa, the Gothic kings in Spain and Southern Gaul, the Burgundian kings and Frank kings in Northern Gaul, the Saxon kings in Britain. The Ostro or Eastern Goths, who had since the time of Valens dwelt on the banks of the Danube, had been subdued by Attila, but recovered their freedom after his death. One of their young chiefs, named Theodoric, was sent as a hostage to Constantinople, and there learned much. He became king of the Eastern Goths in 470, and showed himself such a dangerous neighbor to the Eastern Empire that, to be rid of him, the Emperor Zeno advised him to go and attack Odoacer in Italy. The Ostrogoths marched seven hundred miles, and came over the Alps into the plains of Northern Italy, where Odoacer fought with them bravely, but was beaten. They besieged him even in Ravenna, till after three years he was obliged to surrender and was put to death.

Rome could make no defence, and fell into Theodoric's hands with the rest of Italy; but he was by far the best of the conquerors—he did not hurt or misuse them, and only wished his Goths to learn of them and become peaceful farmers. He gave them the lands which had lost their owners; about thirty or forty thousand families were settled there by him on the waste lands, and the Romans who were left took courage and worked too. He did not live at Rome, though he came thither and was complimented by the Senate, and he set a sum by every year for repairing the old buildings; but he chiefly lived at Verona, where he reigned over both the Eastern and Western Goths in Gaul and Italy.

He was an Arian, but he did not persecute the Catholics, and to such persons as changed their profession of faith to please him he showed no more favor, saying that those who were not faithful to their God would never be faithful to their earthly master. He reigned thirty-three years, but did not end as well as he began, for he grew irritable and distrustful with age; and the Romans, on the other hand, forgot that they were not the free, prosperous nation of old, and displeased him. Two of their very best men, Boëthius and Symmachus, were by him kept for a long time prisoners at Rome and then put to death. While Boëthius was in prison at Pavia, he wrote a book called *The Consolations of Philosophy*, so beautiful that the

English king Alfred translated it into Saxon four centuries later. Theodoric kept up a correspondence with the other Gothic kings wherever a tribe of his people dwelt, even as far as Sweden and Denmark; but as even he could not write, and only had a seal with the letters *ΘΕΟΔ* with which to make his signature, the whole was conducted in Latin by Roman slaves on either side, who interpreted to their masters. An immense number of letters from Theodoric's secretary are preserved, and show what an able man his master was, and how well he deserved his name of "The Great." He died in 526, leaving only two daughters. Their two sons, Amalric and Athalaric, divided the Eastern and Western Goths between them again.

Seven Gothic kings reigned over Northern Italy after Theodoric. They were fierce and restless, but had nothing like his strength and spirit, and they chiefly lived in the more northern cities—Milan, Verona, and Ravenna, leaving Rome to be a tributary city to them, where there still remained the old names of Senate and Consuls, but the person who was generally most looked up to and trusted was the Pope. All this time Rome was leavening the nations who had conquered her. When they tried to learn civilized ways, it was from her; they learned to speak her tongue, never wrote but in Latin, and worshipped with Latin prayers and services. Far above all, these conquerors learned Christianity from the Romans. When everything else was ruined, the Bishops and clergy remained, and became the chief counsellors and advisers of many of these kings.

It was just at this time that there was living at Monte Casino, in the South of Italy, St. Benedict, an Italian hermit, who was there joined by a number of others who, like him, longed to pray for the sinful world apart rather than fight and struggle with bad men. He formed them into a great band of monks, all wearing a plain dark dress with a hood, and following a strict rule of plain living, hard work, and prayers at seven regular hours in the course of the day and night. His rule was called the Benedictine, and houses of monks and nuns arose in many places, and were safe shelters in these fierce times.



CHAPTER XLV.

BELISARIUS.

A.D. 533—563.



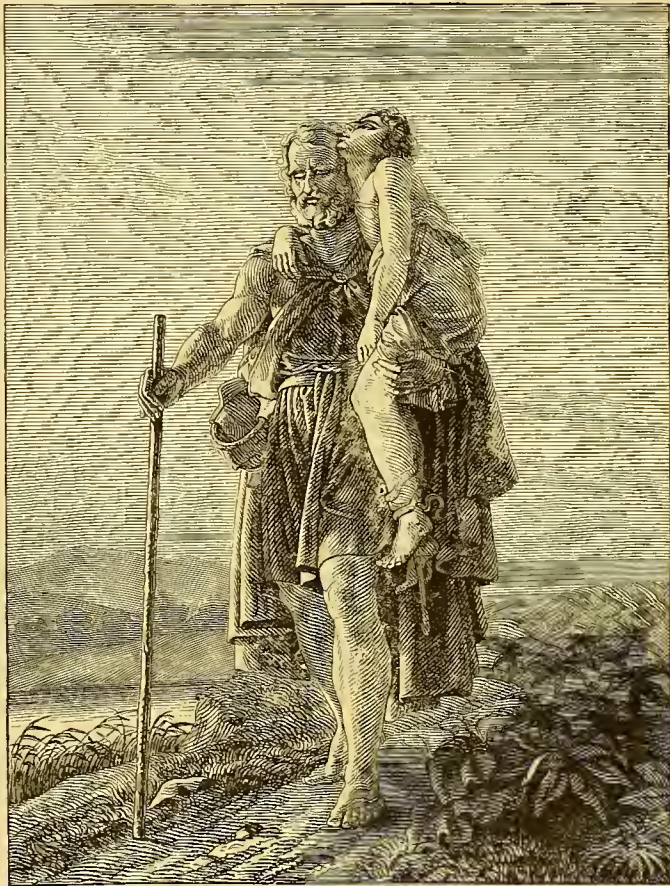
THE Teutonic nations soon lost their spirit when they had settled in the luxurious Roman cities, and as they were as fierce as ever, their kings tore one another to pieces. A very able Emperor, named Justinian, had come to the throne in the East, and in his armies there had grown up a Thracian who was one of the greatest and best generals the world has ever seen. His name was Belisarius, and, strange to say, both he and the Emperor had married the daughters of two charioteers in the circus races. The Empress was named Theodora, the general's wife Antonina, and their acquaintance first made Belisarius known to Justinian, who, by his means, ended by winning back great part of the Western Empire.

He began with Africa, where Genseric's grandson was reigning over the Vandals, and paying so little heed to his defences that Belisarius landed without any warning, and called all the multitudes of old Roman inhabitants to join him, which they joyfully did. He defeated the Vandals in battle, entered Carthage, and restored the power of the empire. He brought away the golden candlestick and treasures of the Temple, and the cross believed to be the true one, and carried them to Constantinople, whence the Emperor sent them back to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Just as Belisarius had returned to Constantinople, a piteous entreaty came to Justinian from Amalasontha, the daughter of Theodoric, who had been made prisoner by Theodotus, the husband she had chosen. It seemed to be opening a way for getting back Italy, and Justinian sent off Belisarius; but before he had sailed, the poor Gothic queen had been strangled in her bath. Belisarius, however, with four thousand five hundred horse and three thousand foot soldiers, landed in Sicily and soon conquered the whole island, all the people rejoicing in his coming. He then crossed to Rhegium, and laid siege to Naples. As usual, the inhabitants were his friends, and one of them showed him the way to enter the city through an old aqueduct which opened into an old woman's garden.

Theodotus was a coward as well as a murderer, and fled away, while a brave warrior named Vitiges was proclaimed king by the Goths at Rome.

But with the broken walls and all the Roman citizens against him, Vitiges thought it best not to try to hold out against Belisarius, and retreated to Ravenna, while Rome welcomed the Eastern army as deliverers. But Vitiges was collecting an army at Ravenna, and in three months was besieging Rome again. Never had there been greater bravery and patience than Vitiges showed outside the walls of Rome, and Belisarius inside, during the summer of 536. There was a terrible famine within; all kinds of strange food were used in scanty measure, and the Romans were so im-



BELISARIUS.

patient of suffering, that Belisarius was forced to watch them day and night to prevent them betraying him to the enemy. Indeed, while the siege lasted a whole year, nearly all the people of Rome died of hunger and wretchedness; and the Goths, in the unhealthy Campagna around, died of fevers and agues, until they, too, had all perished except a small band, which Vitiges led back to Ravenna, whither Belisarius followed him, besieged him, made

him prisoner, and carried him to Constantinople. Justinian gave him an estate where he could live in peace.

The Moors in Africa revolted, and Belisarius next went to subdue them. While he was there, the Goths in Italy began to recover from the blow he had given them, and chose a brave young man named Totila to be their king. In a very short time he had won back almost all Italy, for there really were hardly any men left, and even Justinian had only two small armies to dispose of, and those made up of Thracians and Isaurians from the



NARSES OVERCOMES THE OSTROGOTHS.

shores of the Black Sea. One of these was sent with Belisarius to attack the Goths, but was not strong enough to do more than just hold Totila in check, and Justinian would not even send him all the help possible, because he dreaded the love the army bore to him. After four years of fighting with Totila he was recalled, and a slave named Narses, who had always lived in the women's apartment in the palace, was sent to take command. He was really able and skilled, and being better supported, he gained a great victory

near Rome, in which Totila was killed, and another near Naples, which quite overcame the Ostrogoths, so that they never became a power again. Italy was restored to the Empire, and was governed by an officer from Constantinople, who lived at Ravenna, and was called the Exarch.

Belisarius, in the meantime, was sent to fight with the king of Persia, Chosroës, a very warlike prince, who had overrun Syria and carried off many prisoners from Antioch. Belisarius gained victory after victory over him, and had just driven him back over the rivers, when again came a recall, and Narses was sent out to finish the war. Theodora, the Empress, wanted to reign after her husband, and heard that, on a report coming to the army of his death, Belisarius had said that he should give his vote for Justin, the right heir. So she worked on the fears all Emperors had—that their troops might proclaim a successful general as Emperor, and again Belisarius was ordered home, while Narses was sent to finish what he had begun.

There was one more war for this great man when the wild Bulgarians invaded Thrace, and though his soldiers were little better than timid peasants, he drove them back and saved the country. But Justinian grew more and more jealous of him, and, fancying untruly that he was in a plot for placing Justin on the throne, caused him to be thrown into prison, and sent him out from thence stripped of everything, and with his eyes torn out. He found a little child to lead him to a church door, where he used to sit with a wooden dish before him for alms. When it was known who the blind beggar was, there was such an uproar among the people that Justinian was obliged to give him back his palace and some of his riches; but he did not live much longer.

Though Justinian behaved so unjustly and ungratefully to this great man and faithful servant, he is noted for better things, namely, for making the Church of St. Sophia, or the Holy Wisdom, which Constantine had built at Constantinople, the most splendid of all buildings, and for having the whole body of Roman laws thoroughly overlooked and put into order. Many even of the old heathen laws were very good ones, but there were others connected with idolatry that needed to be done away with; and in the course of years so many laws and alterations had been made, that it was the study of a lifetime even to know what they were, or how to act on them. Justinian set his best lawyers to put them all in order, so that it might be more easy to work by them. The Roman citizens in Greece, Italy, and all the lands overrun by the Teutonic nations were still judged by their own laws, so that this was a very useful work; and it was so well done that the conquerors took them up in time, and the Roman law was the great model studied everywhere by those who wished to understand the rules of jurisprudence, that is, of law and justice. Thus in another way Rome conquered her conquerors.

Justinian died in 563, and was succeeded by his nephew Justin; whose wife Sophia behaved almost as ill to Narses as Theodora had done to Belisarius; for while he was doing his best to defend Italy from the savage tribes who were ready at any moment to come over the Alps, she sent him a distaff, and ordered him back to his old slavery in the palace.

CHAPTER XLVI.

POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.

A.D. 563—800.



O sooner was Narses called home than another terrible nation of Teutones, who had hitherto dwelt in the North, began to come over the Alps. These were the Longbeards, or Lombards, as they were commonly called—fierce and still heathen. Their king, Alboin, had carried off Rosamond, the daughter of Kunimund, king of the Gepids, another Teutonic tribe. There was a most terrible war, in which Kunimund was killed and all his tribe broken up and joined with the Lombards.

With the two united, Alboin invaded Italy and conquered all the North. Ravenna, Verona, Milan, and all the large towns held out bravely against them, but were taken at last, except Venice, which still owned the Emperor at Constantinople. Alboin had kept the skull of Kunimund as a trophy, and had had it set in gold for a drinking-cup, as his wild faith made him believe that the reward of the brave in the other world would be to drink mead from the skulls of their fallen enemies. In a drunken fit at Verona, he sent for Rosamond and made her pledge him in this horrible cup. She had always hated him, and this made her revenge her father's death by stabbing him to the heart in the year 573. The Lombard power did not, however, fall with him; his nephew succeeded him, and ruled over the country we still call Lombardy. Rome was not taken by them, but was still in name belonging to the Emperor, though he had little power there, and the Senate governed it in name, with all the old magistrates. The Prætor at the time the Lombards arrived was a man of one of the old noble families, Anicius Gregorius, or, as we have learned to call him, Gregory. He had always been a good and pious man, and while he took great care to fulfil all the duties of his office, his mind was more and more drawn away from the world, till at last he became a monk of St.

Benedict, gave his vast wealth to build and endow monasteries and hospitals, and lived himself in a hospital for beggars, nursing them, studying the Holy Scriptures, and living only on pulse, which his mother sent him every day in a silver dish—the only remnant of his wealth—till one day, having nothing else to give a shipwrecked sailor who asked him alms, he bestowed it on him.

He was made one of the seven deacons who were called Cardinal Deacons, because they had charge of the poor of the principal parishes of Rome; and it was when going about on some errand of kindness that he saw the English slave children in the market, and planned the conversion of their country; but the people would not let him leave Rome, and in 590, the Senate, the clergy, and the people chose him Pope. It was just then that a terrible pestilence fell on Rome, and he made the people form seven great processions—of clergy, of monks, of nuns, of children, of men, of wives, and of widows—all singing litanies to entreat that the plague might be turned away. Then it was that he beheld an angel standing on the tomb of Hadrian, and the plague ceased. Ever after, the great old tomb has been called the Castle of St. Angelo.

It was a troublous time, but Gregory was so much respected that he was able to keep Rome orderly and safe, and to make peace between the Emperor Maurice and the Lombards' king, Agilulf, who had an excellent wife, Theodolinda. She was a great friend of the Pope, wrote a letter to him, and did all she could to support him. The Eastern Empire was still owned at Rome, but when there was an attempt to make out that the Patriarch of Constantinople was superior to the Pope, Gregory upheld the principle that no Patriarch had any right to be above the rest, nor to be called Universal Bishop. Gregory was a very great man, and the justice and wisdom of his management did much to make the Romans look to their Pope as the head of affairs even after his death in 604.

The Greek Empire sent an officer to govern the extreme South of Italy, which, like Rome and Venice, still owned the Emperor; but all the troops that could be hired were soon wanted to fight with the Arabs, whose false prophet Mohammed had taught them to spread religion with the sword. There was no one capable of making head against the Lombards, and the Popes only kept them off by treaties and good management; and at last, in 741, Pope Gregory III. put himself under the protection of Charles Martel, the great Frank captain who had beaten the Mohammedans at the battle of Tours. Charles Martel was rewarded by being made a Roman senator, so was his son Pippin, who was also king of the Franks, and his grandson Charles the Great, who had to come often to Italy to protect Rome, and at last broke up the Lombard kingdom, was chosen Roman Emperor as of old, and crowned by Pope Leo III. in the year

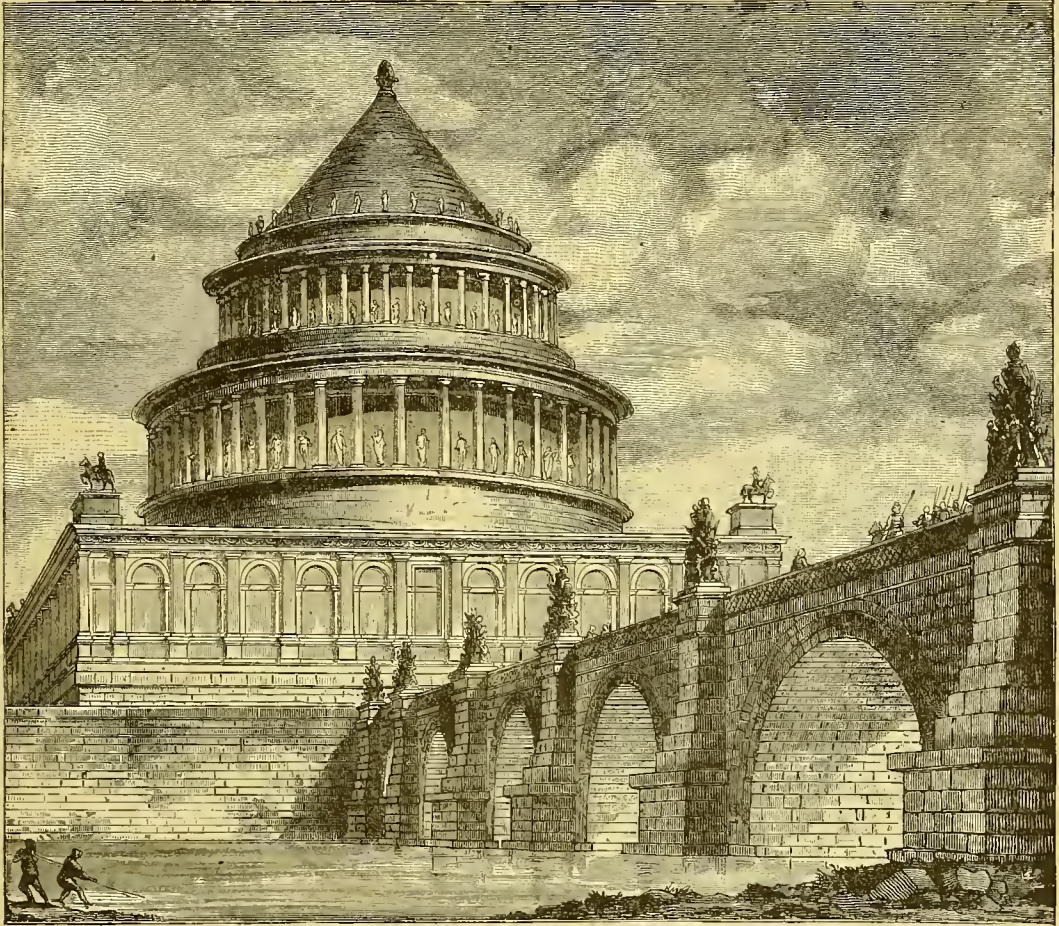


G. BLEIBTREU P.

T. HEALWOOD SC.

CHARLES MARTEL AT TOURS.

800. From that time there was again the Western Empire, commonly called the Holy Roman Empire, the Emperor, or Cæsar—Kaisar, as the Germans still call him—being generally also king of Germany and king



MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN.

of Lombardy. Rome was all this time chiefly under the power of the Popes, who grew in course of years to be more and more of princes, and at the same time to claim more power over the Church, calling themselves Universal Bishops contrary to the teaching of St. Gregory the Great. All this, however, belongs to the history of Europe in modern times, and will have to be told when we come to the history of Germany, since there were many struggles between the Popes and Emperors. For Rome has really had *two* histories, and those who visit Rome and study the wonderful buildings there, may dwell on the old or the new, the pagan or the Christian, as their mind leads them, or else on that strange middle time when idolatry and Christianity were struggling together.

STORIES OF GERMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT GERMANS.



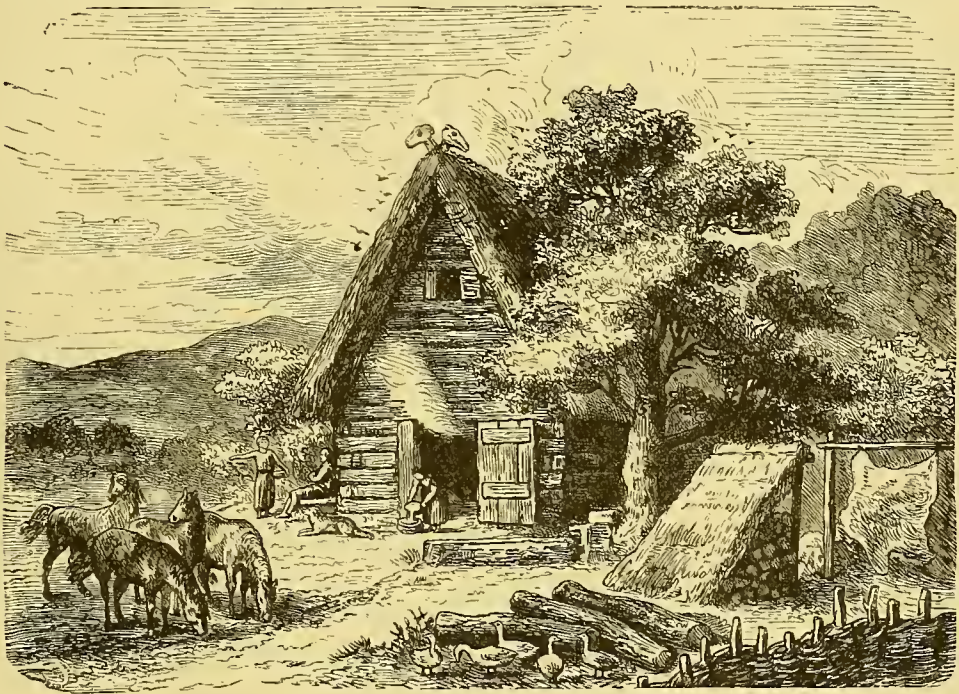
HE history of the German Empire rightly begins with Karl the Great, but to understand it properly it will be better to go further back, when the Romans were beginning to know something about the wild tribes who lived to the north of Italy, and on the coast of the Gaulish or Keltic lands.

Almost all the nations in Europe seem to have come out of the north-west of Asia, one tribe after another, the fiercest driving the others farther and farther to the westward before them. Tribes of Kelts or Gauls had come first, but, though they were brave and fierce, they were not so sturdy as the great people that came after them, and were thus driven up into the lands bordering on the Atlantic Ocean; while the tribes that came behind them spread all over that middle part of Europe which lies between the Alps and the Baltic Sea. These tribes all called themselves *Deutsch*, which meant the people; indeed, most of them do so still, though the English only call those Dutch who live in Holland. Sometimes they were called Ger, War, or Spear-men, just as the Romans were called Quirites; and this name, Spear-men or Germans, has come to be the usual name that is given to them together, instead of *Deutsch* as they call themselves, and from which the fine word *Tentonic* has been formed.

The country was full of marshes and forests, with ranges of hills in which large rivers rose and straggled, widening down to their swampy mouths. Bears and wolves, elks and buffaloes, ran wild, and were hunted by the men of the German tribes. These men lived in villages of rude huts, surrounded by lands to which all had a right in common, and where they grew their corn and fed their cattle. Their wives were much more respected than those of other nations; they were usually strong, brave women, able to advise their husbands and to aid them in the fight; and the authority of

fathers and mothers over their families was great. The men were either freemen or nobles, and they had slaves, generally prisoners or the people of conquered countries. The villages were formed into what were called hundreds, over which, at a meeting of the freemen from all of them, a chief was elected from among the nobles; and many of the tribes had kings, who always belonged to one family, descended, it was thought, from their great god Woden.

The German tribes all believed in the great god Woden, his brother Frey, and his son Thor, who reigned in a gorgeous palace, and with their children were called the Asa gods. Woden was all-wise, and two ravens



ANCIENT GERMAN FARMER'S HUT.

whispered in his ear all that passed on the earth. The sun and moon were his eyes. The moon is so dull because he gave the sight of that eye for one draught of the well of wisdom at the foot of the great ash tree of life. He was a fearful god, who had stone altars on desolate heaths, where sacrifices of men and women were offered to him, and the fourth day of the week was sacred to him.

Frey was gentler, and friendship, faith, and freedom were all sacred to him. There is a little confusion as to whether Friday is called after him or Frigga, Odin's wife, to whom all fair things belonged, and who had priestesses among the German maidens. Thor, or, as some tribes called him, Thunder, was the bravest and most awful of the gods, and was armed with

a hammer called Miölner, or the Miller or Crusher. Thunder was thought to be caused by his swinging it through the air, and the mark in honor of him was **T**, meant to be a likeness of his hammer. It was signed over boys when they were washed with water immediately after they were born; and in some tribes they were laid in their father's shields, and had their first food from the point of his sword.

These three were always the most honored of the Asa gods, though some tribes preferred one and some the other; but Woden was always held to be the great father of all, and there were almost as many stories about the Asir as there were about the Greek gods, though we cannot be sure that all were known to all the tribes, and they were brought to their chief fulness in the branch of the race that dwelt in the far North, and who became Christians much later. Some beliefs, however, all had in common, and we may understand hints about the old faith of the other tribes by the more complete northern stories.

There was a great notion of battle going through everything. The Asa gods were summer gods, and their enemies were the forces of cold and darkness, the giants who lived in Jotenheim, the land of giants. All that was good was mixed up with light and summer in the old Deutsch notions; all that was bad with darkness and cold. Baldur, the son of Woden, was beautiful, good, and glorious; but Loki, the chief enemy, longed to kill him. His mother, Frigga, went round and made every creature and every plant swear never to hurt Baldur, but she missed one plant, the mistletoe. So when all his brothers were amusing themselves by throwing things at Baldur, knowing they could not hurt him, Loki slyly put in the hand of his blind brother Hodur a branch of mistletoe which struck him dead. But Frigga so wept and prayed that it was decreed that Baldur might live again provided everything would weep for him; and everything accordingly did weep, except one old hag who sat under a tree, and would shed no tear for Baldur, so he might not live, only he was given back to his mother for half the year, and then faded and vanished again for the other half. But Loki had his punishment, for he was chained under a crag with a serpent forever dropping venom on his brow, though his wife was always catching it in a bowl, and it could only fall on him when she was gone to empty the bowl at the stream.

It is plain that Baldur meant the leaves and trees of summer, and that the weeping of everything was the melting of the ice; but there was mixed into the notion something much higher and greater respecting the struggle between good and evil.

CHAPTER II.

VALHALL.



THE hall of Woden was called Valhall,* and thither were thought to go the souls of the brave. There were believed to be maidens called Valkyr, or the choosers of the slain—Hilda, Guda, Truda, Mista, and others—who floated on swan's wings over the camps of armies before a battle and chose out who should be killed. Nor was such a death accounted a disaster, for to die bravely was the only way to the Hall of Woden, where the valiant enjoyed, on the other side of the rainbow bridge, the delights they cared for most in life—hunting the boar all day, and feasting on him all night; drinking mead from the skulls of their conquered enemies. Shooting stars were held to be the track of weapons carried to supply the fresh comers into Valhall. Only by dying gallantly could entrance be won there; and men would do anything rather than not die thus, rush on swords, leap from crags, drown themselves, and the like, for they believed that all who did not gain an entrance to the Hall of the Slain became the prisoners of Loki's pale daughter Hel, and had to live on in her cold, gloomy, sunless lands, sharing her bondage.

For once Loki and his children, and the other evil beings of the mist land, had made a fierce attack on Woden, and had all been beaten and bound. Fenris, the son of Loki, was a terrible wolf, who was made prisoner and was to be bound by a chain; but he would only stand still on condition that Tyr or Tiw, the son of Woden, should put his right hand into his mouth in token of good faith. The moment that Fenris found that he was chained, he closed his jaws and bit off the hand of Tiw, whose image therefore only had one hand, and who is the god after whom Tuesday is named.

Valhall was not, however, to last forever. There was to come a terrible time called the Twilight of the Gods, when Loki and Fenris would burst their chains and attack the Asa gods; Woden would be slain by Fenris; Thor would perish in the flood of poison cast forth by the terrible serpent Midgard; and there would be a great outburst of fire, which would burn up Valhall and all within, as well as the powers of evil. Only two of the gods, Vidur and Wali, were to survive, and these would make again a new heaven and earth, in which the spirits of gods and men would lead a new and more glorious life.

* *Val* means a brave death in battle.

How much of all this grew up later and was caught from Christianity we cannot tell; but there is reason to think that much of it was believed, and that heartily, making the German nations brave and true, and helping them to despise death. There were temples to the gods, where the three figures of Woden, Frey, and Thor were always together in rude carving, and sometimes with rough jewels for eyes. Woden also had sacred oaks, and the great stone altars on heaths, raised probably by an earlier race, were sacred to him. Sometimes human sacrifices were offered there, but more often sacred horses, for horses were the most sacred of their animals: they were kept in honor of the gods, auguries were drawn from their neighings, and at the great yearly feasts they were offered in sacrifice, and their flesh was eaten.



THOR.

There were gods of the waters, Niord, and Egir, who raised the great wave as the tide comes in at the mouth of rivers; and his cruel daughter Rana, who went about in a sea chariot causing shipwrecks. Witches called upon her when they wanted to raise storms and drown their enemies at sea.

One old German story held that Tiw* was the father of Man, and that Man's three sons were Ing, Isk, and Er, the fathers of the chief Deutsch tribes. Isk (or Ash) was the father of the Franks and Alle-mans; Ing, of the Swedes, Angles, and Saxons; and Er, or Erman, of a

tribe called by the Romans Herminiones. This same Er or Erman had a temple called Eresburg, with a marble pillar on which stood an armed warrior holding in one hand a banner bearing a rose, in the other a pair of scales; his crest was a cock; he had a bear on his breast, and on his shield was a lion in a field of flowers. A college of priests lived around; and before the army went out to battle, they galloped round and round the figure in full armor, brandishing their spears and praying for victory; and on their return they offered up in sacrifice, sometimes their prisoners, sometimes cowards who had fled from the foe.

The image was called Irmansul—*sul* meaning a pillar; and two pillars

* The same word as the Greek Zeus and Latin Deus.



GERMAN FUNERAL SACRIFICE

or posts were the great token of home and settlement to the German nations. They were planted at the gate of their villages and towns, where one was called the Ermansaul, the other the Rolandsaul. And when a family were about to change their home, they uprooted the two wooden pillars of their own house and took them away. If they went by sea, they threw their pillars overboard, and fixed themselves wherever these posts were cast up.

Dutch fancy filled the woods, hills, and streams with spirits. There were Elves throughout the woods and plains, shadowy creatures who sported in the night and watched over human beings for good or harm. The Bergmen dwelt in the hills, keeping guard over the metals and jewels hidden there, and forging wonderful swords that always struck home, and were sometimes given to lucky mortals, though they generously served for the fights in Valhall; and the waters had Necks and other spirits dangerous to those who loitered by the water-side. A great many of our best old fairy tales were part of the ancient German mythology, and have come down to our own times as stories told by parents to their children.



FRIGGA.

There were German women who acted as priestesses to Frigga, or Hertha, the Earth, as she was often called. She had a great temple in Rugen, an isle in the Baltic; her image was brought out thence at certain times, in a chariot drawn by white heifers, to bless the people and be washed in the Baltic waters. Orion's belt was called her distaff, and the gossamer marked her path over the fields when she brought summer with her.

When one of the northern tribes was going to start to the south to find new homes, their wives prayed to Frigga to give them good speed. She

bade them stand forth the next morning in the rising sun with their long hair let down over their chins. "Who are these long beards?" asked Woden. "Thou hast given them a name, so thou must give them the victory," said Frigga; and henceforth the tribes were called Longbeards, or Lombards.

Before a battle, the matrons used to cast lots to guess how the fortunes of the day would go, doing below what the Valkyr did above. Sometimes a more than commonly wise woman would arise among them, and she was called the Wala, or Velleda, and looked up to and obeyed by all.

CHAPTER III.

THE GERMANS AND ROMANS.

B.C. 60—A.D. 400.



UST as it was with the Britons and Gauls, the first we know of the Germans was when the Romans began to fight with them. When Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, there was a great chief among the tribe called Schwaben---Suevi, as the Romans made it---called Ehrfurst,* or, as in Latin, Ariovistus, who had been invited into Gaul to settle the quarrels of two tribes of Gauls in the north. This he did by conquering them both; but they then begged help from Cæsar, and Ehrfurst was beaten by the Romans and driven back. Cæsar then crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats and ravaged the country, staying there for eighteen days. He was so struck with the bravery of the Germans that he persuaded their young men to serve in his legions, where they were very useful; but they also learned to fight in the Roman fashion.

Germany was let alone till the time of the Emperor Augustus, when his stepson Drusus tried to make it a province of Rome, and built fifty fortresses along the Rhine, besides cutting a canal between that river and the Yssel, and sailing along the coasts of the North Sea. He three times entered Germany, and in the year B. C. 9, after beating the Marchmen, was just going to cross the Elbe, when one of the Velledas, a woman of great stature, stood before the army and said, "Thou greedy robber! whither wouldst thou go? The end of thy misdeeds and of thy life is at hand." The Romans turned

* Honor prince.

back dismayed; and thirty days later Drusus was killed by a fall from his horse.

Drusus' brother Tiberius went on with the attempt, and gained some land, while other tribes were allies of Rome, and all seemed likely to be conquered, when Quinctilius Varus, a Roman who came out to take the command, began to deal so rudely and harshly with the Germans that a young chief named Herman, or Arminius, was roused. He had secret meetings at night in the woods with other chiefs, and they swore to be faithful to one another in the name of their gods. When all was ready, information was given to Varus that a tribe in the north had revolted. He would not listen to Siegert or Segestes, the honest German who advised him to be cautious and to keep Herman as a hostage, and set out with three legions to put it down; but his German guides led him into the thickest of the great Teutoberg forest, and the further they went the worse this grew. Trunks of trees blocked up the road, darts were hurled from behind trees, and when at last an open space was gained after three days' struggling through the wood, a huge host of foes was drawn up there, and in the dreadful fight that followed almost every Roman was cut off, and Varus threw himself on his own sword.

Herman married the daughter of Siegert, and was chief on the Hartz mountains, aided by his uncle Ingomar; but after five years, A. D. 14, the Emperor Tiberius sent the son of Drusus—who was called already, from his father's successes, Germanicus—against him. Some of the Germans, viewing Siegert as a friend of Rome, beset his village, and were going to burn it, when Germanicus came in time to disperse them and save Siegert. Thusnelda, the wife of Herman, was with her father, and was sent off as a prisoner to Rome with her baby; while Germanicus marched into the Teutoberg wood, found the bones of the army of Varus, and burnt them on a funeral pile, making a speech calling on his men to avenge their death. But Herman's horsemen fell on him and defeated him, and if the Germans had not been so eager to plunder they would have made a great many prisoners. They drove the Romans back across the Rhine, and the next year were ready for them, and had a tremendous battle on the banks of the Weser. In this the Romans prevailed, and Herman himself was badly wounded, and was only saved by the fleetness of his horse. However, he was not daunted, and still kept in the woods and harassed the Romans, once forcing them to take refuge in their ships.

Tiberius grew jealous of the love the army bore to Germanicus, and sent for him to return to Rome. Herman thus had saved his country, but he had come to expect more power than his chiefs thought his due, and he was slain by his own kinsmen, A. D. 19, when only thirty-seven years old. His wife and child had been shown in Germanicus' triumph, and he never seems

to have seen them again. It was during this war that the great Roman historian Tacitus came to learn the habits and manners of the Germans, and was so struck with their simple truth and bravery that he wrote an account of them, which seems meant as an example for the fallen and corrupt Romans of his time.

There were no more attempts to conquer Germany after this; but the Germans, in the year 69, helped in the rising of a Gaulish chief named Civilis against the Romans, and a Velleda who lived in a lonely tower in the forests near the Lippe encouraged him. He prevailed for a time, but then fell.



ATTILA, THE HUN.

The Germans remained terrible to the Romans for many years, and there were fights all along the line of the empire, which their tribes often broke through; but nothing very remarkable happened till the sixth century, when there was a movement and change of place among them. This seems to have been caused by the Huns, a savage tribe of the great Slavonic or Tartar stock of nations, who came from the East, and drove the Deutsch nation, brave as they were, before them for a time.

Then it was that the Goths came over the Danube, and, dividing into the Eastern and Western Goths, sacked Rome, conquered the province of Africa, and founded two kingdoms in Spain and in Northern Italy. Their great king Theuderick, who

reigned at Verona, was called by the Germans Dietrich of Berne, and is greatly praised and honored in their old songs.

Then Vandals followed the Goths, and took Africa from them; and the Lombards, or Longbeards, after the death of Theuderick, took the lands in Northern Italy which had been held by the Goths, founded a kingdom, and called it Lombardy. The Burgundians (or Burg Castle men) gained the south-east part of Gaul all round the banks of the Rhone, and founded a kingdom there; and the Sachsen (sæx or axe men) settled themselves on the banks of the Elbe, whence went out bands of men who conquered the south of Britain. The Franks (free men) were, in the meantime, coming

over the Rhine, and first plundering the north of Gaul, then settling there. All the western half of the Roman Empire was overspread by these Deutsch nations from the shores of the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Carpathian Mountains; and instead of being conquered by the Romans, the Deutsch nations had conquered them.

It is chiefly with the Franks, Sachsen, Schwaben, and Germans that this history is concerned; but before going any further, there is a great mythological story to be told, which all believed in as truth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIBELONIG HEROES.



HERE are two versions of this strange ancient story—a northern one made in heathen times, a German one in Christian days. According to this one, the three gods, Woden, Loki, and Hamer, came down to a river in Nibelheim—the land of mist—to fish; and Loki killed an otter and skinned it. Now this otter was really a dwarf named Ottur, whose home was on the river bank, with his father and brothers, Fafner and Reginn, and who used to take the form of the beast when he wanted to catch fish. When his brothers saw what had befallen him, they demanded that Loki should, as the price of his blood, fill the otter's skin with gold; and this Loki did, but when he gave it, he laid it under a curse, that it should do no good to its owner.

The curse soon began to be fulfilled, for Fafner killed his father to gain the treasure, and then turned himself into a serpent to keep watch over it and prevent Reginn from getting it. But Reginn had a pupil who was so strong that he used to catch wild lions and hang them by the tail over the wall of his castle. The northern people called him Sigurd, but the Germans call him Siegfried,* and say that his father was the king of the Netherlands, and that he was a hero in the train of Dietrich of Berne. Reginn persuaded Siegfried to attack the dragon Fafner and kill him, after which he bade the champion bathe in the blood and eat the heart. The bath made his skin so hard that nothing could hurt him, except in one spot between his shoulders, where a leaf had stuck as it was blown down from the trees; and the heart made him able to understand the voices of the birds. From their song

* Conquering Peace.

Siegfried found out that Reginn meant to slay him, and he therefore killed Reginn and himself took the treasure, in which he found a tarn cap, which made him invisible when he put it on. Serpents were called worms in old Deutsch, and the Germans said that their city of Wurms was the place where Siegfried killed the dragon. They called him Siegfried the Horny.

Now there was a lady of matchless strength named Brunhild;* but she had offended Woden, who touched her with his sleep-thorn, so that she fell into a charmed sleep, surrounded with a hedge of flame. Siegfried heard of her, broke through the circle of fire, and woke the lady, winning her heart and love; but he had then to leave her in her castle after three days and go back to the common world, carrying her ring and girdle with him. But by a magic drink, as one story says, he was thrown into a sleep in which he lost all remembrance of Brunhild.

The great song of Germany, the *Nibelungenlied*, begins when Chriemhild,† the fair daughter of the king of Burgundy, had a dream in which she saw her favorite falcon torn to pieces by two eagles. Her mother told her that this meant her future husband; upon which she vowed that she would never marry. Soon after, Siegfried arrived and fell in love with her; but she feared to accept him because of her dream.* However, the fame of Brunhild's beauty had reached the court, and Chriemhild's brother Gunther wanted to wed her. She would, however, marry no one who could not overcome her in racing and leaping; and as she was really one of the Valkyr, Gunther would have had no chance if Siegfried, still forgetful of all concerning Brunhild, had not put on his cap, made himself invisible, took the leap, holding Gunther in his arms, and drew him on in the race so as to give him the victory.

Then Gunther married Brunhild, and Siegfried Chriemhild. The first pair reigned in Burgundy, the second at Wurms, and all went well for ten years, when unhappily there was a great quarrel between the two ladies. The northern song says it was about which had the right to swim furthest out into the Rhine; the German, that it was which should go first into the Cathedral. Brunhild said that Siegfried was only Gunther's vassal; on which Chriemhild returned that it was to Siegfried, and not to her husband, that Brunhild had yielded, and in proof showed her the ring and girdle that he had stolen from her.

Brunhild was furiously enraged, and was determined to be revenged. She took counsel with Haghen, her husband's uncle, a wise and far-traveled man, whom every one thought so prudent that he was the very person whom poor Chriemhild consulted on her side as to the way of saving her husband. He had never loved Siegfried, and when his niece told him there was only one spot where her husband could be wounded, he bade her sew a patch on

* Valkyr of the Breastplate.

† Valkyr of the Helmet.

his garment just where it was, that he might be sure to know where to guard him. There was a great hunting match soon after, and Haghen contrived that all the wine should be left behind, so that all the hunters growing thirsty, lay down to drink at the stream, and thus Siegfried left defenceless the spot marked by his wife. There he was instantly stabbed by Haghen's contrivance. According to the heathen northern story, Brunhild, viewing herself as his true wife, burnt herself on a pile with his corpse in the Nibelung. She had only repented too late.

Chriemhild knew Haghen was the murderer, because the body bled at his touch; but she could not hinder him from taking away the treasure and hiding it in a cave beneath the waters of the Rhine. She laid up a vow of vengeance against him, but she could do nothing till she was wooed and won by Etzel or Atli, king of the Huns, on condition that he would avenge her on all her enemies. For thirteen years she bided her time, and then she caused her husband to invite Gunther and all the other Burgundians to a great feast at Etzelburg in Hungary. There she stirred up a terrible fight, of which the *Nibelungenlied* describes almost every blow. Dietrich of Berne at once rushed in and took King Etzel and Queen Chriemhild to a place of safety, keeping all his own men back while the fight went on—Folker, the mighty fiddler of Burgundy, fiddling wildly till he too joined in the fray; and then Dietrich's men burst in, and were all killed but old Sir Hildebrand, who, on his side, slew the mighty fiddler, so that of all the Burgundians only Gunther and Haghen were left. Dietrich then armed himself, made them both prisoners, and gave them up to Chriemhild; but in her deadly vengeance she killed them both; whereupon Hildebrand slew her as an act of justice, and, with Etzel and Dietrich, buried the dead.

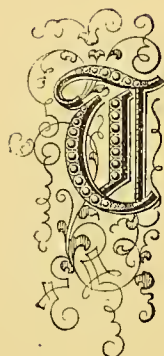
I have told you this story in this place because two real personages, Attila the Hun and Theuderick of Verona, come into it, though there is no doubt that the story was much older than their time, and that they were worked into it when it was sung later. It shows what a terrible duty all the Deutsch thought vengeance was. There are stories in the north going on with the history of Siegfried's children, and others in Germany about Dietrich. It seems he had once had to do with Chriemhild in her youth, for she had a garden of roses seven miles round, guarded by twelve champions, and the hero who could conquer them was to receive from her a chaplet of roses and a kiss. Dietrich, Hildebrand, and ten more knights beat her champions, and took the crowns of roses, but would not have the kisses, because they thought Chriemhild a faithless lady!

In real truth, Attila, king of the Huns, lived fully one hundred years before the great Theuderick of Verona.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRANKS.

A.D. 796—765.



HE most famous of the German tribes were the Franks, who lived on the banks of the Rhine, and were in two divisions, the Salian, so called because they once came from the river Yssel, and Ripuarians, so called from *ripa*, the Latin word for the bank of a river.

The Franks were terrible enemies to the Romans in the north-east corner of Gaul, and under their King Chlodio won a great many of the fifty fortresses that Drusus had built, in especial Trier and Köln, as they shortened the old name of Colonia, a colony. Chlodio only joined with the Romans to fight against that dreadful enemy of them all, Attila the Hun, who was beaten in the battle of Soissons. After his death, those of his people who did not go back to Asia remained on the banks of the Danube, and their country is still called Hungary.

The kings of these Franks were called Meerwings, from one of their forefathers. The only great man who rose up among them was Chlodwig,* who pushed on into Gaul, made Soissons his home, took Paris from the Gauls and married Clothilda (famous Valkyr), the daughter of the Burgundian king, who was a Christian. The other Deutsch tribes went to war with Chlodwig, the Allemaus especially; and it was in the midst of a battle with them, fought at Zulpich, that Chlodwig vowed that if Clotilda's God would give him the victory, he would worship Him rather than Freya or Woden. He did gain the victory, and was baptized by St. Remigius at Rheims, on Christmas Day, 496, with three thousand of his warriors. Most likely he thought that, as Gaul was a Christian country, he could only rule there by accepting the Christian's God; but he and his sons remained very fierce and wild. He conquered the Ripuarian Franks and made them one with his own people, and he also conquered the Goths in the south of France.

But when he died the kingdom was broken up among his sons, and they quarreled and fought, so that the whole story of these early Franks is full of shocking deeds. There were generally two kingdoms, called Oster-rik,

* The French call him Clovis, but he shall have his proper name here—Chlodwig, famous war.



ATTILA, AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT SOISSONS.

eastern kingdom, and Ne-oster-rik, not eastern, or western kingdom, besides Burgundy, more to the south. The Oster-rik stretched out from the great rivers to the forests of the Allemans and Saxons, and was sometimes joined to the Ne-oster-rik. The chief freemen used to meet and settle their affairs in the month of March, and this was called a Marchfield; but the king had great power, and used it very badly.

It was never so badly used as by the widows of two of the long-haired kings, Hilperik and Siegbert, brothers who reigned in the West and East kingdoms. Siegbert's wife, Brunhild, was the daughter of the king of the Goths in Spain; Fredegond, the wife of Hilperik, was only a slave girl, and hated Brunhild so much that she had Siegbert murdered. The murders Fredegond was guilty of were beyond all measure. Her step-sons were killed by her messengers, and all who offended her were poisoned. When her husband died, she reigned in the name of her son and then of her grandson at Soissons, as Brunhild did at Metz. Brunhild really tried to do good to her country, and made some fine buildings, both churches and convents;

but she was fierce and proud, and drove away the Irish priest Columbanus, when he tried to rebuke her grandson Theuderick for his crimes. Theuderick died in 613, leaving four sons; and then Chlotar, Fredegond's grandson, attacked the Oster-rik. Brunhild was old, and was hated by her people; no one would fight for her, and she tried in vain to escape. One of her grandsons rode off on horseback and was never heard of more, and the other three were seized with her. Fredegond was dead, but she had brought up Chlotar in bitter hatred of Brunhild, and he accused her of having caused the death of ten kings. He paraded her through his camp on a camel, put her great-grandchildren to death before her eyes, and then had her tied by the body to a tree and by the feet to a wild horse, so that she died a horrible death.

After this the two kingdoms were joined together; but this wicked race of kings became so dull and stupid that they could not manage their own affairs, and they had, besides, granted away a great many of their lands in fee, as it was called, to their men, who were bound in return to do them service in war. These lands were called fiefs, and the holders of them were called Heer Zog—that is, army leaders—Duces (Dukes) in Latin; and Grafen, which properly meant judges, and whose Latin title was Comites (comrades), commonly called Counts. A city would have a Graf or Count to rule it for the king and manage its affairs at his court; and besides these who were really officers of the king, there were the Freiherren, or free lords, who held no office, and were bound only to come out when the nation was called on. They came to be also termed Barons, a word meaning man.

The kings lived on great farms near the cities in a rough sort of plenty, and went about in rude wagons drawn by oxen. The long-haired kings soon grew too lazy to lead the people out to war, and left everything to the chief of their officers, who was called the Mayor of the Palace.

"Pippin * of Landen was a very famous Mayor of the Palace in the kingdom of the East Franks or Oster-rik, and his family had the same power after him. His grandson, Pippin of Herstall, Duke of the Franks, beat the West Franks at Testri in 687, and ruled over both kingdoms at once, though each had its own Meerwing king.

His son was Karl † of the Hammer, or Charles Martel, who was also Mayor of the Palace and Duke of the Franks, both East and West. He saved all Christendom from being overrun by the Saracen Arabs, by beating them in the great battle of Tours in 731.

His son was Pippin the Short, who had the same power at first, and became a great friend and helper to the Pope, who was much distressed by the Lombard kings in Northern Italy, who threatened to take Rome from him. Pope Zacharias rewarded Pippin by consenting to his becoming king

* A pet name for father.

† A strong man.



THE DEATH OF BRUNHILDE. (BRUNEHAUT.)

of the Franks when the last of the Meerwings gave up his crown and went into a monastery.

Pippin's own subjects, the Franks, were Christians; but the tribes in Germany and Friesland still worshipped Woden and Thor. The English Church sent missionaries to them, and Pippin helped them as much as he could. The greatest was St. Boniface, who converted so many Germans that he was made Archbishop of Mainz, and this has always been the chief see



ST. BONIFACE FELLING THE OAK.

in Germany. At Giesmar, the Hessians honored a great oak sacred to Thor, and Boniface found that even the Christians still feared the tree. He told them that if Thor was a god he would defend his own; then, at the head of all his clergy, he cut down the tree, and the people saw that Thor was no god. When he baptized them he made them renounce not only the devil, but Woden and all false gods. At last he was martyred by the heathen Frisians in 755.

CHAPTER VI.

KARL THE GREAT.

A.D. 768-814.



BECAUSE of the help Pippin gave the Pope, he was made a patrician of Rome; and when he died in 768, his son Karl inherited the same rank. Karl was one of the mightiest and wisest of kings, who well deserves to be called the Great, for though he was warlike, he fought as much for his people's good as for his own power, and tried to make all around him wise and good. Wherever he heard of a good scholar, in Italy or in England, or in any part of Gaul, he sent for him to his court, and thus had a kind of school in his palace, where he and his sons tried to set the rough, fierce young Franks the example of learning from the Romans and their pupils the old Gauls. Karl could speak and read Latin as naturally as his own native Deutsch; but he never could learn the art of writing, though he used to carry about tablets and practise when he had leisure. However, he had much really deep knowledge, and a great mind that knew how to make the best use of all kinds of learning.

All the German tribes were under him as king of the Franks except the Saxons, whose lands reached from the Elbe to Thuringia and the Rhine. They were heathens, who refused to listen to St. Boniface and his missionaries, and still honored the great idol at Eresbury called the Irmansaul. Karl invaded the land, overthrew this image, and hoped he had gained the submission of the Saxons, sending missionaries among them to teach them the truth; but they were still heathens at heart, and rose against him under their chief Witikind, so that the war altogether lasted thirty years. The Saxons rose against him again and again, and once so enraged him that he caused four thousand five hundred who had been made prisoners to be put to death; but still Witikind fought on till his strength was crushed. At last he submitted, and was brought to see Karl at Atigny, where they made friends, and Witikind consented to be baptized and to keep the peace.

When Witikind died, five years later, Karl made Saxony into eight bishoprics. He made bishops as powerful as he could, giving them guards of soldiers, and appointing them, when he could, Counts of the chief cities of their sees, because he could trust them better than the wild, rugged Frank



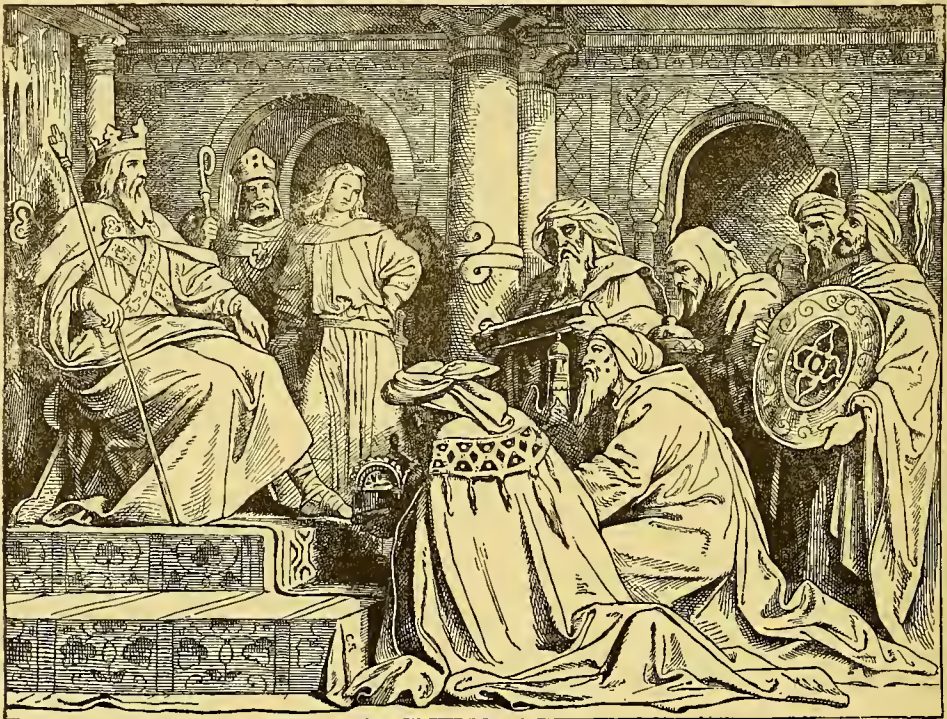
WITIKIND CALLS HIS SAXONS TO ARMS.

nobles. The great bishoprics of Metz, Trier, and Koln rose to be princely states in this way.

While Karl was gone the first time to Saxony, the Lombard king, Desiderius, began to harass Rome again; and the Pope, Leo III., again sent to ask aid from Karl, who crossed the Alps, besieged Pavia, and sent the king into a monastery, while he was himself crowned with the iron crown that the Lombard kings had always worn. Then he went on to Rome, where he dismounted from his horse and walked in a grand procession to the Church of St. Peter on the Vatican hill, kissing each step of the staircase before he mounted it, in remembrance of the holy men who had trodden there before him. In the church the Pope received him, while the choir chanted "Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

But the Lombards chose the son of their late king for their leader, and there was another war which ended in their being quite crushed. Karl also gained great victories over the Moors in Spain, and won the whole of the country as far as the Ebro; but the wild people of the Pyrenees, though they were Christians, were jealous of his power, and rose on his army as it was returning in the Pass of Roncesvalles, cutting off the hindmost of them, especially Roland, the warden of the marches of Brittany, about whom there are almost as many stories as about the heroes of the Nibelung.

He had another great war with the Avars and Bohemians, people of Slavonic race, who lived to the eastward of the Deutsch, and had ringforts or castles consisting of rings of high walls, one within another. One of the Swabians who fought under Karl was said, at the taking of one of these forts, to have run his spear through seven of the enemy at once! The ringforts were taken, and Karl appointed all round the border or marches of his kingdoms March-counts, Mark-grafen, or Marquesses, who were to guard the people within from the wild tribes without. One mark was Karthen or Carinthia, going from the Adriatic to the Danube; another was *Æsterreich*



HAROUN AL RASCHID'S PRESENTS.

or Austria, the East Mark; and another was Brandenburg. All the countries in his dominion were visited four times a year by officers who made reports to him, and judged causes; but if people were not satisfied, they might appeal to the Palace judge, or Pfalzgraf—Palgraf, as he was called.

His lands stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean and the Ebro, from the Bay of Biscay to the borders of the Huns and Avars; and when he held his great court at Paderborn in 729 he had people there from all the countries round, and even the great Khalif Haroun al Raschid (the same of whom we hear so much in the *Arabian Nights*) being likewise an enemy of the Moors in Spain, sent gifts to the great king of the Franks—an

elephant, a beautiful tent, a set of costly chessmen, and a water-clock, so arranged that at every hour a little brazen ball fell into a brass basin, and little figures of knights, from one to twelve, according to the hour, came out and paraded about in front.

Pope Leo X. came likewise to Paderborn, and by his invitation Karl made a third visit to Rome in the year 800, and was then made Emperor of the West. The old Roman Empire was revived in him, the citizens shouting, "Long live Carolus Augustus the Cæsar"; and from that time Cæsar, or, as the Germans call it, Kaisar, has always been the title of Karl's successors in what he called the Holy Roman Empire, as he held his power from the Church, and meant to use it for God's glory. The empire was a gathering of kingdoms—namely, the old Frank Oster-rik and Ne-oster-rik, Germany, the kingdom of Aquitaine, the kingdom of Burgundy, of Lombardy, and Italy. Karl was king of each of these, but he meant to divide them between his sons and Bernhard,* king of Italy. The little Ludwig, at three years old, was dressed in royal robes and sent to take possession of Aquitaine, while Karl himself reigned at Aachen, where he built a grand palace and cathedral. His two elder sons died young, and when the Kaisar fell sick at Aachen, Ludwig was his only son. He took the youth into the cathedral, made him swear to fear and love God, defend the Church, love his people, and keep a conscience void of offence, and then bade him take the crown off the altar and put it on his own head. Karl lived a year after this, and died in 814, one of the greatest men who ever lived.

* Firm Bears.



CHAPTER VII.

LUDWIG I., THE PIOUS.....	A.D. 814-840.
LOTHAR I.....	840-855.
LUDWIG II.....	855-875.
KARL II., THE BALD.	875-876.
KARLOMAN.....	876-880.
KARL III., THE THICK.....	880-887.
ARNULF.....	887-899.
LUDWIG IV., THE CHILD.....	899-912.



LUDWIG THE PIOUS is the same emperor as he whom the French call Louis the Debonair; but it is better to use his real name, which is only a little softened from Chlodwig. He was a good, gentle man, but he had not such strength or skill as his father to rule that great empire, and he was much too easily led. He was crowned Emperor by Pope Stephen, and then gave kingdoms to his sons: Lothar* had the Rhineland, the old home of the Franks, and was joined in the empire with his father; Pippin had Aquitaine, and Ludwig Bavaria; but none of them were to make peace or war without consent of the Emperor. Bernhard, King of Italy, their cousin, did not choose to reign on these terms, and marched against the Emperor, but was defeated, made prisoner, condemned by the Franks, and put to death. Lothar had his kingdom, and was suspected of having prevented him from being pardoned; but the Emperor always grieved over his death as a great sin.

In 814, Ludwig I. lost his wife, and soon after married a Bavarian lady named Judith, who had a son named Karl. Ludwig wanted a kingdom for this boy, and called a diet at Wurms, where a new kingdom called Germany was carved out for him; but this greatly offended his brothers, who rose against their father, and overcame him. They wanted to drive him into becoming a monk; but this he would not do, and his German subjects rose in his favor, and set him on his throne again.

He forgave his sons, and sent them back to their kingdoms; but in a few years they were all up in arms again, and met the Emperor near Colmar. All Ludwig's men deserted him when the battle was about to begin, so that the place was afterwards called the Field of Falsehood. The Emperor fell into his sons' hands, and Lothar, in the hope of keeping him from reigning again, persuaded the clergy to tell him it was his duty to submit to penance

* Famous Warrior.

of the higher degree, after which nobody was allowed to command an army. The meek Emperor, who had always reproached himself for Bernhard's death, was willing to humble himself, and, stripped of his robes, he lay on a couch of sackcloth and read a list of his sins, which had been drawn up by his foes, and made him confess not only that he had been unjust to Bernhard, but that he had been a blasphemer, a perjured wretch, and fomenter of strife. Then thirty bishops, one after the other, laid their hands on his head, while the penitential psalms were sung, and all the time Lothar looked on from a throne rejoicing in his father's humiliation. But his pride had shocked every one, and his two brothers, with a number of Franks, rose and rescued the Emperor from him, treating their father with all love and honor, and the bishops bidding him resume his sword and belt. Even Lothar was obliged to come to him and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight," and the gentle old man kissed him, forgave him, and sent him to Italy.

When Pippin died there was a fresh war, for the people of Aquitaine would allow no Franks to come near his son, from whom therefore Ludwig took the kingdom, and there was much fighting and many horrors, all made worse by the ravages of the heathen Northmen and Danes. At Wurms, a treaty was made by which Lothar was to have all the eastern half of the empire, Karl all the western, leaving young Ludwig only Bavaria. Ludwig, in his anger, took up arms, and just as the war was beginning, the good gentle old Emperor became so ill that he retired to an island in the Rhine named Ingelheim, and there died. The priest who attended him asked if he forgave his son. "Freely do I forgive him," said the old man; "but fail not to warn him that he has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Ludwig I. died in 840, in his sixty-third year.

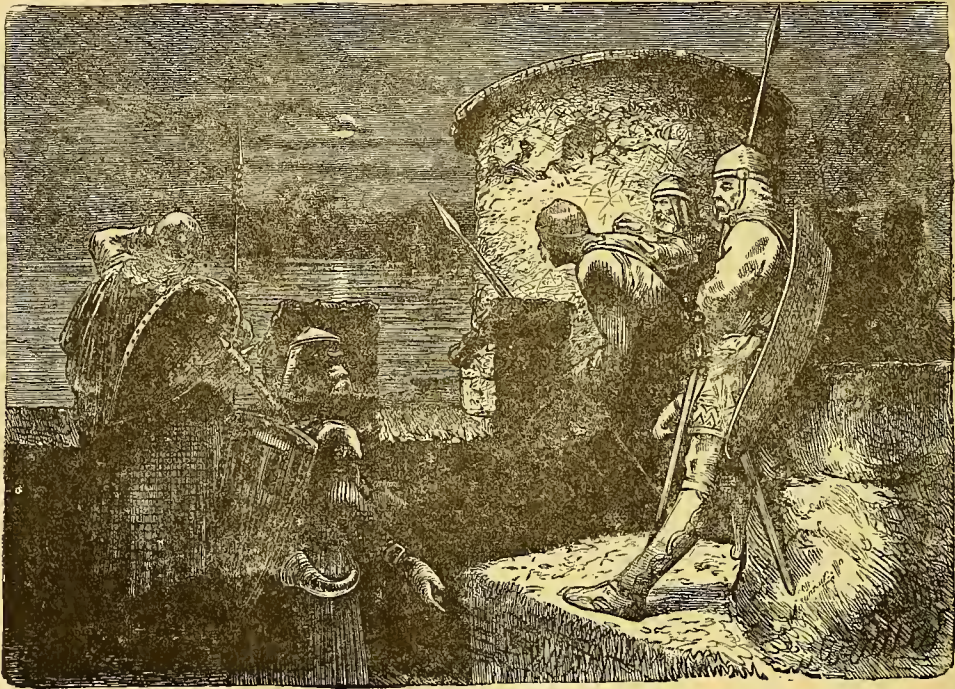
Karl then joined Ludwig against Lothar, and at Fontanet, near Auxerre, there was a desperate battle, 150,000 men on each side, with a front six miles long to each army. The fight lasted six hours, and Lothar was beaten; but his brothers seem to have been shocked at their own victory over a brother and an emperor, and there was a fast of three days after it. They soon after made peace at the treaty of Verdun, in 843, by which Ludwig had the countries between the Rhine, the North Sea, the Elbe, and the Alps—what in fact is now called Germany. Lothar had, besides Italy, all the Rhineland, and the country between the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Saone, and the Rhone. This was called Lothar's portion, or Lotharingia, and part is still called Lorraine.

Karl's portion was all to the west of this, and was then called Karolingia, after his name, but it did not keep the title, and after a time came to be known as France.

Ludwig II., King of Germany, was much tormented, both by the North-

men and the Slavonic nations to the east, Avars, Bohemians, or Czechs, as they call themselves, and the Magyar, who lived in the country once settled by Attila's Huns, and therefore called Hungary. There is a story that, when the Saxons and Thuringians came home defeated from a battle with these people, their wives rose up and flogged them well for their cowardice.

Lothar I., the Emperor, died in 855, and his son Ludwig is counted as the second Kaisar of the name, but he died without children, in 875, and then there was a war between all his brothers and Ludwig, King of Ger-



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NORTHMEN.

many; Karl, of Karolingia, ending in Karl, who was commonly called the Bald, becoming Kaisar Karl II.; but he had many more kingdoms on his hands than he could manage, and was terribly tormented with the Northmen, besides having quarrels on his hands with all his nephews. His brother Ludwig of Germany made matters worse by dividing his kingdom into three at his death, in 876, for his three sons. Karloman, the eldest of these, attacked the Kaisar, and drove him to the Alps, where he died at the foot of Mount Cenis, in 877, after a miserable reign.

Karloman then became Emperor. He was also King of Bavaria and of Italy, and his next brother Ludwig was King of Saxony, where an old chronicler says that his life was useless alike to himself the Church, and his kingdom; and so, when Karloman died, the empire was given to the

youngest brother, Karl III.,* called der Dicke, the Thick, who turned out not to be much wiser or more active. In his time the Northmen made worse inroads than ever; and though on the death of his cousin, called Louis the Stammerer, France likewise fell to him, he was quite unable to protect his people anywhere; and when the Count of Paris forced his way through the Northern fleet in the Seine, and came to beg his help, he could do nothing but offer a sum of money to buy them off. Everybody was weary of him, and at last an assembly was held at Tribur, on the Rhine, which declared him unfit to rule, and sent him into a monastery, where he died in two months, in 888. Arnulf, a son of Karloman, was made Emperor, but the French took the brave Count of Paris for their king, and France never formed part of the empire again. Arnulf was a brave Kaiser, and so beat off the Northmen that they never greatly molested Germany again; but he died young, in 899, when his son Ludwig III., called the Child, was only six years old. He had a stormy reign, so tormented by the Magyars, who were trying to push beyond Hungary, that he died of grief, quite worn out, in 912.

CHAPTER VIII.

KONRAD I.....	A D. 912-917.
HEINRICH I.....	917-936.
OTTO I., THE GREAT.....	936-973.



AS the Karling line was worn out, the German nobles chose another Frank, Konrad,† Count of Franconia, for their king, and when at the end of six years he died, he bade them choose in his stead Count Heinrich‡ of Saxony, who had been his enemy, and beat him in a great battle, but whom he thought the only man who had skill enough to defend Germany.

Heinrich was hawking on the Harz Mountains when the news of this advice was brought to him, and he is therefore called Heinrich the Fowler. He was wise and brave, and brought all the great dukedoms of Germany under his rule. These were, besides Saxony, Franconia, Swabia, Bavaria, and Lorraine. His great wars were with the

* The French call him Charles le Gros, and he is generally termed the Fat, but Thick seems to express dullness as well as stoutness.

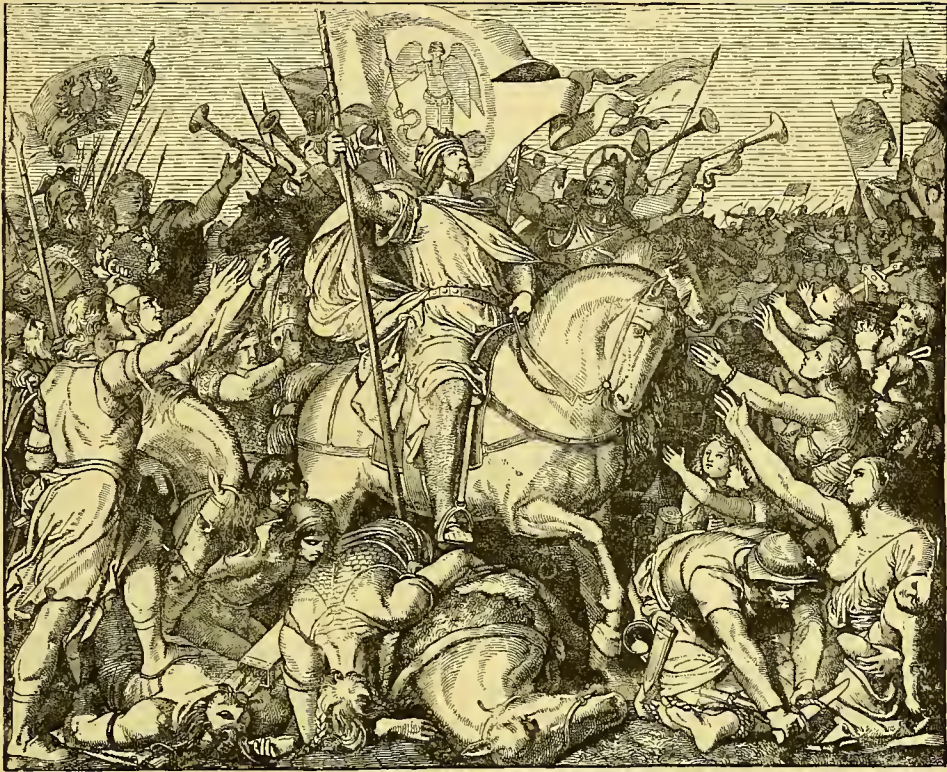
† Bold Speech.

‡ Home Ruler.

Magyars in Hungary. Though he beat them in one battle, he was forced to make a truce for nine years, and pay them tribute in gold all the time. During all that time he was preparing himself and his people, and training his nobles to fight on horseback, by games which some people say were the beginning of tournaments. The men of lower rank were to be also trained to fight from the time they were thirteen years old, and to meet near the villages every three days to practise the use of arms. Besides, he saw that the great want was of walled cities, where the people might take shelter from their enemies; so he built towns and walled them in, and commanded that one man out of every nine should live in a *burg*, as these fortresses were called. Thus began the burghers of Germany. The public meetings, fairs, markets, and feasts were to take place within the towns, and justice was to be dealt out there. Stores were to be kept in case of a siege, and the country people were to send in a part of their produce to supply them, and in this way they were made the great gathering-places of the country.

When Heinrich thought the country quite ready to fight against the Magyars, he defied them when next they sent for tribute, by giving them nothing but a wretched mangy dog. The next year they entered Germany to punish him, but he beat them at Keuschberg. Then they lighted beacon fires on the hills to rouse their people, and a great multitude mustered to overwhelm the Germans; at this same place, Keuschberg, Heinrich unfolded the banner of St. Michael, and rushed on the enemy, all his men crying out the Greek response "*Kyrie eleison*," "Lord, have mercy," while the Magyars answered with wild shouts of "Hui! Hui!" but they were totally defeated, and driven back within Hungary. After this his troops hailed him as Emperor. He also conquered the Duke of Bohemia, and made him do homage to the kingdom of Germany. He beat back the Wends, who lived on the marshes of the Baltic Sea east of the Saxons, and were their great enemies; and he also tried to drive back the Danes. He tried to get these nations to become Christians, but he only succeeded with some of the Bohemians, where the good Duke Wenceslaf was a Christian already, thanks to his mother, St. Ludmilla. He is the same of whom the pretty story is told that we have in the ballad of "Good King Wenceslas," though he was not really a king. He was murdered by his wicked brother Boleslaf, and the Christians were persecuted for some years. The good King Heinrich meant to go to Rome to be crowned Kaiser by the Pope, but he never could be spared long enough from home, and died in the year 936.

His son Otto had been already chosen King of Germany, and was married to Edith, sister to the English king Athelstan, a gentle lady, who saved and petted a deer which had taken refuge in her chamber. He was crowned at Aachen by the archbishop of Mainz, and the great dukes were present in right of their offices—the Duke of Franconia, as carver; the



HENRY PROCLAIMED EMPEROR.

Duke of Lorraine, as chamberlain; the Duke of Swabia, as cupbearer; the Duke of Bavaria, as master of the horse. Standing in the middle aisle of the cathedral, the archbishop called on all who would have Otto for their king to hold up their right hands. Then, leading him to the Altar, he gave him the sword to chastise the enemies of Christ, the mantle of peace, the sceptre of power, and then, anointing head, breast, arms, and hands with oil, crowned him with the golden crown of Karl the Great; and there was a great feast, when all the dukes served him according to their offices; but he had a stormy reign. The Dukes of Franconia and Lorraine rebelled, and so did his own brothers; but he was both brave, wise, and forgiving, so he brought them all to submit, and forced Boleslaf of Bohemia to leave off persecuting the Christians.

The Karling King of France, Louis IV., had a great quarrel with his vassals, Hugh, Count of Paris, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, who called in the help of Harald Blue-tooth, King of Denmark. Louis had married another English princess, and Otto came to help his brother-in-law, thus beginning a war with Harald which ended in his making Denmark subject to the empire; and he also subdued the Slavonic Duchy of Poland. He

founded bishoprics, like Karl the Great, wherever he conquered heathens, and sent missions with them. Magdeburg was one of his great bishoprics.

The Karling line of Kings of Italy had come to an end with King Lothar, who had been married to Adelheid, a Karling herself. She was young and beautiful, and the Lombard duke, Berenger of Ivrea, wanted to marry her to his son. When she refused, he shut her up in a castle on the Lago di Garda; but a good monk named Martin made a hole through the walls of her dungeon, and led her wandering about, traveling by night, and hiding



LUDOLF CRAVES HIS FATHER'S PARDON.

by day in the standing corn and reeds, till she reached a fisherman's hut, where she remained for some days in the dress of a fisher boy, while Brother Martin carried news to her friends. They took her to the castle of Canossa, and sent to entreat the help of Otto. He had lost his English wife; so Adelheid offered to marry him, and give him her claim to the kingdom of Italy. He collected his troops, and came down on Berenger, who was besieging Canossa, drove him away, and, taking the Queen in triumph to Pavia, held at once his wedding and his coronation as King of the Lombards.

He was, however, not at peace, for his son Ludolf, Duke of Swabia, rebelled against him, out of jealousy of his brother Heinrich; but he was tamed at last, and came barefoot to kneel at his father's feet for pardon, which the King gave him, but he forfeited his dukedom, and was sent into Italy. After this he had another terrible war with the Magyars, ending in a most horrible battle on the Lech, when the river ran red with blood, and out of sixty thousand Magyars only seven came home to tell the tale, and those with slit noses and ears. The Germans on the field of battle hailed Otto as Kaiser; and as he was soon after called into Italy to set to rights the disorder caused by Ludolf's bad management, he went to Rome, and was crowned Emperor, while his son Otto was crowned King of the Germans, at Aachen, in 961. Things were in a sad state at Rome. The Popes were now so powerful that ambitious men wanted to be Popes, and there was bribery, fighting, and murder to gain the holy office. So Otto called a council of Bishops, and tried to bring things into better order; but when he went away they soon fell back again, and horrid crimes were done.

Otto had nearly as large an empire as Karl the Great, for if he had less to the west and south, he had more to the north and east. He was well named the Great, for he was a good and pious, wise and warlike man. He spent his last years mostly in Italy; but he died, in 973, at Memleben, while kneeling before the altar in the church, so peacefully that he was thought to be only asleep. He was buried at Magdeburg, beside his first wife, the English Edith.



CHAPTER IX.

THE SAXON EMPERORS.

OTTO II., THE RED.	A.D. 973- 983.
OTTO III., THE WONDER.	983-1000.
ST. HEINRICH II.	1000-1024.



OTTO II. was called the Red, and was but nineteen years old when his father died, though he had been already both crowned and married. His wife was Theophano, daughter to the Eastern Emperor Nicephorus. Bishop Liutprand had been sent to ask her of her father, but was greatly displeased with Constantinople, where the Emperor told him that the Germans would only fight when they were drunk, and that their weapons were too heavy to use. Also, he said that there were no real Romans save at Constantinople, and made a sign with his hand to shut Liutprand's mouth when he began to speak. The Eastern Cæsars no doubt greatly despised the attempt of the barbarous Germans to call themselves Kaisars, while the German Bishop thought four hundred stout Germans could have beaten their whole army, and called Constantinople a "perjured, lying, cheating, rapacious, greedy, avaricious, nasty town."

Otto was so young that almost all the great dukes whom his father had forced to do homage hoped to shake off his yoke, but he reduced them all. Then Lothar, King of France, went to war with him, and swore that he would drink up all the rivers in Germany; to which Otto replied that he would cover all France with straw hats, for the Saxon troops used to go out to war in summer with straw hats over their helmets. Charles, the brother of Lothar, marched through Lorraine and seized Aachen, where he turned the golden eagle on the roof of the palace of Charles the Great with his beak toward France; but Otto met him there, routed him, and hunted him back to Paris. There, while the Germans besieged the city, Lothar offered to settle the matter by a single combat with Otto; but the Germans answered, "We always heard that the Franks set little store by their King, and now we see it." They could not take the city, and concluded a peace, by which the right of the empire to Lorraine was established.

Otto was the son of the Empress Adelheid, and thus was half Italian, and he cared very much for the affairs of Italy. Rome was in a dreadful

state, for the people had hated having Popes thrust on them by German Emperors, and broke out again and again. One Pope had just been murdered, and another set up in his place, and Otto thought it was time to interfere with a high hand, and also a cruel one; so he came to Rome, and, inviting the chief citizens to a feast in the open space before St. Peter's Church, there seized and put to death all whom he thought dangerous to the authority of Rome.

The southern provinces of Italy had been promised him as the portion of his wife Theophano, but as they were not given up to him, he marched to take possession of them; but the Greek Emperor had allied himself with a body of Saracens who had settled in part of Sicily, and Otto met with a terrible defeat at Basantello, in Calabria. He had lost his horse in the battle, and made for the sea-shore on foot. A Jewish rabbi, coming by, offered him his horse, and on this horse, with the shouts of the pursuing Saracens still ringing in his ears, the Emperor dashed into the sea toward a Greek ship, which took him on board. He spoke Greek so well that no one found out he was a German; and though one Slavonic merchant was there who knew him, he did not betray him, but contrived that the ship should put in at the city of Rossano, where Otto escaped unperceived, and swam ashore. There he found his wife Theophano, but she, as a Greek, was proud of the victory of her nation, and instead of comforting him, scornfully said, "How my countrymen have frightened you!" Otto took this bitterly to heart, and meant to assemble a fresh army and retrieve his cause, but his health had been hurt by his campaign, and he grew so ill that he called a Diet at Verona, and obtained of his nobles that they should choose his little three years old son King of Germany and Kaiser, and that the two Empresses, Theophano and Adelheid, should govern in his name. He died in the year 983, when only twenty-nine years old.

Otto III. was carefully brought up by his mother, and Gerbert, Abbot of Magdeburg, and was so learned that he was called the Wonder of the World. He was brave and able, and was only sixteen when he went to Rome and was crowned Emperor. His vision was to make Rome his capital, reign there as Western Emperor, and render Germany only a province; and he made his tutor, Gerbert, Pope. But his schemes were cut short by his death in 1000, in the city of Paterno, having spent very little of his short life in Germany, though he chose to be buried at Aachen, where shortly before he had opened the tomb of Karl the Great, and found the robed, crowned, and sceptered corpse sitting undecayed on its chair of state just as it had been placed 200 years before.

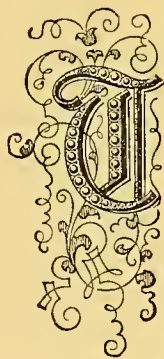
This year, 1000, was that when the end of the world was expected daily to happen, and it had a great effect upon the whole world. Heinrich, Duke of Bavaria, Otto's cousin through a daughter of Otto the Great, was elected

in his place, and was so devout that he and his wife Kunigund* of Luxemburg are both reckoned as saints. He endowed the bishopric of Bamberg with lands of his own, and therefore is generally drawn with the model of the cathedral in his arms. He was crowned Emperor at Rome, and as he, like Otto, held that the Kings of the Germans had the right of reigning over Rome and Italy, he took the title of King of the Romans. Thenceforth the German Kings were so called until they were crowned as Emperors at Rome. An Emperor was usually crowned four times—at Aachen, as King of the Romans, which really meant of Germany; at Pavia, of Italy; at Monza, of Lombardy, with an iron crown, said to be made partly of one of the nails of the Cross; and at Rome, as Kaiser or Emperor. It was the choice of the nobles of Germany which gave him all these rights, though he was never Kaiser till his coronation by the Emperor. St. Heinrich did all he could to promote the conversion of the Slavonic nations round him, and was a friend and helper of the good King Stephen of Hungary. The last event of his life was going to make a visit to Robert, King of France, a man as pious and saintly as himself. He died on his way back, in 1024, the last of the Saxon Emperors.

CHAPTER X.

THE FRANCONIAN LINE.

KONRAD II., THE SALIC.	A.D. 1024-1039.
HEINRICH III.	1039-1054.
HEINRICH IV.	1054-1106.
HEINRICH V.	1106-1114.



THE German dukes, archbishops, counts, bishops, and great abbots all met on a plain near Mainz, on the banks of the Rhine, to choose a new king. Two Konrads of Franconia, both cousins, and descended from a daughter of Otto the Great, stood foremost, and they agreed that whichever was elected should receive the ready submission of the other. The elder one, who was chosen, is known as Konrad the Salic, because he traced his descent from the old Meerwing kings; but neither he nor his family resembled them in indolence. With the help of his son Heinrich, he did much to pull down the power of the dukes, and he favored the great free cities, which were fast growing into strength.

* Bold War.

Konrad was crowned Emperor in 1027, and had two kings present at the ceremony—Rudolf, the last King of Burgundy, and the Danish King Knut, whose daughter Kunhild married Heinrich, the son of the Kaiser. The Kaiser's own wife was Gisela, niece to Rudolf, who on his death left the kingdom to him. This did not mean the duchy of Burgundy, which belonged to France, but the old kingdom of Arles, or Provence, Dauphiné, Savoy, and part of Switzerland, over which the Kings of Germany continued to have rights.



KONRAD PROCEEDING TO CORONATION.

Konrad had wars with the Bohemians and Hungarians, but gained the advantage with both, and he was also a great law-maker. In his time it was settled that lands should not be freshly granted on the death of the holder, but should always go on to the next heir; and that no man should forfeit his fief save by the judgment of his peers, thus preventing the dukes and counts from taking away the grants to their vassals at their own will. He died in 1039, and was buried at Speyer.

His son Heinrich III. was twenty-two when he began to reign, and was well able to carry out his father's policy, so far as spirit and resolution

went. The quarrels at Rome were worse than ever, there being no less than three Popes, and he marched to Rome, sent them all into monasteries, and set up one of his own choosing, namely, Clement II. Indeed, though his was but a short reign, he was the maker of no less than four Popes, for each died almost as soon as he was appointed; but there was a strong feeling growing up that this was not the right way for the head of the Western Church to be chosen, and it was most strongly felt by a young Roman deacon called Hildebrand, who resolved to make a reformation.

Things grew worse when Heinrich III. died, in the flower of his age, in 1054, leaving a little son, Heinrich IV., of five years old, under the charge of his mother, Agnes, a good woman, but not strong enough to keep the great dukes in order; and she tried to bribe her enemies by giving them lands, which only made them more able to do her mischief. The Church lands, the great bishoprics and abbeys, were given either by favor, fear, or money, and some dioceses went from father to son, like duchies and counties, and the clergy were getting to be as bad as the laity. To check all this, Hildebrand led Pope Stephen II. to forbid all priests, even those who were not monks, to marry; and also a great council was collected at Rome, at the Lateran Gate, where it was decreed that henceforth no clergyman should ever receive any benefice from the hands of a layman, but the bishops should be chosen by their clergy, and the Pope himself by the seventy chief clergy of Rome, who were called cardinals, and wore scarlet robes and hats, in memory of the old Roman purple. This was in the year 1059.

Three years later the great nobles of Germany resolved to be rid of the rule of the Empress Agnes. Hanno, archbishop of Köln, invited her and her son to spend the Easter of 1062 at the island of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, and while there the young Heinrich was invited on board a pleasure-boat, which instantly pushed off for the mainland. The boy, then thirteen years old, tried to leap out and swim back to his mother, but he was held back; and though his mother stood weeping and begging for help, no one would do anything but yell at those who were rowing the boat rapidly to Köln, where Hanno proclaimed himself Regent, and declared that the affairs of the kingdom should be managed by the bishop of whatever diocese the King was in.

Hanno hoped thus to rule the kingdom, but his plan turned against him, for Adalbert, Bishop of Bremen, got Heinrich into his power, and kept him amused with constant feasting and revelry, which did his whole character much mischief; and he learnt besides to dislike and distrust all the great dukes and nobles.

When he came of age he kept Adalbert as his chief adviser, and was very harsh and fierce to his subjects, especially the Saxons. There was a rising against him, and he was forced to send away Adalbert, and marry



HENRY IV. DOING PENANCE AT CANOSSA.

Bertha, the daughter of the Margrave of Susa; but he hated and ill-used her, and his court was a place of grievous wickedness, while there was constant war with his people.

In the meantime Hildebrand had been chosen Pope, in the year 1073, and he at once began to enforce the decrees of the Lateran Council, of which the Germans had taken no notice. The decree was read aloud at Erfurt by the Archbishop of Mainz to a synod of bishops, and such a roar of fury rose that his life was in danger, and Heinrich thought his subjects would all hold with him in resisting it.

But Heinrich's violence and harshness had set his people against him, and the Saxons appealed to Rome against his injustice. Gregory VII. summoned him to Rome to answer their charges, excommunicating at the same time all the bishops who had obtained their sees improperly. Upon this Heinrich called together the German bishops at Wurms, and made them depose the Pope. Gregory replied by pronouncing the King deposed, and releasing his subjects from their oath of allegiance. Germany and Italy were divided between the Pope and the King, and the Germans agreed that unless the King were absolved within the year they must regard him as deposed, and choose another in his stead. Heinrich felt that he must give way, and he made a most dangerous winter journey across the Alps by Mont Cenis, with Bertha and her child, blinded by snow or sliding along in frost. The Queen and her child were wrapped in an ox-hide, and dragged along in a sledge.

In Lombardy the bishops and nobles were favorable to Heinrich, but he only sought to make his peace with the Pope, and hastened to Canossa, the castle of Countess Matilda of Tuscany, Gregory's greatest friend, where the Pope then was. He came barefooted and bareheaded, in the hair shirt of a penitent, and was kept for three days thus doing penance in the court of the castle before he was admitted to the chapel, where the Pope absolved him, but only on condition that, till the affairs of Germany should be settled by the Pope, he should not assume his place as King. Nor had his humiliation hindered the Germans, who hated him, from electing a new king, Rudolf of Swabia, who was called the Priests' King. All Germany was thus at war, and Heinrich declared that Swabia was forfeited, and gave it to Friedrich of Hohenstaufen, who had married his daughter Agnes. Gregory, after a time, took the part of Rudolf, and Heinrich, on his side, appointed a Pope of his own; so that there were two Popes and two Kings of the Romans, until the battle of Zeitz, where Rudolf's right hand was cut off by Gottfried of Bouillon, and he was afterward killed.

After this Heinrich prevailed, and pushed into Italy, where he beat Matilda's army, and besieged Rome for three years; while Gregory retreated to Salerno, where he was protected by the Norman Duke of Calabria. Rome

was taken, and Heinrich crowned Kaiser by the Antipope. Gregory VII. died while among the Normans, his last words being, "I have loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore do I die in exile." His successor, Urban II., went on the same system of keeping the Church above all temporal power.

For a little while Heinrich triumphed, but his enemies stirred up his sons against him. Konrad, the elder, died at war with him; Heinrich, the second, actually stripped his father of his robes, and, in spite of his tears and entreaties, forced him to sign his abdication. Then the old man wandered about half-starved, and came to the Bishop of Speyer to entreat for some



RUDOLF OF SWABIA MORTALLY WOUNDED.

small office about the cathedral; but this could not be, as he was excommunicate, and he had even to sell his boots to buy bread! He died at Liège, in 1106, and his body was put in a stone coffin in an island on the Maas, and watched day and night by a hermit till 1111, when Heinrich V. came to an agreement at Wurms with the Pope that, though bishops should do homage for the lands they held of him, the King should not deliver to them the ring and staff, which betokened spiritual power. After this Heinrich IV. was buried. Heinrich V. died three years later. He had married Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. of England, who was called the Empress Maude.

CHAPTER XI.

LOTHAR II.....A.D. 1125-1137.
 KONRAD III.....1137-1152.



HEN Heinrich V. died, without children, the Franconian line of Emperors came to an end, and ten great nobles from the four chief dukedoms met at Mainz to choose a new king. Heinrich had left all his own lands to his sister's sons, Konrad and Friedrich of Hohenstaufen, and one of these hoped to be elected; but the Germans feared that they would bring them as many troubles as had arisen under the last Franconians, and therefore chose in their stead Lothar, Duke of Saxony.

He thought he could never do enough to avoid the evils that Heinrich IV. had brought on the country, and so he asked Pope Innocent II. to ratify his election, and gave up the agreement at Wurms, with all rights to homage from bishops. This displeased the Hohenstaufen, and all who held for the power of the kings, and there was again a great war. The chief supporter of the King was Heinrich the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, who married his daughter Matilda, and was made Duke of Saxony. Heinrich's family was descended from a forefather named Welf, or Wolf, a Christian name often used, but of which a very odd story was told. It was said that the Countess of Altdorf laughed at a poor woman who had three children born at the same time, and that, as a punishment, she gave birth to twelve sons in one day. She was so much shocked that she sent all of them but one to be drowned in the lake, but on the way the maid, who was carrying them in her apron, met the count. He asked what she had there. "Whelps," she said; but he pulled aside her apron, and, seeing his eleven little sons, had them safely brought up, and they were known by the name of Welfen. One of the Welfs married into the Italian house of Este, and both in Italy and Germany the party of the Pope came to be known as Welfs, or Guelfs; while the party of the Kaiser were termed Waiblinger, from the castle of Waibling belonging to the Hohenstaufen. The Italians made this word into Ghibellini; and for many years there were fierce quarrels between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the first upholding the power of the Church, the second that of the State.

These Kings of Germany were much less powerful than the great Emperors of the houses of Saxony and Franconia had been; and now that all

fiefs had been made hereditary, the great dukes and margraves were more independent of them, while the counts and barons (Grafen and Freiherren, the Germans called them) were likewise more independent of their dukes. Every one was building castles and fortifying cities, whence the nobles made war on each other, and robbed those who passed on the roads. There is a story of a bishop who gave a knight the charge of his castle, and when he was asked how those within it were to live, pointed down the four roads that met there, to indicate that the travelers were to be robbed for the supplies! The larger cities governed themselves by a council, and called themselves free Imperial cities, and these were the most prosperous and peaceful places both in Germany and Italy, for even bishops and abbots did not always so keep out of the fray as to make themselves respected. The minne-singers, love-singers or minstrels, could, however, go about from town to town and castle to castle singing their ballads, and always safe and welcome.

The great Countess Matilda had left all her dominions to the Pope, and Lothar acknowledged this right of Innocent II., and crossed the Alps in order to be crowned Kaiser. There was an Antipope set up by the Ghibellines, who held the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of St. Angelo, and as Lothar could not drive him out, the coronation had to be in the Church of St. John Lateran. He came a second time to Italy to put down a great disturbance in Lombardy, taking with him Konrad of Hohenstaufen, to whom he had restored the dukedom of Franconia, and had made standard-bearer to the Imperial army. Konrad was a good and noble man, brave, courteous, and devout, and respectful to the clergy, especially the Pope, which was the more remarked as he was the head of the Ghibelline party. The head of the Guelfs, Heinrich the Proud, was as much hated as Konrad was loved, for his insolence to every one from the Pope downward, and for his savage cruelties to the prisoners who fell into his hands; but his father-in-law the Emperor favored him, and gave him the Marquisate of Tuscany.

On the way home, Lothar II. was taken ill, and died in a peasant's hut in the Tyrol, in 1137.

Heinrich the Proud fully expected to have been chosen King of the Romans, but he had offended most of his party, even the Pope himself, and Konrad was elected. There was a battle between Konrad and Heinrich's brother Welf, at the foot of Weinsberg, a hill crowned with a castle, on the banks of the Neckar, and in this "Welf" and "Waibling" were first used as war-cries. The victory fell to Konrad, and he besieged the castle till those within offered to surrender. All the men were to be made prisoners, but the women were to go away in peace, with as much of her treasure as each could carry. All Konrad's army was drawn up to leave free passage for the ladies, the Emperor at their head, when behold a wonderful procession came down the hill. Each woman carried on her back her greatest

treasure—husband, son, father, or brother! Some were angry at this as a trick; but Konrad was touched, granted safety to all, and not only gave freedom to the men, but sent the women back to fetch the wealth they had left behind. The hill was called *Weibertrue*, or *Woman's Truth*; and in 1820 Charlotte, Queen of Wurtemberg,* with the other ladies of Germany, built an asylum there for poor women who have been noted for self-sacrificing acts of love. Heinrich the Proud was reduced, and his two dukedoms taken away, Bavaria being given to Leopold, Margrave of Austria, and Saxony to



THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

Albrecht † the Bear, already Count of the Borders; but when Heinrich died, Konrad gave back Saxony to his son Heinrich the Lion, and Albrecht the Bear became margrave of a new border county beyond Saxony, called Brandenburg, which he conquered from the Wends.

Germany had had little to do with the first crusade as a nation, though the noble and excellent Gottfried of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, had been its leader, and first King of Jerusalem. But when St. Bernard preached the second crusade, Konrad took the cross, and went with an army of 70,000 men. They went by way of Coustantinople, and in the wild hills of Asia

* Daughter of George III.

† Nobly bright.

Minor were led astray by their guides, starved and distressed, and when the Turks set upon them at Iconium, there was such a slaughter that only 7000 were left. Konrad went on and joined the host of King Louis V. of France at Nicea, almost alone, save for the knights from Provence, who had joined the French army, and whom Louis sent to form a train for their own Emperor. Together they landed at Antioch and besieged Damascus, where Konrad showed great valor, and is said to have cut off the head and arm of a Turk with one blow of his sword. But they could not take the city, and, disgusted with the falsehood and treachery of the dwellers in the Holy Land, Konrad returned home, and died three years after, in 1152. He was the first Kaiser who used the double eagle as his standard.

CHAPTER XII.

FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA. A.D. 1157-1178.

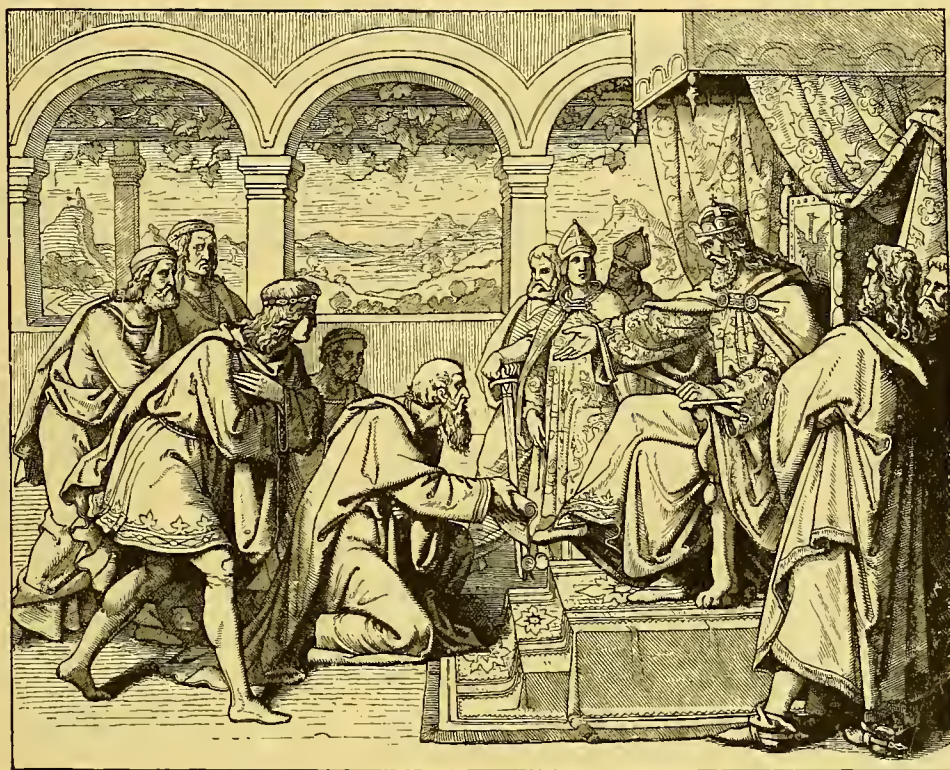


KONRAD III. left a son, but as he was very young the good king had recommended the nobles to choose his nephew Friedrich as their king, hoping that as his father was a Hohenstaufen, and his mother Jutta a Bavarian, the breach between Welfs and Waiblings might be healed. Friedrich was thirty-two years old, brave, keen, firm, and generous, but fiercely proud, violent, and self-willed. He was a grand-looking man, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a tinge of red in his beard, which made the Italians call him Barbarossa.

He gave Heinrich the Lion Bavaria as well as Saxony, formed Austria into a duchy instead of a mark county, and he also made Windislav of Bohemia a king instead of a duke. He married Beatrice, the heiress of the county of Burgundy, which meant Provence, with its capital Arles. Konrad had never been crowned Emperor, and thus had no power in Italy, so that the Lombard cities had grown very powerful, and were used to govern themselves; the nobles were like little robber kings in their mountain castles, and at Rome, a priest named Arnold of Brescia had stirred up the people to turn out the Pope, Adrian IV., an Englishman, and set up a Republic in imitation of the old Commonwealth.

Friedrich felt himself called on to set all this right. He came over the Alps, marched into Rome, seized Arnold of Breseia, and had him executed, and then was crowned Emperor by Adrian IV. The people of Lodi came to ask his help against the citizens of Milan, who had conquered them,

pulled down the walls of their city, and forced them to leave their homes and live in villages. Friedrich wrote orders that Lodi should be restored; but the Milanese tore his letter to pieces, and threw it in the face of his messenger, and most of the Italian cities took their part. The Emperor blockaded them, and cut off the hands of any unfortunate peasant who was caught trying to bring them provisions. They surrendered at last, and he made them swear fealty to him, and left them under a judge. But in a short time they rebelled again, declaring they would give themselves to the



CITIZENS OF LODI IMPLORING FRIEDRICH'S HELP.

Pope instead of the Emperor. Adrian IV. was dead, and some of the Cardinals elected Alexander III., but the others and the Roman people chose another Pope, who called himself Victor IV. Friedrich called on both to appear before a Council which was to decide between them, but Alexander, knowing himself to be rightfully elected, replied by declaring that the Emperor had no right to summon the successor of St. Peter before a Council. So only the friends of Victor came to it, and declared him to be the true Pope. Alexander then excommunicated both Friedrich and Victor, and Friedrich came in great wrath over the Alps to overthrow the Pope and punish the Milanese, who had insulted both him and his Empress in every

way. He blockaded the city again, and forced it to yield. Before the day of surrender, he sent his gentle wife Beatrice away, lest she should move him from his purpose, and then all the chief citizens were marched out with their thirty-seven banners and the great standard of the city, which had a car all to itself when it went out to battle, and was embroidered with a Crucifix, beside which stood the figure of St. Ambrose giving his blessing. The banners were thrown in a heap, the trumpets over them, at the Kaiser's feet, the car was broken to pieces, and the unhappy people wept so bitterly that even Friedrich's stern warriors shed tears of pity.



FRIEDRICH BARBAROSSA AT SUSA.

He told the citizens that they should have such mercy as agreed with justice, and called a diet at Pavia to judge them. The diet decided that Milan ought to be broken up as Lodi had been, the wall thrown down, the ditch filled up, the people forced to live in villages, all two miles from the ruined city and from one another, and each with a German governor. The people took some of their property with them, but much was forfeited and plundered, and a tenth was given to the churches and convents of Germany. Köln had for its share what were thought to be the relics of the Wise Men from the East, whom the Germans thenceforth called the Three Kings of Köln. Friedrich then appeared at Pavia in his crown, which he had sworn never

to wear again till Milan had been punished, and he showed much favor to all the Ghibelline cities of Lombardy. Then he marched to Rome, while Alexander fled to Benevento; but it was the height of summer, and a terrible pestilence broke out in his army, cutting down many of Friedrich's near kindred and best advisers, and great numbers of the troops. He was forced to retreat into Lombardy, but he found the whole country in insurrection, guarding the passes of the Alps against him, and at Susa a party of armed men broke into his chamber at night, and he had only just time to escape by another door, while a faithful knight named Herman of Sieveneichen threw himself into the bed to receive the death-blow while his master escaped. However, he was recognized, and though in their rage the Lombards were going to slay him, they respected his faithfulness, and he was spared.

Germany was up in arms, and Friedrich had to subdue the rebellious princes. He was a great ruler, and founded Munich and several other great towns at home; but in the meantime the cities of Italy had united with the Pope against him in what was called the Lombard League, and had founded the city of Alessandria in honor of it, calling it by the name of the Pope. Friedrich crossed the mountains to put down this rising, but the Lombards were stronger than he had expected; and in the midst of the struggle, at his greatest need, Heinrich the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, refused his help, probably because he did not like fighting against the Church, but declaring that he was too old for the campaign, though he was only forty-five, while the Emperor was fifty-four. Friedrich met him at Chiavenna, and actually knelt before him in entreaty not to ruin his cause by leaving him; but Heinrich, though distressed at the sight, held to his purpose, and rode off with his vassals.

Without the Saxons, Friedrich had to fight a battle at Lugnano, where the Milanese standard again appeared in its car, and the Welfs gained a complete victory. Friedrich's horse was killed under him, and he was thought to be slain, so that the Empress Beatrice had put on mourning as a widow, before he appeared again at Pavia, having escaped on foot by by-paths.

He was forced to make peace, and went to meet the Pope at Venice, where the Doge, in full procession, conducted him to St. Mark's Church, at the door of which Alexander awaited him with all the clergy. The Kaiser knelt to kiss the Pope's slipper, and muttered in Latin (it is said) "Not to thee, but to Peter," which the Pope hearing answered with, "Both to me and to Peter." It is also said that Alexander then put his foot on Friedrich's neck, quoting the promise—"Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder;" but as another account says he shed tears of joy at the reconciliation, it is not likely that these insults passed between them. The question was then finally settled that Bishops might be named by the prince, but that the cathedral clergy should have the power of accepting or rejecting

them, and that though their lands might be held of the prince, their spiritual power came only through the Church, and was quite independent of him. The Milanese were restored to their city, and Friedrich went home, going on the way to Arles, where he and Beatrice were together crowned King and Queen of Burgundy—namely, what is now called Provence—in 1178.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA (*cont'd*). A.D. 1174—1189.
 HEINRICH VI. 1189—1197.



WHEN Friedrich I. came back to Germany, he held a diet at Wurms, and summoned Heinrich the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, to answer for his treason, rebellion, and many other crimes. One of these was that in the middle of the night, in time of peace and friendship, he had attacked the town of Veringen, where the Bishop of Freising had great salt works, destroyed them and all the storehouses, and dragged away the makers to Munich.

The Duke would not come, saying it was his right to be judged only in his own country; so another diet was held at Magdeburg, but he would not come to that, nor to a third at Goslau, where he was put under the ban of the empire—that is, made to forfeit his fiefs and honors, and declared an outlaw, for ban means a proclamation. He had friends, however, and held out for a long time, but he was so fierce and violent that he offended them all, and the Kaiser pushed him very hard, and besieged his city of Brunswick. There his wife, who was Matilda, daughter to King Henry II. of England, was lying ill. She ventured to send to Friedrich to ask that some wine might be sent in for her use, and he answered that he had rather make her a present of Brunswick than disturb her. He was as good as his word, for he drew off his army, but he gained so much upon the Lion, that at last Heinrich came to the diet at Erfurt, fell on his knees before the Kaiser, and asked pardon.

Friedrich raised him kindly, but told him he had himself been the author of all his misfortunes. He was judged to have forfeited his great dukedoms, but the Kaiser allowed him to keep the Dukedoms of Brunswick and Luneburg, on condition that he should spend three years in exile at the court of his father-in-law, King Henry of England. Brunswick has ever since continued to belong to his family, the house of Welf or Guelf.

Part of Saxony was given to Bernhard of Anhalt, the son of Albrecht the Bear, in whose line it continued, and it is from these two houses of Brunswick and Saxony that the English royal family have sprung. Bavaria was given to Friedrich's friend, Otto of Wittelsbach.

Now that peace was made, Friedrich held a great festival at Mainz, where he knighted his sons and held a tournament, to which came knights of all nations, forty thousand in number. A camp with tents of silk and gold was set up by the river-side, full of noble ladies who came to look on, and of minne-singers, who were to sing of the deeds of the knights. The songs and ballads then sung became famous, and there was much more of the spirit of poetry from this time forward in Germany. The Kaiser, old as he was, took his full share in the tilts and tournaments, and jousted as well or better than his three sons.

Heinrich, the eldest of these sons, had already been chosen to succeed his father, and was the first prince who was called King of the Romans, while the Kaiser was alive. Friedrich planned a grand marriage for him. The Kings of Sicily, who were of Norman birth, had always been great friends of the Popes, and sheltered them when the Emperors drove them out of Rome; but the last of these, of the right line, had no child, and had only an aunt named Constance, who had always lived in a convent, though it does not seem certain whether she was really a nun. Friedrich used to say that Italy was like an eel, which must be held both by the head and tail if you would keep it. He had the head, and hoped his son would get hold of the tail by marrying Constance. Her nephew, the King, agreed to the match, and Constance, who was thirty-four years old, was sent to meet her bridegroom at Milan with a hundred and twenty mules carrying her marriage portion. The Pope, Urban III., was very angry, and deposed all the bishops who had been at the marriage, or at Constance's coronation, and fresh struggles were just beginning, when all Europe was shocked by the news that Jerusalem had been taken by the Saracens under Saladin.

The Pope and the Kaiser both laid aside their quarrels to do all they could to rescue the Holy City, and, old as he was, Friedrich prepared to go on the crusade. He took his two younger sons with him, and a great army, in which were Leopold, Duke of Austria, and Konrad, Markgraf or Marquess of Monserrat. Passing through Constantinople, they marched through Asia Minor, suffering much from want of food and water, but at Iconium, where with his uncle Konrad he had once suffered such a sore defeat, Friedrich, with his war-cry, "Christ reigns! Christ conquers!" so dashed on the enemy as to gain a glorious victory. But only a few days after, as he was bathing in the cold, swift river Kalykadmus, a chill struck him, and he sank into the rapid current. He was seventy years old when he was thus lost, in the year 1190. His body was found and buried at Antioch; but the Germans could

not believe their mighty Kaisar was dead, and long thought that in the Kyffhauser cave in Thuringia he sat with all his knights round a stone table, his once red, but now white, beard growing through the stone, waiting till the ravens shall cease to fly round the mountain, and Germany's greatest need shall be come, when he will waken up, break forth, and deliver her.

Friedrich's second son and namesake fought bravely, but soon caught the plague, and died when only twenty years of age. The Duke of Austria and Marquess of Monserrat joined the other body of crusaders, led by the Kings of France and England, at Acre, but Konrad was killed by an Eastern



FRIEDRICH CROSSING TO ASIA MINOR.

assassin, and Leopold was affronted by King Richard wanting him to assist in building up the walls of Ascalon, and left Palestine. In the meantime, the King of the Romans, Heinrich VI., had been fighting hard with Heinrich the Lion, who had come home from England resolved to win back what he had lost, but all in vain. His son Heinrich had been betrothed to Agnes, daughter to the Pfalzgraf Konrad, brother to Friedrich I., and when the house of Welf was ruined, she would not give up her lover to marry the King of France. Her mother favored her, and sent a message to the young Heinrich to come to her castle in her husband's absence. He came in the disguise of a pilgrim, and the mother immediately caused them to be mar-

ried. When her husband came home the next morning, she met him with—"My lord, a noble falcon came yesterday to your tower, whom I have taken!" The two presented themselves, the Pfalzgraf forgave them, and thus peace was made, and the old Lion soon after died.

Young Heinrich was thus able to interfere on behalf of his English uncle, Richard the Lion Heart, when he had been shipwrecked in the Adriatic on his way from the Holy Land, and while trying to pass through the Tyrol as a pilgrim had been seized and imprisoned by Leopold, and afterward made over to the Kaiser. The Pope demanded the release of a crusader whose person ought to have been sacred, and the Kaiser held a diet at Hagenau, at which Richard was called upon to defend himself from the charge of having murdered Konrad of Monserrat, betrayed the cause, and other crimes. Richard spoke with such grandeur and dignity that even Leopold turned aside weeping, and the Emperor sprang from his throne and embraced him. After this his ransom was accepted, and he did homage to Heinrich VI., as Emperor of the West, receiving from him the promise of the kingdom of Arles to add to his duchy of Aquitaine.

Heinrich took his wife into Sicily on the death of her consin Tancred, and they were crowned; but he showed himself a harsh and cruel ruler, and very avaricious. He went back several times between Sicily and Germany, and caused his little son Friedrich to be elected King of the Romans, but he was everywhere hated. He was planning a war with the Eastern Emperor, when, after hunting all day near Messina in the heat of August, he took a chill, and died at the age of thirty-one, in the year 1194. The Sicilians rejoiced publicly at the death of their tyrant, and murdered all the Germans they could find in their country.



CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP.....A.D. 1198-1208.
 OTTO IV.....1209-1218.



LITTLE FRIEDRICH, the son of Heinrich VI., was only three years old. He had been chosen King of the Romans as soon as he was born; but the Welfs declared that the election of an unbaptized infant could not be good for anything, and that there must be a fresh choice.

On hearing this, Philip, Duke of Swabia, the only surviving son of Barbarossa, left his sister-in-law Constance to secure Sicily and Apulia to herself and her child, and hurried back to the diet. There the Waiblings declared that it was no use to try to elect an infant, and that if Philip wished to keep the empire in his family he must be himself elected. He consented, and was chosen at Muhlhausen by the Waiblings, but the Welfs met at Köln and chose Otto, Duke of Brunswick, the son of Henry the Lion, and had him crowned at Aachen. Philip was crowned at Mainz, but only by the Savoyard Bishop of Tarentaise, and the same year the Empress Constance died when only forty-three years old, having had her little son Friedrich Roger crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, and placed him under the special protection of the Pope, whom she begged to become his guardian, and to watch over both his kingdoms and his education.

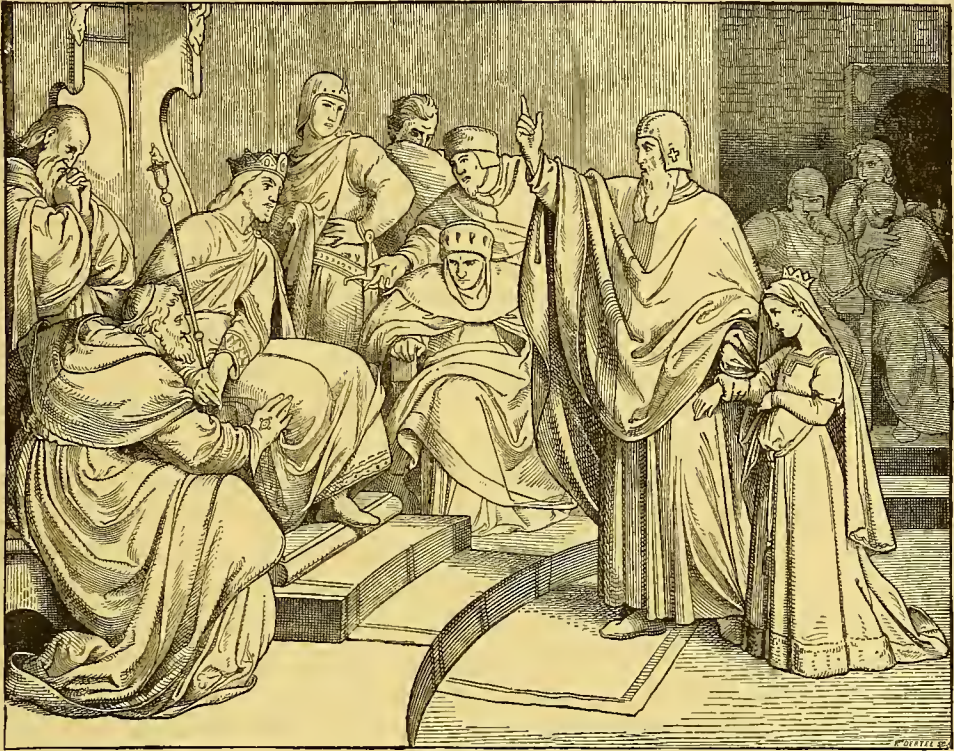
The Pope at that time was Innocent III., a very great man, whose chief object was to make the power of the See of Rome felt by all princes; and as the first Norman conqueror had asked the Pope to grant the power over Sicily, he considered the kingdom a fief of the Roman See, and took charge of it and of the little king, whom the Normans called the Child of Apulia.

Innocent at the same time thought it needful to pronounce between the three princes, who had all been chosen kings of the Romans—Friedrich, Philip, and Otto. He threw over the child's election at once, and likewise declared Philip's unlawful, but he saw no objection to Otto's, and Otto promised his full support and faithfulness to Rome, and to give up possession of Countess Matilda's inheritance.

Germany thus was divided between the two kings till, in 1208, at the marriage festival of his niece Beatrice and Otto, Duke of Meran in the Tyrol, Philip was stabbed in the throat—no one knows why, unless it was the deed of a madman or drunkard—by the Bavarian Pfalzgraf, Otto of Wittelsbach.

Philip left only two little daughters, whose mother died of the shock a few days after. The Bridegroom, Otto of Meran, promised Beatrice never to rest till he had revenged her uncle's death, and Otto of Wittelsbach was hunted down among some shepherds as he was playing with a ram, and his head was cut off.

Otto of Brunswick offered himself for a second election, and gained it, promising to marry Philip's orphan daughter Beatrice, who at eleven years



BEATRICE LED INTO THE DIET.

old was led into the diet, while Otto said—"Behold your queen! Pay her due honors!" and then committed her to the care of her sister Agnes, the Pfalzgräfin of the Rhine, while he went to Italy to be crowned, and to try to bring Lombardy to be at peace.

It is said that Innocent III. wept for joy at having to crown a Welf Emperor; but the German troops were unruly, helped themselves to whatever pleased them in the Roman shops, and at last a fight took place in the streets, in which many were killed on both sides. Also, when Innocent claimed the lands which Countess Matilda of Tuscany had left to the Church, the Kaiser refused to give them up according to his promises, and the quarrel having thus begun, he most unjustly laid claim to the kingdom

of Sicily as having been cut off from the empire, and actually marched into the Abruzzi.

Young Friedrich, the Pope's ward, defended himself bravely in Sicily, and Innocent, justly angered at the grasping and faithlessness of Otto, excommunicated him, and called on all his subjects to renounce their allegiance. Otto was obliged to hurry back to Germany, where, to strengthen himself, he immediately married Beatrice of Hohenstaufen, but only a fortnight later the poor little bride was found dead—poisoned, it was supposed, by his enemies. Otto was always looked on as belonging to his uncles, the Kings of England, and thus Philip Augustus of France hated him as one of that race. Once, when a boy, Otto had been at Philip's court with his uncle Richard, who pointed him out to the King, saying that one day that boy might be Emperor. Philip laughed scornfully, and said, "When that comes to pass, I will give him Orleans, Chartres, and Paris." When Otto was really Kaiser, he sent to put Philip in mind of his promise. Philip replied that Orleans, Chartres, and Paris were the names of three little puppies, now three old hounds, which he sent to the Emperor! At this time Philip was the friend and champion of Innocent III., while King John of England, Otto's uncle, was, with his kingdom, under the interdict, and Otto was felt to be following him in his misdeeds, rather than acting as a Welf, faithful to the Pope.

Therefore Friedrich was encouraged to make an attempt on Germany, and received the Pope's blessing and recommendation to the German nation, but only on condition that if he succeeded he should give up Apulia and Sicily, for the Popes did not choose to have the Emperors holding both ends of the eel of Italy. Though only eighteen, Friedrich was married to Constance of Aragon, and had a little son named Heinrich, whom he carried to be crowned at Palermo before he set off for Germany.

He was welcomed by the Waiblingers in Lombardy, but he took no army with him, and climbed the passes of the Alps alone with a guide, so as to descend into his own duchy of Swabia, where the people were glad to see him. At Constance the gates were shut when Otto wanted to enter the city, and all the south of Germany soon owned the Apulian child, as Otto called him. He then went to France, and made a league with Philip Augustus, who gave him twenty thousand marks toward his expenses. He took the sum with him to Mainz, and when his chancellor, the Bishop of Speier, asked where he would have it kept, he answered, "Nowhere. It is to be given to our friends;" and at Mainz all the Waiblinger chose him as King, and paid him homage.

Otto was, however, still strong in Brunswick and Saxony, the old homes of his line, but he had mixed himself up in a fierce quarrel of the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, and the other border vassals, with Philip

Augustus, and joined them in a great attack upon France. All France united against them, and in 1214 there was fought the terrible battle of Bouvines, in which Philip gained a complete victory. Otto was in great danger, alone among the enemy, when a French knight tried to cut him down with a battle-axe, missed him, but so wounded his horse that, mad with pain, it tore back with him to his own troops, and there fell dead. He was remounted, but he could not bring his troops back to the charge, and was forced to ride off with them, Philip scornfully saying—"We shall see nothing more of him but his back," though in truth Philip was a much less brave man. Otto's power was broken, and he fled to Köln, where his second wife, Marie of Brabant, added to his troubles by gambling away vast sums at dice. Being unable to pay them, he rode away from a hunting party to Brunswick, and she followed as a pilgrim, and Köln opened its gates to Friedrich.

Otto lived four years longer in Brunswick, and on his deathbed sent his crown by the hands of his brother Heinrich to Friedrich. He was then absolved from his long excommunication, and died in 1218. He had no children, so that Brunswick and Luneburg went to his nephew Otto, the son of his brother Wilhelm, ancestor to the present Queen Victoria of England.

CHAPTER XV.

FRIEDRICH II. A.D. 1218.



FRIEDRICH II., "the Apulian child," was a wonderfully able and brilliant man, brought up in all the old learning that was still kept up in the Italian cities by the greatest scholars of the world, and with all the fire and spirit of the House of Hohenstaufen, together with the keen wit of the Sicilian Normans. Bred in Palermo, he preferred Italy to Germany, and as soon as Otto was dead he set out to be crowned Kaiser at Rome, after having caused his young son Heinrich to be chosen as his successor.

His wife Constance was dead, and the little crusading kingdom of Jerusalem had again fallen to a little girl, Yolande de Brienne, whom Friedrich married, undertaking, as King of Jerusalem, to lead a grand crusade to deliver the Holy City, which was still held by the Saracens.

The Pope, Honorius II., was not pleased with the marriage, and taxed

Friedrich with breaking his promise of preventing Sicily from being in the same hands with Germany, since he had caused his only son to be elected to both; but Friedrich answered that he would take care to settle that, and went on into Sicily, where he had hard work in dealing with his fierce barons, and likewise with a colony of Saracens who had settled in the mountains and on the sea-shore, and gave much trouble to his people by land and sea. Friedrich conquered these Saracens, and moved them into the Apulian cities of Lucera and Nocera, treating them so kindly that he won their hearts, and they served him faithfully; but the Italians were angered by his bringing them among them. There was at this time much curious learning among the Saracens, especially in mathematics and chemistry. Friedrich delighted in such studies, and this raised the report that he was half a Saracen himself. Moreover, he was not leading the life of a good Christian man, but was giving himself up to all sorts of vice and luxury at Palermo. The Pope urged him to begin his crusade, and he sent for his vassals from Germany to join him in it.

Among them came the Markgraf Ludwig of Thuringia, a young man still, who had been married ever since he was a little child to Elizabeth, the daughter of the late King of Hungary. The two children had been brought up together at the castle of the Wartburg, and loved each other dearly, though Ludwig's mother, brother, and sister hated and despised Elizabeth after her father was dead, and tried to set Ludwig against her pious and saintly ways, calling her the gipsy because she was dark-complexioned, and the nun because of her prayers. Ludwig loved her through all, and upheld her in all her works of charity, when she nursed the sick, laid them in her own bed, and fed orphan children, and went to the houses to feed the bed-ridden and dress their sores. There was a story that once, when he met her coming out of the castle with a heavy basket full of broken meat, he asked her what was there. She smiled, and bade him look, and it was full of roses. Perhaps this was meant to show how sweet are deeds of love, for Elizabeth never deceived him, nor did he find fault with her charities. Both were still very young when he was called to go on the crusade, and great was his grief at parting with her and his little children. With him went the chief German minne-singer of the time, Walter of Vogelwiede, and great numbers of noble knights; but the force could not be collected quickly, and those who came first had to wait, in the full heat of the summer, at Otranto and Brindisi, to embark, till sickness began among them, and when at last they did embark it only became worse. Ludwig of Thuringia saw white doves flying round his mast—the sure sign of death in his family—and died before the fleet turned back, as it was forced to do, the Kaisar himself being very ill.

The Pope, Gregory IX., who knew Friedrich's proud character and evil, self-indulgent life, could not believe he had been in earnest about the cru-

sade, and was too angry and impatient to inquire whether his illness was real or only an excuse, would not hear his messengers, and excommunicated him. Friedrich was very angry at the injustice, and it drove him further



CRUSADERS IN BATTLE.

toward unbelief, and love of all the Church condemned, but he still went on with his crusade, though, before he sailed, his wife, Yolande of Jerusalem,

died at the birth of her first child, who was christened Konrad. The Pope did not approve of this expedition being led by one who was still excommunicate, and forbade the Knights Templars and Hospitallers to follow his standard; but instead of fighting he made a treaty with Malek el Kameel, the Saracen Sultan, by which he made a ten years' truce, arranged that the pilgrimage to Jerusalem should be made safe, and that the Holy City should be put into his hands, with all its churches, the Moslems only keeping for themselves the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the old Temple. But the Pope's friends thought the treaty only a snare to get Christians into the hands of the Mohammedans, and when Friedrich marched to Jerusalem, the Holy City was laid under an interdict while he should be there. No Holy Communion, no Church services took place when he visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and he took the crown of Jerusalem off the altar, and crowned himself with it with his own hands. Then he came back to Italy, having learned in the East much of the old Greek learning which had passed to the Saracen Arabs, and, in especial, an Arabic translation of the Ethics of Aristotle, which was afterward much studied in Europe.

The Pope had in the meantime caused Jean de Brienne, the father of Friedrich's late wife, to raise an army, and seize Apulia and Sicily in the name of his infant grandson Konrad, to whom Friedrich was bound, the Pope said, to have delivered it up. His soldiers were called the Key-bearers, as being sent forth by the See of Rome, and bearing the Keys of St. Peter made in cloth on their shoulders; but they were really only savage, plundering men-at-arms, and the people of the country all joined their Emperor gladly in expelling them. The Pope on this gave up his attempt, and peace was made between him and the Emperor, in which Gregory declared that the treaty with the Sultan was the best that could have been made, and absolved Friedrich.

The two had a conference at San Germano, but only one thing is known that was there settled. The Germans had formed an order of soldier-monks like the Templars and Hospitallers for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre; but as there were jealousies between the three, Friedrich wished the Germans, who were called Teutonic Knights, to be removed from the Holy Land, and set to fight with the heathen Slavonians in the lands near the Baltic called Borussia (near Russia) or Prussia. Their Grand Master, Herman von Salza, was made a prince of the empire, and they were to have all the lands they conquered.

Friedrich stayed on in Italy, attending to a university he had founded at Naples, to which he invited scholars from all parts, especially the famous Scotsman, Michael Scott, who translated into Latin his Arabic version of Aristotle, and was looked on by all the ignorant as a great magician. The greatest scholar who grew up at Naples was St. Thomas Aquinas, a most

wonderful teacher, who turned Aristotle's arguments to teach Christian truth. Friedrich's court was full of learning, elegance, and poetry, but chiefly of a self-indulgent kind. He so loved minstrelsy that he gave the city of Orange, in his kingdom of Arles, to a troubadour. The minne-singer Walther of Vogelwiede died about this time, and left lands whose produce was to be given to feed his fellow-minstrels the birds at his tomb, that so there might always be their sweet music round him.

It was a time of very great beauty in everything—poetry, dress, buildings, and all. One of the loveliest buildings in Germany is Marburg Cathedral, which was built by Konrad of Thuringia, brother of Ludwig, in memory of the "dear saint Elizabeth." When the news of Ludwig's death had come home, Konrad and his mother had driven her out with her five babies, homeless and wandering, and seized the government, but the barons and knights restored her little son. The Emperor wished to marry her, but instead of listening to his messages she went into a convent, where her confessor made her use hard discipline with herself, and she died when only twenty-four years old. Then her brother-in-law repented, and built this exquisite church in memory of her. This was the time, too, when the two orders of friars founded by St. Francis and St. Dominic were trying to teach people to love the world and its delights less, and to turn all their learning to holiness and the love of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIEDRICH II., 1250.—*Concluded.*



FRIEDRICH II. had been fifteen years absent from Germany since he set out after his election at Mainz. His eldest son, Heinrich, who had been chosen King of the Romans in his infancy, was sent to reign in Germany, even as a mere child, under the care of Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria; but there was so much crime and misrule that, in the Dukedom of Westphalia, Bishop Engelbert revived a strange secret tribunal called the Vehmegericht of Vehm, which is said to have dated from ancient rites around the Irmansul. Members were sworn in secretly, and met at night. Judges were chosen from among them, and before them persons were tried for their crimes, and if found guilty were sure to be found hanging on trees, a dagger stuck beneath, and the letters carved, S. S. G. G. (stock, stone, grass, green), the meaning of which no one knew. This Vehme was much

dreaded, and did much good in keeping down evil-doers when the regular courts of law were weak.

As Heinrich grew up he became discontented, and thought his father ought to resign the empire to him, and only keep Sicily and Apulia. The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria was murdered while taking an evening walk on the bridge of Kelheim, it is said, by an idiot, whom he had teased; but the young king declared that it was by one of the Eastern assassins sent by his father, and Friedrich and his people suspected Heinrich himself.

So many complaints were sent to the Emperor that he summoned his



ISABEL'S RECEPTION AT WURMS.

son and the German princes to a diet at Ravenna, and there tried to set matters straight between them, intending to come back to Germany as soon as he had arranged the affairs of Lombardy; but before he could do so Heinrich broke out into open rebellion, assisted by his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, and laid siege to Wurms. The Kaiser again crossed the Alps, and being joined by all the loyal Germans, soon crushed the rebellion, and forced Heinrich to come and ask pardon. This was at once granted, but the wretched young man was found to be trying to poison his father, and was therefore sent as a prisoner to Apulia, and was moved about from castle to castle there until his death.

Friedrich remained in Germany, and took as his third wife, Isabel, the sister of Henry III. of England, sending a splendid embassy to betroth her, and going to receive her himself at Wurms, where they were married in the presence of four kings and eleven dukes, all sovereign princes. The festivities are said to have been even more splendid than those at his grandfather's diet at Mainz, and her English attendants were infinitely amazed by the elephants and camels which Friedrich had brought from the East.

Friedrich was called back to Italy by another disturbance in Lombardy, where the cities, with Milan at their head, had formed a league against him. He caused his son Konrad to be elected King of the Romans, and crossed the Alps with his army, and, being joined by all the Ghibellines in Northern Italy, he beat the Milanese at Corunuova. They hoped at least to have saved their beloved standard, but there had been heavy rain, the car stuck fast in a bog, and though they tried to carry off its gilt cross and ornaments, the Germans came too fast upon them, and they were forced to leave it in all its beauty. Friedrich had it drawn into Rome in triumph by an elephant, and placed in the Capitol; but the war was not ended, for Friedrich required the Lombards to submit without making any terms, and they chose rather to defend themselves from city to city.

They knew that the wishes of the Pope were for them, for the Pope was displeased at Konrad, the heir of Sicily, being made King of the Romans, so that the southern kingdom would be joined to the empire, contrary to the Emperor's promise. There was another younger son of Friedrich named Heinrich, but called in German Heinz, and in Italian Enzo, a very handsome youth of twenty, whom Friedrich married to Adelais, the heiress of Sardinia, and made king of that island. But Sardinia had belonged to Countess Matilda, and Gregory declared it was part of the inheritance of the Church, and could not be given away.

On the very Palm Sunday of 1239 that Friedrich was holding a great tournament at Padua, Gregory excommunicated him again, and accused him of having uttered a most horrid blasphemy. This he denied with all his might, sending in his confession of faith, which agreed with that of all the Christian Church, though there is no doubt that he had a careless, witty tongue. The Pope did not consider that he had cleared himself, and tried to find an Emperor to set up against him; but St. Louis of France did not think he was fairly treated, and would not let any French prince be stirred up to attack him.

In the meantime things were going badly in Germany. Young Konrad was learning the German vice of hard drinking, and not making himself respected; and a horrid Mogul tribe, like the Huns of old, were overrunning Germany, and doing terrible damage, till they were beaten on the banks of the Danube. This stopped them, and though they laid Hungary waste, they did not venture again into Germany.

Gregory summoned a council of the Church of Rome to consider of the Emperor's conduct. The chancellor, Peter de Vineis, tried to persuade the German clergy not to go, telling them that at Rome they would find "broiling heat, putrid water, bad food, swarms of gnats, air so thick that they could grasp it, and a disgusting and ferocious race of men; that the Pope would be too cunning for them, and that their lives, their goods, and their souls would all be in danger." A great many were stopped by this, and as to the rest, Friedrich had a fleet on the Mediterranean, and had twenty-two ship-loads of bishops and priests seized and carried to Naples, where it is said that he caused his chief foes among them to be put to death by hunger, and all were roughly handled and robbed, though the French and English were sent home in safety.

Gregory IX., who was nearly a hundred years old, died soon after this failure; the next Pope lived only seventeen days, and Innocent IV., who was next elected, though hitherto the Emperor's friend, could not but go on with the old policy of the Popes, taking the part of the Lombard league, and trying to reduce the power of the Emperor. As Friedrich said, when he heard of the election, he had only lost a friend, for no Pope could be a Ghibelline.*

There was an attempt to make peace, but it only made the breach wider, and Innocent fled from Rome to Lyons, which did indeed belong to the empire, but was much more out of Friedrich's reach than Rome, and then he called another council, to which the bishops could come by land. There all the Emperor's offences were again brought up against him, and he was again excommunicated and deposed. When he heard of it he had all his crowns placed before him, and smiled as he said, "These are not lost, nor shall be till much blood has been shed."

St. Louis tried to make peace, but in vain. A few Guelf bishops were persuaded to elect Heinrich of Thuringia, brother-in-law of St. Elizabeth, but he was defeated, and died of his wounds. Then Wilhelm, Count of Holland, was set up, Friedrich struggling all the time against the Guelfs, both in Germany and Italy, with the help of Enzio of Sardinia, and Manfred, the son of his last wife, Bianca di Sancia, and his favorite among all his children. But while he was ill at Capua, he was warned that his physician had been bribed by his chancellor, Peter de Vigni, whom he had always trusted, to poison him in a draught of medicine. He bade the doctor drink half before his eyes. The man stumbled, and let most fall out of the cup. The rest was by Friedrich's orders given to a condemned criminal, who died of it at once. The chancellor was then imprisoned and blinded, and in the agony thus caused, dashed his head against the wall. Friedrich

* Welfs and Waiblingers in Germany, Guelfs and Ghibellines in Italy.

was bitterly grieved at such treachery in one whom he had so trusted. His son Enzo was made prisoner by the citizens of Bologna, who would not ransom him; and when St. Louis was taken prisoner by the Sultan in Egypt, the Pope accused Friedrich of having betrayed him. This accusation seems to have grieved Friedrich more than anything that had gone before. He was an old man, his strength was worn out, and his last illness came on at Luceria. His son Manfred attended to him, and the Archbishop of Palermo absolved him, and gave him the last sacraments before his death on Christmas-day, 1250. He was a great and noble, but not a good man, though he would have been far better if those who ought to have cared for souls, had not cared for power more than for their duty.

CHAPTER XVII.

KONRAD IV.	A.D. 1250-1254.
WILHELM.	1254-1256.
RICHARD.	1256-1257.

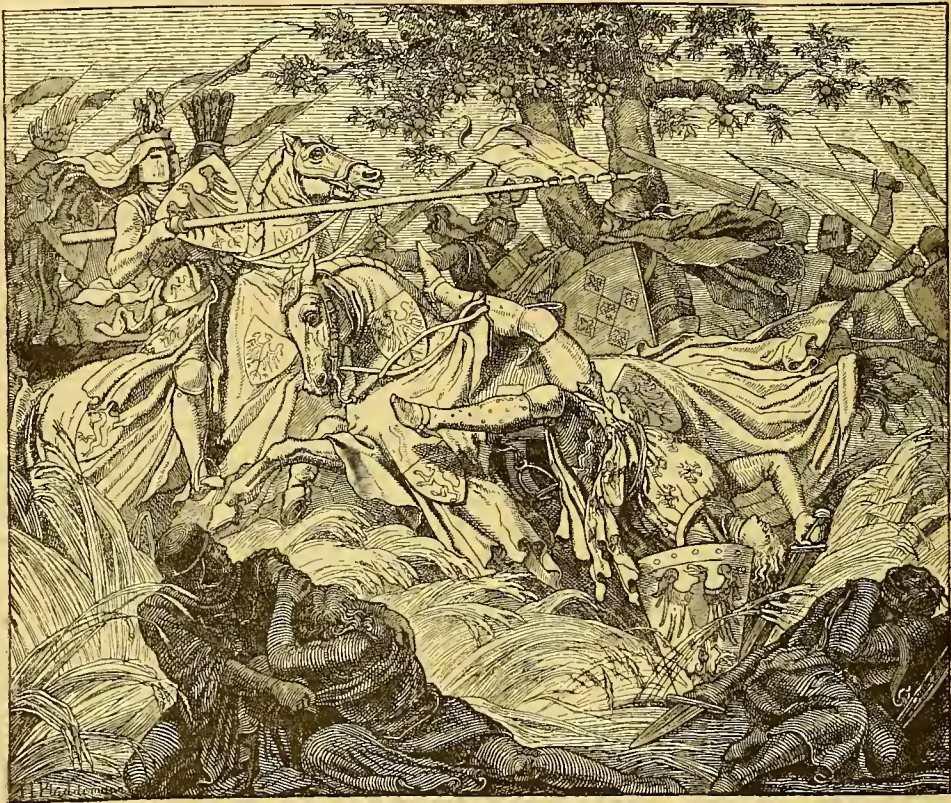


KONRAD had already been crowned King of Germany as well as King of Apulia and Sicily, and his father had decreed that Manfred should act as viceroy of the latter countries, desiring also that any lands taken from the Papal See should go back to it. But Innocent IV. would not acknowledge Konrad, and gave all his support to Wilhelm of Holland as King of Germany; while he made a present of Sicily and Apulia to little Edmund, the second son of Henry III. of England, undertaking to conquer it for him if the English would send him money. This they did, but Manfred was too strong for the Papal troops, and kept the kingdoms for his brother.

Konrad was very nearly murdered in his bed at Regensburg, and the Count of Eberstein, who took his place while he escaped, was actually killed. He was a grasping, haughty man, not much liked, and he offended Manfred by harshness to his mother's relations. In a great battle at Oppenheim Wilhelm gained the victory, and Konrad soon after died of a fever, when only five-and-twenty, in the year 1254. His wife was Elizabeth of Bavaria, and she had one little son named Konrad, but who is generally called Conradin. She knew there was no hope of getting any of the kingdoms of his family for him while he was still a child, so she took him to her father's court, and begged the Pope to adopt him, as Friedrich II. had been

adopted; but Innocent would not accept any of the House of Swabia, and the Guelfs were all of the same mind. Enzo had tried to escape from prison, but a tress of his long golden hair caught in the lock of the door and betrayed him, so that he was pursued, and brought back to die in captivity; and Manfred, who was crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, was conquered and slain by Charles, Count of Anjou, to whom the Pope gave away the two kingdoms.

Germany was in a most disturbed state, for Wilhelm was only half owned as King of the Romans. The most noted act of his life was the lay-



MANFRED KILLED IN BATTLE.

ing of the first stone of the splendid Cathedral of Köln, but he was so much disliked that the men of Köln set the house where he was sleeping on fire, in hopes of destroying him, and his own vassals, the Frieslanders, rose against him. It was winter, and he hoped to cross the ice to put them down; but as he was crossing a swamp the ice gave way under his horse's feet, and while he was struggling in the frozen mud, the Frieslanders came up and slew him without knowing him, in January, 1256. During all these wars the power of the King in Germany had been much lessened. The

great dukes and prince bishops seized on one claim after another till, within their own lands, they became like kings, and Friedrich II., by what was called a Pragmatic Sanction, had confirmed their rights, because he needed their help in his wars against the Pope and Lombard League. Also these princes had quite left off calling on any of the nobles or people to take part in choosing their king, and the seven chief among them always elected him. They were the three grand chancellors of the empire, being the Archbishops of Mainz, Köln, and Trier, with the King of Bohemia, grand cup-bearer; the Duke of Bavaria, high steward; the Duke of Saxony, grand marshal, and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine. These were called electors, in German Kurfürsten, and in the diet sat apart as a separate house or college.

Not only had the princes and nobles grown powerful in the absence of the Emperor, but the cities had become very strong. Many of them had trades and manufactures, and they governed themselves by their own town councils, training their men to arms, and fortifying themselves so as to be a match for the nobles. Those who owned no lord but the Kaiser called themselves free Imperial cities, and made leagues together to defend one another. The most famous of these leagues was called the Hansa—nobody quite knew why—and took in eighty towns, of which Lubeck and Hamburg were among the chief. They had fleets and armies, made treaties, and were much respected. Every citizen in these cities was trained to work at a trade. First he was an apprentice, then a journeyman; after that he was sent out for what was called his wander year, to visit other towns and improve himself in his art, and on his return he might be sworn into the guild of his trade and be a master workman, who could be chosen to be a guild-master or burgomaster, and sit in the town council, which met in the beautiful Guild Hall or Rath-haus. The guilds formed trained bands, which went out to war under the banner of their craft, and the widows and orphans of those who died young were well taken care of. These cities,

o, built splendid cathedrals, such as Ulm, Augsburg, Strasburg, and many more. In these cities there was some order during the evil days that followed Friedrich's death.

When Wilhelm perished, Konrad of Hochstatten, Archbishop of Köln, advised the other electors to choose a rich prince who could give them great rewards, and yet who should have no lands within Germany, so that he could not be able to subdue them all, and keep them in check. The brother of Henry III. of England, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was pointed out by him as the best person, having immense wealth from the tin mines in Cornwall, and being connected with the empire through his wife, Sancha of Provence. Richard, glad of the honor done him, sent thirty-two wagons, all filled with gold, to buy the votes of the electors; but Arnold of Isenberg, the Elector Archbishop of Trier, was jealous of his brother of Trier, and set up as a

candidate Alfonso X., King of Castille, whose mother was daughter to the murdered King Philip of Hohenstaufen. At Frankfort, on the 13th of January, 1257, Richard was chosen King of the Romans by four electors, and on the 1st of April Alfonso was chosen by three, and the two candidates agreed that the Pope should decide between them; but he put off doing so year by year, and in the meantime both princes and towns grew more and more independent, and the cities in Italy ruled themselves, and almost forgot that the Emperor was their master.

Alfonso was called in his own country the Emperor, but he never came to Germany. Richard did try to do something for his own cause, and spent vast sums in gifts to the Germans. He made three visits to Germany, and was crowned at Aachen, where he kept court till he had to go and aid his brother in his struggles with the English barons, and there was made prisoner at Lewes.

In the meantime young Conradin had grown up to man's estate, and a party of Italians, who hated Charles of Anjou, invited him to come and win his father's crown. He set forth with his friend, Friedrich of Austria, and an army of Swabians and Bavarians. He was only twenty, very handsome, winning, and graceful, and all the Ghibelline Lombards joined him with delight. The Pope, Clement V., forbade him to proceed, and excommunicated him, but remained at Viterbo, while Conradin was welcomed at Rome, and his path strewn with flowers. Then he went on to Apulia, but Charles had already crushed his friends there, and in a terrible battle at Sarcola routed his army. Conradin and Friedrich rode off, and meant to renew the fight in Sicily, but they were betrayed to Charles by a noble whom they had trusted. The King collected a court of judges, who at his bidding condemned the two young men to death as robbers. Only one of all was brave enough to declare that such a sentence would be a murder, and he was not heeded. The two friends were tried and condemned to death without a hearing, and were playing at chess when they were told they were to die the next day. They prepared with great firmness and tender affection, and were taken to a scaffold on the sea-shore of the lovely Bay of Naples, in front of a church, Charles sitting at a window where he could see the execution. The sentence was read, and Conradin spoke a few words, owning himself a sinner before God, but, in challenge of his innocence toward man, he threw down his glove among the people. With a commendation to his Father in heaven, and a cry of sorrow for his mother, he laid his head on the block and died, and Friedrich, bursting into tears for his friend, was executed the next moment. The cruel deed was done in 1266.



RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RODOLF.....A.D. 1278.



THE German princes enjoyed the freedom from all higher authority that arose from their having two absent foreign rival kings, but Germany was in a dreadful state of confusion, and bad customs sprang up which lasted for several centuries. Fist-right, which really meant the right of the strongest, was the only rule outside the cities, and even the bishops and great abbots were often fierce fighting men. The nobles lived in castles perched on rocks like eagles' nests, and often lived by plunder and robbery, and if two families had a quarrel, one chief sent the other a letter, called a feud-brief, giving a list of all the wrongs he considered himself or his people to have undergone, and defying the other and all his kindred, after which, each party was free to do the other all the harm in its power. It was said that no noble cared to learn to write, except to sign a feud-brief.

All the learning and civilization that the great Saxon and Swabian Kaisars had brought in was passing away, except in the cities. The nobles were growing more of boors, and giving way to their great vice—drunkenness, and Germany was falling behind all other nations in everything praiseworthy. If an enemy had come against the country it must have been overcome, and Ottokar, King of Bohemia, was so powerful as to be very dangerous. So when Richard of England died in 1271, the Pope, Gregory X., finding that no king was chosen, sent the electors word that if they did not choose a king he would send them one. Thereupon they chose Count Rodolf of Hapsburg. He was a good and brave man, whose possessions lay in Elsass, on the Swiss border, and had fought bravely under Ottokar against the Magyars of Hungary. He was very devout, and it was told of him that once when he was riding to Baden he met a priest on foot carrying the Holy Eucharist to a dying man over miry roads and torrents. He placed the priest on his steed and led him on his way, and when the sick man's house was reached, and the priest would have restored the horse, he said, "God forbid that I should ever again ride to battle the beast that hath carried the Body of my Lord," and he gave it to be used by priests going to visit the sick as long as it lived.

After a battle in which he had lost his horse, the man who had killed it was about to be put to death, but he saved him, saying, "I saw his courage. So brave a knight must not be put to death."

Rodolf was fifty-five years old when he was chosen to be King of Germany, and a better choice could hardly have been made. When he was crowned at Aachen, no one knew what had become of the sceptre, but he took the crucifix from the Altar and made his oath upon it instead, saying that the symbol of redemption was a fit rod of justice. Gregory X. came to meet him at Lausanne, and kneeling before him, he promised obedience to the See of Rome, where he was to be crowned the next year. Ottokar, King of Bohemia, would not now even acknowledge him, and thought himself quite able to make himself independent. He had seized Austria when its



NOBLES PLUNDERING TRAVELING MERCHANTS.

Duke Friedrich died with Conradin, had robbed the poor youth's mother of Styria and had bought Carinthia, all without sanction from the Diet, and he was a terrible tyrant to all under him.

All Germany took part against him, and he was obliged to give up Austria, Styria, and Carniola, and come to do homage for Bohemia and Moravia in the island of Labau on the Danube. While he, in splendid array, was kneeling before Rodolf in his old gray suit, the tent over them was suddenly taken away, and all the armies beheld them. Ottokar thought this a great insult, and as soon as he could raise his troops again, began another

war, and there was a terrible battle at Marchfield, near Vienna, where Rodolf gained a great victory, and cut the Bohemians to pieces. He tried to save Ottokar's life, but the corpse was found pierced with seventeen wounds. Ottokar's Queen submitted, and his little son Wenzel remained King of Bohemia, but Austria, Styria, and Carniola were given by Rodolf to his sons Albrecht and Rodolf.

Rodolf tried to revive the power of the Empire over Tuscany and Lombardy, but he found that he was not strong enough; and rather than quarrel with the Pope, he gave up to Rome all that it had so long claimed



OTTOKAR DOING RODOLF'S HOMAGE.

of Countess Matilda's legacy. When he was asked why he did so, he said, "Rome is like the lion's den in the fable; I see the footsteps of many animals who go thither, but of none who come back."

He was very much beloved at home. He traveled through Germany listening to every complaint. When his men would have kept some peasants from coming near him, he said, "For Heaven's sake let them alone. I was not made King to be shut up from mankind." He always lived and dressed plainly, and when he heard some of his knights grumbling at the

badness of the rye bread and sour wine he was sharing with them, he dismissed them from his service as too dainty for him.

At Mainz one winter morning he was walking about in his old gray dress, and turned in to a baker's shop to warm himself at the fire; but the woman crossly said, "Soldiers have no business in poor women's houses." "Be content, good woman," he said; "I am an old soldier, who have spent my all in the service of that fellow Rodolf, who still suffers me to want." "It serves you right," said the woman; and she began hotly to abuse the Kaisar, saying that she and all the bakers in the town were ruined by his means; and to get rid of him, she dashed a pail of water on the fire and smoked him out. When he sat down to his own dinner he ordered a boar's head and bottle of wine to be taken to the baker's wife as a present from the old soldier. Of course this brought in the woman, crying out for forgiveness, which he granted her, but on condition that she would tell the company all she had said of him. And as he put an end to much extortion on the part of the tax-gatherers, and made the country peaceful, so that the peasants could safely sow and reap, no doubt the bakers soon had no reason to complain. He destroyed sixty-six nobles' castles in Thuringia alone, and hung twenty-nine nobles at once at Erfurt, and was equally severe to ill-doers everywhere, but not too severe, and the saying was, "He was the best warrior of his day; he was the truest man that ever won the office of a judge."

He had a large family, three sons and seven daughters; but one son was drowned, and the second, Rodolf, who was married to the daughter of King Ottokar, died in 1290, before the birth of his only child, Johann. After this, the Kaisar tried to have Albrecht, the only remaining son, chosen King of the Romans in his own lifetime; but the electors said they could not support two kings at once, and put the matter off to another diet. Rodolf was seventy-four years old, and did not live to see that promised diet, dying on the 15th of July, 1291, at Germesheim, on the Rhine. He had never been actually crowned by the Pope, but was generally called Kaisar. He was one of the best rulers Germany ever had, and was the founder of the House of Hapsburg in Austria.



CHAPTER XIX.

ADOLF.....A.D. 1291-1298.
 ALBRECHT.....1298.



ERHARD, Archbishop Elector of Mainz, persuaded the other electors to choose his kinsman, Adolf of Nassau, who is said to have been the poorest prince who ever sat on the throne of Germany. He was fierce and grasping, and made himself much hated.

When Edward I. of England was going to war with France he made an alliance with Adolf, and offered him a sum of money to equip an army to gain back the kingdom of Arles. But Adolf spent the money in buying Meissen and Thuringia from the Landgraf Albrecht, called the Degenerate, who had misused his wife, Margarethe, the daughter of Friedrich II., and taken her children from her. When she parted with them, instead of kissing the eldest, she gave him a fierce bite on the cheek, that the scar might always remind him of her wrongs. The two boys tried to flee from their father, but were taken, and would have been starved in prison if the servants had not had pity on them, fed them and set them free.

They soon found friends to reclaim the inheritance which their father had sold, and half Germany joined them, for Adolf's hired soldiers were detestably cruel. Once they caught two poor women, tarred them all over, rolled them in feathers, and showed them off in the camp as a couple of strange birds, and when the Count of Hohenstaufen complained to the King, he was rudely driven away. The two brothers were beaten in battle, but they kept their own inheritance, for the Thuringians defended themselves bravely for three years, and at the end of that time, Archbishop Gerhard was so ashamed of Adolf as to persuade the other electors that he had justly forfeited the Empire, and they chose Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, the son of the good Rodolf, in his stead.

There was a great battle near Wurms between Albrecht and Adolf. One history says that they met, and that Adolf cried, "Here you shall abandon to me Empire and life," to which Albrecht answered, "Both are in the hands of God," giving him such a blow that he fell from his horse and was killed by some of the Austrians. His knights were so heavily armed that when once their horses were killed they could not get up, but lay helpless, till some one came either to stab them or put them to ransom. This was in 1298.

Albrecht was elected over again and crowned at Aachen. He was very tall and grim-looking, and made the more frightful by the loss of an eye. His great desire was to use his power over the Empire to make his family great; and on the death of Wenzel, the last of the line of Bohemian kings, he obtained that his son Rodolf should be chosen to succeed him. Rodolf would not have been a bad ruler left to himself, but his father forced him to be so harsh that the Czechs rebelled, and when he died in the midst of the war with them, they declared they would rather have a peasant for their king than his next brother Friedrich, and chose Heinrich of Carinthia, the husband of the late King's sister.

Albrecht did one good thing, in forcing the Archbishop Elector of Mainz and the Pfalzgraf to lower the very heavy tolls they took from every one who sailed along the Rhine. Archbishop Gerhard, who viewed himself as a sort of king-maker, said he had only to blow his horn to call up as many Kaisars as he pleased; but Albrecht was too strong for him, and the Pope would not help him.

Next Albrecht attacked the Landgraf of Thuringia, Friedrich with the bitten cheek. Tidings came to the Wartburg that the King was coming with a large army, and the young Landgraf had to flee with his wife and their newly-born child. The little one began to cry violently when the enemy were almost overtaking them, and the Landgraf made his little troop stop, and kept the enemy at bay while his baby was fed and pacified. He was a giant in size and strength, as is shown by the suit of armor still preserved at the Wartburg, and his skill proved sufficient to drive out the Austrians, and save his inheritance.

Another attempt of Albrecht was to use his power as King of the Romans to make the mountaineers of Switzerland subject to his own dukedom of Austria. The three little cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden were bitterly grieved by the harshness of his governor, Gesler, who lived at Altdorf, in a castle which he called Zwing Uri (Force Uri), and three men, Furst, Melchtal, and Werner, met at night and swore to raise the country against the tyrants, each gaining secretly as many confederates as he could. According to the cherished Swiss story, the outbreak was brought on at last by Gesler's setting up his hat in the market-place at Altdorf, and insisting that all the peasants should make obeisance to it. When Wilhelm Tell, the best archer of Uri, passed it unheeding, he was seized and made to ransom his life by shooting an apple placed on his little son's head. He succeeded, but on being asked why he had another arrow in his belt, he answered that had he slain his child, he should have used it to pierce the bailiff's heart. Gesler in his rage declared that he should be placed where he would never see the sun or moon again, and was carrying him off in a boat across the Lake of Lucerne, when a tempest made it needful to unbind the only steers-

man who could save the lives of the crew. Tell brought the boat to shore, and then leaped ashore and fled. Watching his opportunity from behind a hollow tree, as the officers came in pursuit of him, he shot Gesler dead, then rushed away to his comrades, who at once broke forth, seized several castles by surprise, pulled down Zwing Uri, and on the 6th of January, 1308, raised the banner of the Swiss Confederation, and prepared for defence.



GESLER'S HAT.

The rising is certain, but great doubts exist as to the story of Tell, which is found in no chronicle of the time, and which historical critics now declare to be an old story like that of Siegfried and the dragon at Wurms, only placed at a later time.

Albrecht swore to be revenged on the Swiss boors, and was collecting

his forces when his nephew, Johann, the son of his brother Rodolf, came, as he had often done before, to demand possession of his father's inheritance, as he was now nineteen years old. Albrecht scoffingly threw him a wreath of flowers, saying those were the fit toys for his age. Johann vowed vengeance, and arranged his plan with four nobles whom Albrecht had offended. The King was on his way to Rheinfelden, and was in sight of the Castle of Hapsburg, when he had to be ferried over the river Reuss. Johann and his party managed to cross in the first boat with him, leaving the rest of his train on the other side of the river. Then, crying, "Wilt thou now restore my inheritance?" Johann stabbed him in the neck, and three of the others also struck; then all fled, and left him dying, with his head in the lap of a poor woman. They took refuge in Switzerland, but the confederates would have nothing to do with murderers, and the four nobles were given up to justice. The King's family insisted on their punishment being that most cruel one of being broken on the wheel. The one of the party who had not struck Albrecht, Rudolf von der Wart, shared the same horrid death, but was comforted and tended through all the long anguish by his faithful wife Gertrude. Johann the Parricide, as he was called, struck with remorse, after long wandering, came to the Pope, who gave him absolution, and he ended his life in a convent. Albrecht was killed in 1308.

CHAPTER XX.

HEINRICH VII. A.D. 1308-1313.
 LUDWIG V. 1313-1347.



At the time of Albrecht's death, Philip the Fair of France had forced Pope Clement V. to come to live at Avignon, and do his bidding in everything. Philip made Clement command the Electors to choose Charles, Count of Valois, his own brother, but they would not hear of another stranger. Nor would they have another king of the house of Hapsburg but chose instead Heinrich, Count of Lützenburg, the little castle, more commonly called Luxemburg, who was brother to the Archbishop of Trier.

He had never thought of becoming King of the Romans, and was much amazed when the tidings reached him, but he set himself to fulfil his duties, and was one of the best men who wore the crown of Karl the Great. The



WILLIAM TELL.

four sons of Albrecht came to ask investiture of their father's hereditary dominions, and he advised them not to meddle with Austria, which, he said, had been fatal to five kings. They in return advised him not to be the sixth king to whom it should be fatal, and he ended by giving it to Friedrich, the eldest of them, on condition that Switzerland should be declared independent of the duchy, and that they should assist him in his plans as to Bohemia and Italy.

Heinrich of Carinthia had turned out a cruel tyrant, and the Czechs hated him. He had shut up Elizabeth, the sister of Wenzel, the last king of Bohemia, in a castle, whence they delivered her, and then offered her to the King of the Romans for his son Johann. He easily drove out the Carinthian, and the marriage took place when the lady was twenty-two and her bridegroom fourteen. She was a wild, rough, uncivilized being, and Johann, who was a gentle, graceful, knightly prince, never was happy with her, and often left her to rule her own kingdom, while he joined any warlike enterprise that might be afoot.

Heinrich was resolved to restore the old power of the empire in Italy, and to free Rome from the interference of the French. In 1310 he crossed the Alps, and took the cities of Lombardy that tried to hold out against him, then went on to Rome, where he found the city divided between two factions, one who held for him, the other who were in the interest of the French, and had hoped to keep him out by the help of the French King's cousin, Robert, King of Naples. Heinrich, however, gained the Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Church of St. John at the Lateran Gate, but he was repulsed from the Vatican and from St. Peter's. The Pope had been obliged to send three Cardinals with a commission to crown him, and this was done at the Church of St. John, but the enemy actually shot arrows into the choir, which fell on the altar while the Kaiser was kneeling before it. He soon after took his troops to Tivoli, to avoid the unwholesome summer air in Rome. He shewed much justice and wisdom, and the best Italians began to look on him as a perfect head to the State, such as they had always hoped for. He was going to invade Naples, because King Robert stirred up all the Guelfs in Italy against him, when he died suddenly on the 24th of August, 1313. One account says that a priest actually poisoned him with the sacred Chalice, of which Emperors partook in right of their consecration, and that, when he discovered what had been done, he said, "In the Cup of Life thou hast offered me death; fly before my people can take thee," and that his reverence for the holy Elements prevented him from using any means of saving his life. His grandson, however, declared that he did not believe the story. Any way, Germany and the Italian Ghibelines had a great loss in the good Kaiser Heinrich VII.

The electors met at Frankfort, each with an army of knights to support

his choice. Five, with Johann of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, at their head, chose Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria, whose mother was a daughter of Rodolf of Hapsburg, and the other two, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, son to his eldest son. Ludwig was crowned at Aachen, and Friedrich at Köln. Ludwig held most of the north, Friedrich most of the south. Neither could concern himself about Italy at all, and Germany fell back into horrid misrule and disorder—earthquake, famine, and pestilence making the distress



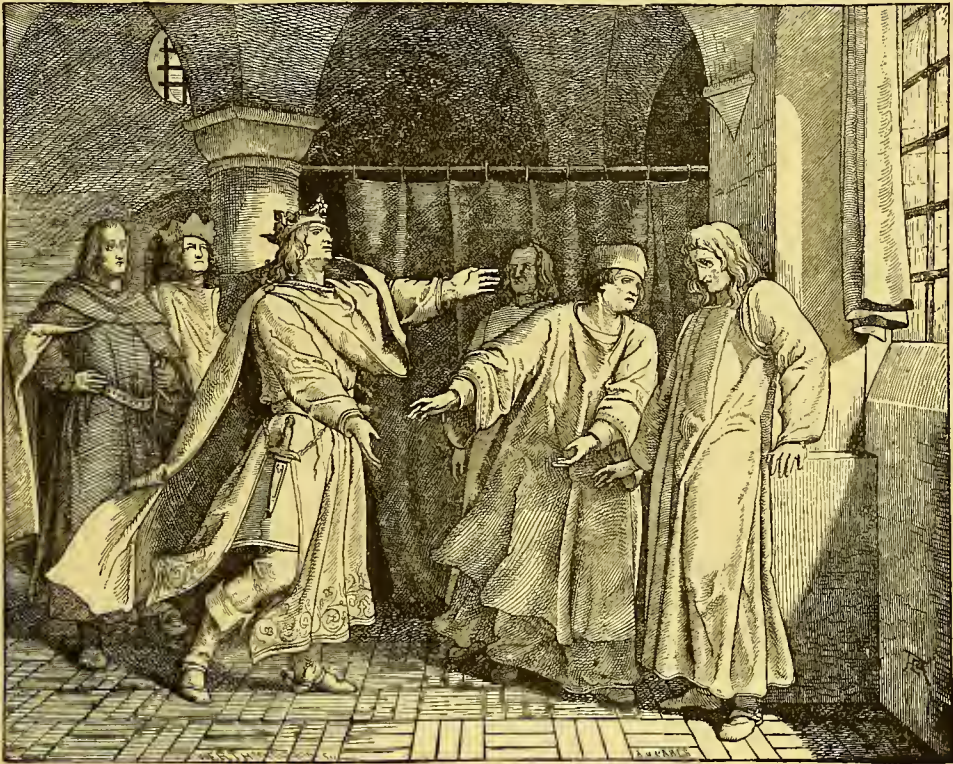
HENRY VII. MOURNED BY HIS PEOPLE.

more dreadful. The Swiss, too, beat the Austrians in a terrible battle at Morgarten.

At last the two cousins fought a dreadful battle at Muhlendorf in 1322. Friedrich thought the victory was his, when he saw a fresh force advancing, and supposed that it was a body of men led by his brother Leopold prepared to rejoice with him; but it proved to be a Bavarian troop, under one Sifred Schwepperman, who came suddenly down on the tired Austrians, mowing them down like grass. One family lost twenty-three members. Ludwig, who had thought himself beaten, was amazed when first young Heinrich of Hapsburg was brought to him as a prisoner, then the Duke of

Lorraine, then Friedrich himself. That evening the steward came to say that he had nothing for the King's supper but eggs, and very few of them. "An egg a-piece," said Ludwig, "and two for faithful Schwepperman. If I sleep in my camp to-night, it is owing to Sifred!" These words were graven on Sifred's tomb, and an egg was blazoned on the family shield.

Ludwig received Friedrich with the words, "Sir cousin, you are welcome," and sent him to the Castle of Trausnitz, his brother Leopold still trying to maintain his cause. Pope John XXII., still in Avignon, laid Germany under an interdict because Ludwig had been made King of the



RECONCILIATION OF LUDWIG WITH FRIEDRICH.

Romans without his sanction; but the Franciscan friars were on Ludwig's side, and continued to minister to the people. After three years, Ludwig came to visit Friedrich in his prison, and reminding him of their near relationship, proposed that they should reign jointly, both being called Kings of the Romans, and their signatures changing places every day. This was agreed to, and though the Pope dissolved the treaty, the two cousins held faithfully to it; but it did not save the life of Friedrich's brother Leopold, who had been pining to death ever since the battle of Muhldorf, grieving for not having come up in time.

Ludwig entered Italy, was crowned at Pavia with the iron crown, and set up a Pope of his own, who crowned him at Rome. Friedrich died in 1330, and Ludwig, as the only Kaiser, held a great diet at Reuse on the Rhine, where the princes declared the Roman Emperor to be the highest power on earth, and to be chosen only by the Electoral princes of Germany.

This became the law of the land, and Ludwig seems to have thought himself head of spiritual matters as well as temporal, for he dissolved the marriage of Margarethe Maultasch, or Wide-mouth, the heiress of the Tyrol, with the second son of King Johann of Bohemia, and gave her to his own second son, Ludwig, whom he had made Markgraf of Brandenburg. This deed made good men, who had hitherto thought him hardly used, turn against him, and they were also jealous when he made another son, named Wilhelm, Count of Holland. He wavered too in his alliance with Edward III. of England, at one time making him his Vicar in the Low Countries, and then turning against him.

The electors met in 1344, and chose a new King of the Romans, Karl of Luxemburg, the eldest son of King Johann of Bohemia, and grandson to Heinrich; but the greater part of the country adhered to Ludwig, and in truth Karl was more French than German. His name was really Wenzel; but he had been sent in his youth to the court of his aunt, the wife of Charles IV. of France, who had given him his name, which is Karl in Germany, and his sister Gutha, or Bonne, as the French called her, was married to Jean, the heir of France. His election at first only turned the Germans against him, and he and his father, now blind, both left the country, and fought under the French standard against Edward III. at Crecy, where Johann was killed, and Karl fled from the field.

The next year, 1347, Ludwig of Bavaria died suddenly in the middle of a bear hunt.



CHAPTER XXI.

GUNTHER.....A.D. 1347-1347.

KARL IV.....1347-1378.



KARL IV. was looked on in Germany as almost a Frenchman, and some of the Electors chose Count Gunther of Schwartzburg in his stead. Gunther was a good old man and much respected, but he died immediately after his election, and it was thought that he had been poisoned. After attending his funeral in full state, Karl was crowned at Aachen.

The Pope much wished to get back to Rome from Avignon, but was afraid of only getting under the power of Germany as he was now under that of France; so he very cautiously treated with Karl. A commission was sent to crown the Emperor at Rome, but only on his promise to stay there no longer than for one month, without arms or army; a promise which the Ghibellines thought unworthy of one who called himself the Roman Emperor.

Karl was said to be the father of Bohemia, his hereditary kingdom, but the step-father of Germany. He sold the crown lands, and he also sold titles and honors to the nobles; thus greatly weakening future Kaisars, and adding to the power and lawlessness of the counts and barons, who heeded him little. Besides, the empire was visited by the Black Death, the horrible disease that raged all over Europe, and was specially dreadful in Germany, where whole villages were left without an inhabitant, and even the cats, dogs, and pigs died. People treated this visitation in different ways. One set declared it was owing to the Jews, and persecuted them frightfully, two thousand of them being burned in one pile in Strasburg alone. Others more rightly thought that the pestilence was a visitation for the sins of Christians, but supposed that penitence might best be shown by scourging themselves.

An order called Flagellants was formed for the purpose; and men and boys, stripped to the waist, went through the streets in the towns singing litanies, while each beat the man in front of him with rods or scourges till he was streaming with blood. The wisest people were the women, chiefly in Flanders, who banded together, under the name of Béguines, to nurse and tend the sick.

In 1356 Karl held a great diet at Nuremburg, at which was drawn up the Edict that was called the Golden Bull, from the golden ball or bubble

in which its seal is enclosed. It is a very noted document, for it fixed the constitution of the Kingdom of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire, making seven Electors, three spiritual and four temporal, and declaring that each in his own province should be a sovereign prince, with no appeal from his decisions, except to the Kaiser himself. The three spiritual Electors were the Archbishops of Mainz, Köln, and Trier; the four temporal were the King of Bohemia, the Markgraf of Brandenburg, the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, and the Duke of Saxony. It was published in the presence of the Emperor on his throne, and the next year another diet was held at Mainz, at which each Elector was present, and feasted in the market-place, each in character with the office he bore in the Imperial household, the three Archbishops each with a seal hanging round his neck as Arch-Chancellors, the Duke of Saxony with a silver peck of oats as Master of the Horse, the Markgraf of Brandenburg with a basin and ewer of gold as grand seneschal; the Emperor's nephew, Wenzel, representing the Bohemian king as grand butler, brought wine in a golden flagon; and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, the grand carver, served up the dishes. After the banquet, the Markgraf of Misnia and the Count of Schwartzenburg, as grand huntsmen, sounded their horns, called up their hounds, and killed a bear and a stag in presence of the Emperor. At this diet was present Charles, the Kaiser's nephew, and heir of France, who had just become Count Dauphin of Vienne, and was thus a vassal of the empire.

This Emperor founded the first German university at Prague, and further did all he could to adorn that city; and he was the first to discover the properties of the waters of Carlsbad, which still bears his name; but he cared little for Germany, and bands of robbers were again infesting the whole country, and the Barons who held direct of the empire, without any Duke or Count over them, were especially violent and ferocious, making their castles on the mountain tops a terror to all around.

Karl, however, cared most for French and Italian affairs. A new Pope, Urban V., was resolved to return to Rome, and he had a warlike Cardinal, named Egidio Albornoz, who prepared his way by making the people submit to him. The Emperor met the Pope at Avignon, and was crowned by him King of Arles, before going to Lombardy, where the cities had grown so much used to governing themselves that few made him welcome, and those who did found him weak and treacherous, and ready to do anything, grant any favor, or break any promise, provided he was bribed.

However, when Urban arrived at Rome, Karl met him at the gates, and walked by his side on foot, leading his horse. When the Pope said Mass he served as a deacon, and he caused his fourth wife, Elizabeth of Stettin, to be crowned at Rome, after which he stayed four months in Tuscany, chiefly at

Lucca, trying what he could get from the Italian cities, and the families who were trying to become their lords.

Urban was obliged to return to Avignon, and there died; but the next Pope, Gregory XI., really came back to Rome, though the Cardinals had come to dislike the city so much that six of them stayed behind at Avignon. When Gregory died in 1378, some of the Cardinals chose Urban VI., an Italian, who could be trusted to live at Rome, but some who longed to be back at Avignon declared that they had only done so because the Roman mob had been shouting round them, "A Roman, a Roman." They fled



KARL IV. ENTERS AVIGNON.

away, and chose a Pope of their own who would live at Avignon, and thus began the great schism which did much harm to the Church. England and Germany held with the Roman Pope, and France with the Avignon Pope.

In that same year, 1378, Karl IV. died. He was a clever man, who knew many languages, and ruled Bohemia well; but he was careless of Germany, and used Italy as a mere treasure-house. By much bribery he had managed to get his eldest son, Wenzel, chosen King of the Romans two years before his death, and he had persuaded his brother to make him heir also to Luxemburg. He had another son named Siegmund, and his daughter was "good Queen Anne," the much-loved wife of Richard II. of England.

CHAPTER XXII.

WENZEL.....A.D. 1378-1400.



WENZEL or Wenceslaf of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, had been chosen King of the Romans, and succeeded his father at seventeen. He was a man of rude and coarse nature, more like one of the half-crazed Roman Emperors than any Christian ruler, in the strange wild cruelties he committed. He left Germany to itself, and the disorders there grew so great that the cities, and the better sort of nobles in Swabia, formed themselves into a great league for defending one another and keeping order, sometimes attacking and taking robbers in their castles, and having them put to death. In truth, the king had now so little power in Germany that his ferocity could not do much mischief there. When he sent to the citizens of Rothemburg for a contribution of 4000 florins, and they refused, all the harm he could do them was to answer them in this letter, which is still preserved :

"To our unfaithful men of Rothemburg, who are disobedient to the Empire :

"The devil began to shear a hog, and spake thus, 'Great cry and little wool.'

REX."

But at his own Court at Prague he could show what he was. He invited the Czech nobles to an entertainment, where they found three tents pitched, black, white, and red. Wenzel himself was in the black tent, and as each came in, demanded of him what crown lands he held. If the noble said he was willing to yield them up, he was taken to the white tent, where he found a sumptuous banquet ; but if he declared that he had a right to them, he was hurried off to the red tent and beheaded.

At the next entertainment he gave, before his guests sat down, he showed them the executioner leaning on his axe, and said to that grim personage, "Wait awhile, thou shalt have work enough after dinner." The nobles were not slow to take the hint, and Wenzel got whatever he chose to demand of them.

His wife must have had a miserable life, for he kept a pack of blood-hounds always about him at table, and in bed, where she was often torn by them. This unfortunate lady was Johanna of Bavaria, and she had a confessor named Johann Nepomuk, who led her to become very pious and devout, and could sometimes even restrain the King himself. Once, however,

when a fowl had been served up underdone, Wenzel ordered the unhappy cook to be fastened to a spit and roasted before the fire. Nepomuk threw himself before him, and used every means to make him change his horrible sentence, but in vain. He was only ordered off to prison, and kept there for several days, after which he was sent to the palace, invited to dinner with the King, and treated with great honor. But when Wenzel was alone with him, he found that it was to make him tell what the Queen said to him in confession, and this, as a good priest, he could not do. The King finding persuasions and promises in vain, had him tortured, and as he still refused, he was thrown bound hand and foot into the Moldau in the middle of the night, from the bridge at Prague which still bears his name; but his corpse floated up, and was carried to the Cathedral, the clergy and people flocking to see it and touch it, as that of a saint and martyr.

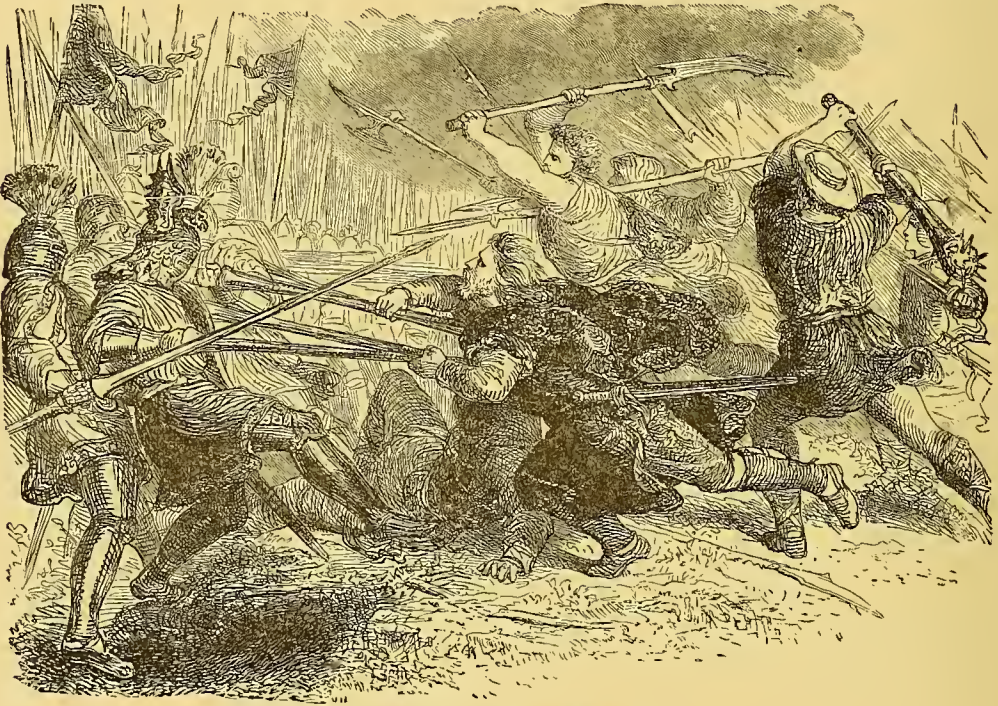
Wenzel's chief favorite was his executioner, whom he used to call "Gossip." He declared that he wanted to know what a man felt when he was beheaded; so he told the executioner to bind his eyes, laid his head on the block, and cried, "Strike." The man did so, but only with the flat of the sword. The King started up, ordered him to lay down his head in his turn, caught the sword up, and actually cut off his head!

His brother Siegmund, whom his father had made Elector of Brandenburg on the failure of the old line, and who had been married to the daughter of the King of Hungary, chosen by the Magyars as their king, was asked by the Czechs what to do with this dreadful madman. He advised them to keep him as a prisoner, and they shut him up in a castle at Prague. After some months, one day, when he was allowed to bathe in the Moldau, he managed to make his escape in a boat rowed by a young girl, and reaching one of his castles on the other side of the river, took up arms against the people. His brother Siegmund was called in, and coming with an army, made him prisoner again, and sent him to Vienna. There he was shut up in one of the towers of the castle, from the window of which he saw an old fisherman named Grundler giving alms, whenever he could, to the prisoners in the court. Wenzel called him, and so talked him over that he brought a silken cord, by means of which the King let himself down from the tower to a boat on the Danube, where Grundler was waiting to row him across. He reached Prague, and there set up his banner again, got back his kingdom, and rewarded Grundler by making him a noble.

In the meantime another attempt had been made by Duke Leopold of Austria to subdue the Swiss. He came with an army of four thousand knights against the peasants, who only mustered fourteen hundred men, many of them with shields of wood, and clubs with spikes round their heads, which they called morning stars. A knight called Hans of Hasenburg (Hare Castle) begged the Duke not to fight till his infantry should

have come up; but another knight cried, "Hare Castle! Hare Heart rather! I'll serve these fellows up to-night to the Duke, boiled or roasted, whichever he likes best."

The Austrians, who had sent their horses away because the ground was rough, drew up on foot at Sempach like one steel wall bristling with spears. The peasants knelt for a moment in prayer, and then an Unterwalden farmer, Arnold von Winkelried, shouted, "I will make a way for you, comrades. Take care of my wife and children." Therewith he dashed against the spears, grasped as many as he could in his arms, and pressing them all



ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

against his breast, held them there in the clasp of death, while the Swiss pressed into the gap he made, over his body, and broke the German ranks. Terror seized the army; they fled, all but the few braver ones who fought hard and desperately. The Duke was among them, and was killed at last as he lay wounded on the ground by a hump-backed plunderer, who was hung by the Swiss for the cowardly murder. Wenzel had by this time grown entirely unbearable, and in 1400 a diet was held at Laenstein, which deposed him and elected Friedrich of Brunswick; but on the way to Frankfort to be crowned the new King was treacherously murdered by the Count of Waldeck. Then the Electors chose the Pfalzgraf Ruprecht of the Rhine,

and Wenzel said he was very glad to hear of his own deposition, since he should have more time to attend to his own kingdom. He behaved much better during the nineteen years he survived, and took much interest in the University at Prague, where Johann Huss was the Professor of Philosophy, and taught the doctrines of Wickliffe, which had been brought from England by a noble in the suite of Queen Anne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUPRECHT.	A.D. 1400-1410.
JOBST.	1410-1411.
SIEGMUND.	1411.



RUPRECHT of the Rhine was a good and able man, but there was still a party who made the existence of Wenzel an excuse for obeying nobody, and the new King was not strong enough to force them to obey him. He tried to interfere in the affairs of Italy, which was in a state of great disorder, but he was defeated at Brescia, where the Duke of Austria was made prisoner, and this battle was the last the Germans fought on the other side of the Alps for at least fifty years, during which time the great free towns were nearly all seized by tyrant citizens who took the chief power.

In Germany Ruprecht was more respected, and put down the injustice of the Markgraf of Baden, who made every one who went through his lands pay a heavy toll. Ruprecht married his eldest son, Ludwig, to Blanche, daughter of Henry IV. of England, but she died at the end of the first year.

On Ruprecht's death in 1410, the Electors went back to the House of Luxemburg; but they were not agreed, half of them taking Jobst of Luxemburg, Markgraf of Moravia, son of a younger son of the blind John of Bohemia; and the other half, his cousin Siegmund, King of Hungary, and Elector of Brandenburg. Jobst was crowned, but died the next year, 1411, and at the diet ensuing, Siegmund, as Elector, voted for himself, saying that there was no one whose good qualities he knew so well as his own. The others agreed to accept him, and he was crowned at Aachen.

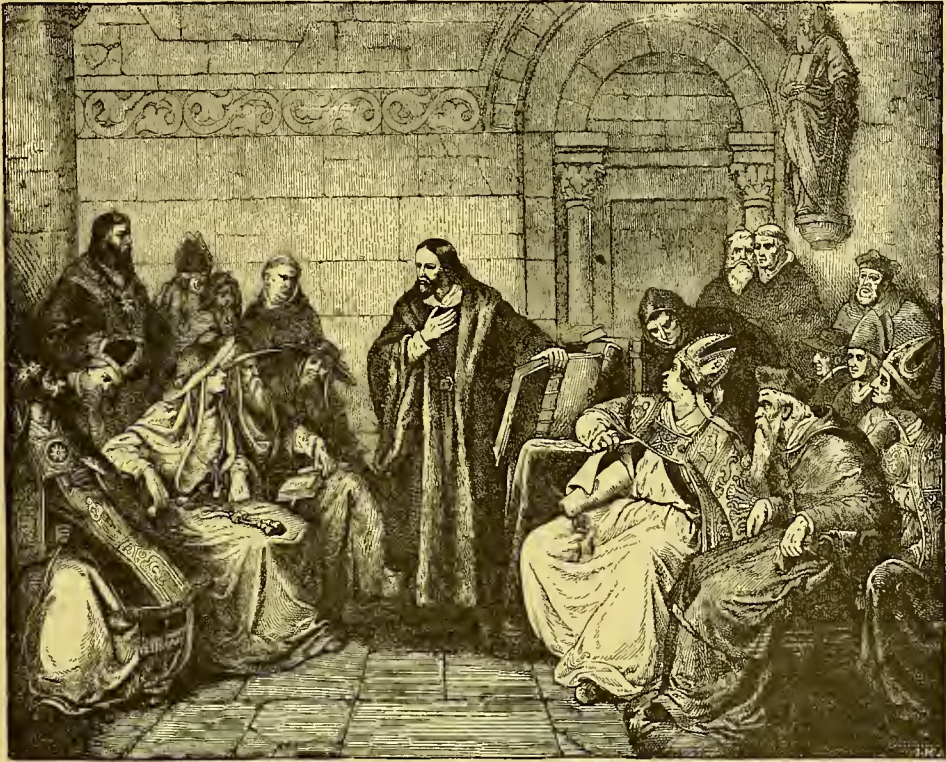
He was a clever man, with good intentions, but vain and flighty, and with the restless spirit of all the Luxemburg family. He was anxious to bring the Great Schism to an end, for it was now worse than ever, an

attempt at a council having been held which had deposed both Popes and elected another, but as neither would obey it, there were three Popes, just as there had been, during Jobst's life, three Kings of Germany at the same time. The need was the more felt that the teaching of the English John Wickliffe had been brought to Bohemia by the followers of Queen Anne, and had found favor at the University of Prague with two Bohemian scholars, Johann Huss, professor of philosophy, and Jerome Faulfisch, a master of arts. Wenzel had encouraged them, and the more Catholic professors had all gone off in a body to Leipzig. Hussite preaching had spread through Bohemia, and the Czechs were strongly crying out against the Pope's claim to be universal Bishop, and against the denying the Cup in the Holy Communion to the laity, as well as many of the horrid corruptions that had grown up in the Church. One of the worst of these was, that whereas the Popes had ventured to declare that whoever went on a crusade or on a pilgrimage to Rome would be freed from a certain number of years of purifying fire, which was called Purgatory, it had lately been said that indulgences, remitting part of the penance, might be had for money, which was supposed to go in alms, but was generally spent on the needs of the Pope and his Cardinals.

Siegmund was bent on holding a Council to set all these abuses to rights. He went to France and Italy, and at last in November, 1414, he brought together one of the three Popes, John XXIII., three Patriarchs, thirty-three Cardinals, forty-seven Archbishops, one hundred and forty-five Bishops, two hundred and twenty-four Abbots, eighteen hundred Priests, and seven hundred and fifty Doctors of Theology, at Constance. They were followed by a strange crew of all sorts of people, friars, knights, squires, merchants, pedlars, mountebanks, jugglers, beggars, so that all around the city was like an enormous fair. The clergy of each nation were to form different chambers, Italian, German, English, French, and Spanish. It was said of them, "The Germans are imperious and patient, the French boastful and vain, the English ready and wise, the Italians subtle and intriguing." Siegmund made a speech to open the Council, but he was wrong in his grammar, and when one of the Cardinals corrected him, he said, "I am King of the Romans, and lord of the Latin grammar." The first decision was that a Council of the Church is supreme to the Pope. Then Siegmund told the Council of the promises of the two absent Popes to resign, and John XXIII., finding that horrible stories were coming out against him, made oath that he would do the same; but instead of doing so, he persuaded Friedrich, Duke of Austria, to help him to run away to Schaffhausen. However, it was decided that this was the same as an abdication, and Friedrich was severely punished, and forced to give him up to be imprisoned for life.

Then the Council began to consider of doctrine. Siegmund had given a

safe-conduct to Johann Huss, to come to and go from Constance; but fearing it would not be respected, Huss tried to escape in a wagon of hay, but he was found and brought back again. Wickliffe's writings were read, and the errors in them condemned, and then John Huss was brought before the Council and forbidden to continue this teaching on pain of death. He would not promise silence, so he was condemned to be burnt, and when he appealed to the King's safe-conduct, Siegmund said that no faith was to be kept with a heretic, and Huss was burnt at a stake outside the town.



HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

The next thing Siegmund did was to go all the way to Perpignan on the Pyrenees to force one of the anti-Popes to resign, and though he failed to do this, he persuaded the Spanish kings to withdraw their support, and promise to own any Pope whom the Council might elect. He gained the same promise from the French by going to Paris, and he then visited England, spent St. George's day at Windsor with Henry V., and was made a Knight of the Garter, and persuaded no less than four hundred Englishmen to go to the Council at Constance.

Not much had been done there except the burning of Jerome of Prague; but when the King returned, and Cardinal Beaufort arrived, the Germans,

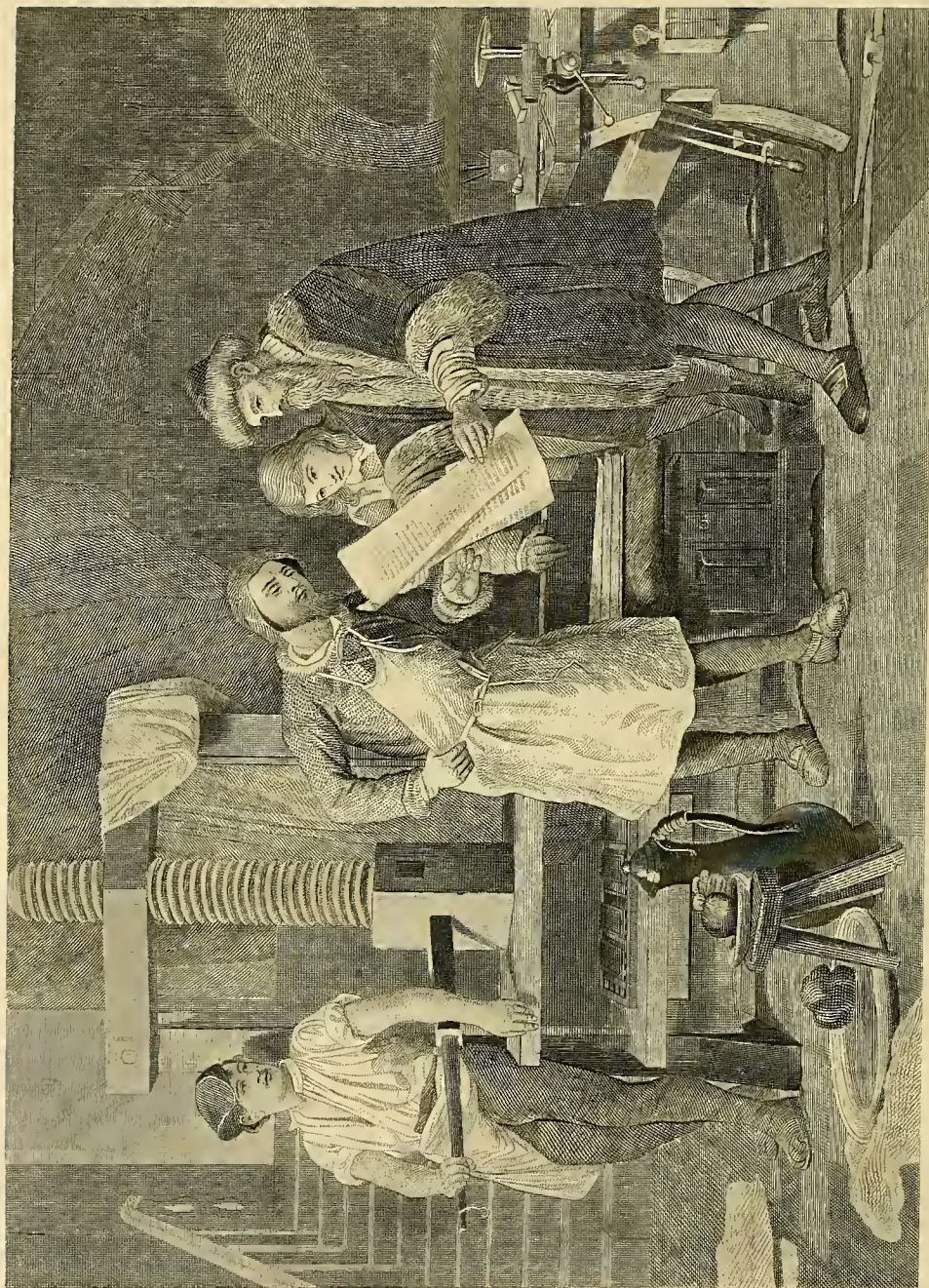
who had tried hard to get the worst abuses reformed before a new Pope was chosen, gave way, and Martin IV. was elected. He hushed up matters by giving to each nation for a time what they most craved for, but staved off any real reformation.

But Huss's death had caused a terrible uproar in Bohemia, headed by a noble called John Ziska. He marched through Pragne, storming the council chamber, and murdering the clergy. King Wenzel was dreadfully excited at the sounds, and one of his servants saying that he had known for the last three days that there would be an outbreak, he jumped up, caught the man



ZISKA IN BATTLE.

by the hair, and would have killed him; but being withheld by the bystanders, fell into a fit and died in 1419. Ziska, with a banner bearing the Chalice, marched through Bohemia, at the head of an army of all ranks, sexes, and ages, committing horrid ravages, though they called themselves God's people. When a battle was fought, he bade the women take off their veils and mantles and throw them on the ground to entangle the feet of the horses of their enemies. Though he soon lost his sight, he was a great captain, using a terrible iron mace which beat down all before him, and he defeated both Siegmund and the Duke of Austria.



GUTTENBERG 1400-1468

Selmar Hess, Publisher, New York.

He died in the Plague in 1424, but Procop Holy was almost equally successful, and when, in 1431, the council of Basle met to confirm the decrees of Constance, peace was made with the Hussites, or Calixtines, as they termed themselves in honor of the Chalice, and they were allowed to have the Holy Eucharist in both kinds, freedom of preaching, and to keep the property of which they had robbed the priests.

After this, Siegmund was owned as King of Bohemia, and with his second queen, a wicked woman named Barbara Cilly, was crowned at Prague. They had only one daughter named Elizabeth, and Siegmund had given the electoral county of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, Burgraf of Nuremburg. The kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, and the Empire he wished to leave to his daughter's husband, Albrecht, Duke of Austria; but Barbara was scheming to keep them herself, and marry Ladislaf, King of Poland, though he was twenty-three and she sixty, and so she pretended to be a great friend of the Hussites, so as to get their support, though she really believed in nothing.

Siegmund thought his last illness was owing to poison that she had given him, and ordered her to be arrested. He called the barons of Hungary and Bohemia to his death-bed, and named his son-in-law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, as his successor in these kingdoms. He died in Moravia, in his seventieth year, on the 9th of September, 1438.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALBRECHT II. A.D. 1438-1440.
FRIEDRICH III. 1440-1482.



ALBRECHT of Austria had to fight with the Calixtines for the crown of Bohemia, but was accepted at last, and he was also chosen King of Hungary and King of the Romans. He was a good and able man, and as King of Hungary found himself bound to keep back the terrible Othman Turks, who had become the chief Mohammedan power. They had crossed the Dardanelles, made their capital at Adrianople, and were threatening Constantinople on the one hand, and Hungary on the other.

Albrecht marched against them, and encamped on the Danube, but he had not men enough to prevent the fall of the Servian city of Semendria, and when he succeeded in collecting an army, the unwholesome marshes in

which he was encamped brought on illness which forced him to turn back. He was so ill that his physician begged him to stop at Buda, but he declared that he should be well if he could only see Vienna and his wife again, and was carried forward in a litter to a little village near Gran, where he died at forty-two years old, having only reigned two years. He left two little daughters, and a son who was born after his death, and christened Ladislas or Lassla.

The Hungarians wanted a man to defend them, and offered their crown to King Ladislas of Poland; but when he came to be crowned, the holy



THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.

crown of St. Stephen of Hungary could nowhere be found, till Elizabeth with her little son appeared at Weissenberg, and produced the crown, which had been hidden in his cradle. He was crowned with it and knighted at twelve weeks old; but the disputed succession was a miserable thing for all Europe, when Hungary ought to have been the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. However, the King of Poland was chosen for the present by the great body of Hungarians, and Elizabeth retired into Styria, where she soon died.

The Electors had in the meantime met, and had given the crown to the

eldest member of the House of Hapsburg, Friedrich, Duke of Styria, first cousin to Albrecht, a dull, indolent man, but very avaricious and grasping. Everything he had was marked with the letters A E I O U, which puzzled every one all his life, but after his death a key was found in his own handwriting.

Latin—*Austriæ est Imperare orbi universo.*

German—*Alles erdreich ist Oesterreich untherthan.*

Or, as we may render it in English—

Austria's Empire is over [the] universe.

or

All earth is Oesterreich's underling.



FRIEDRICH'S RECEPTION OF ELEANOR.

Indeed he thought much of astrology and magic, and cared more for these than for the affairs of the Empire, except that he grasped all the money that came into his possession. He was not Duke of all Austria, which was divided between him and his brother Albrecht, and he had neither Hungary nor Bohemia; but he was the last Emperor who was crowned at Rome, in 1452, and he then made the Austrian title, *Erzherzog*, or Archduke.

His wife was Eleanor of Portugal, a beautiful lady who met him at Siena, and was married to him at Rome by the Pope himself, after which he

knighted his young cousin, Lassla, king by right of Bohemia and Hungary. There were prodigious feasting, with tables for thirty thousand guests, and the fountains running with wine; but Friedrich was so little thought of in Italy that practical jokes were played on him. As he rode into Viterbo under a canopy of cloth of gold, some young men let down hooks from the balconies above, and pulled that up, after which they proceeded to fish for his hat which had a valuable jewel in it; but this was more than Friedrich could bear, he seized a staff, and charged the uncivil crowd. The ringleaders were sent to prison, but released at his request.

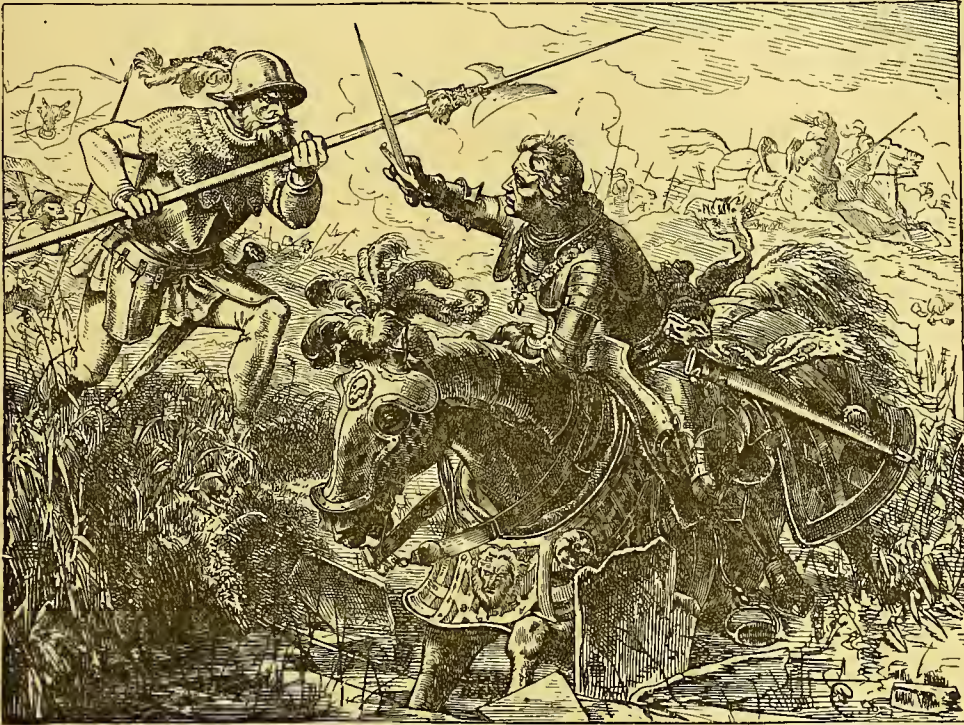
Young Lassla died in 1457, and Bohemia chose for king, George Podiebrad, a Hussite noble, while the Hungarians elected Matthias Corvinus, son of John Huniades, a nobleman who had bravely defended them against the Turks—who, in 1453, had taken Constantinople, and were more dangerous than ever. Friedrich was greatly disliked even in Austria, and was actually besieged in the fortress of Vienna with his wife and child by the populace, till he was delivered by George Podiebrad, whom he rewarded by owning him as King of Bohemia.

His brother Albrecht died in 1463, and he then gained the rest of Austria, except the Tyrol, which belonged to his cousin Siegmund, as did also Elsass. Siegmund being an extravagant needy prince, mortgaged Elsass to the great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who had inherited Flanders, Holland, and all the lands at the mouths of the Rhine, Maes, &c., which were partly fiefs of Germany and partly of France; Charles was like the king of all this, the richest country in Europe; and as he had only one child, Mary of Burgundy, he proposed to marry her to Maximilian, the only son of Friedrich, on being himself elected King of the Romans. Thus, after his death, Maximilian and Mary would reign together, and large hereditary possessions would be added to Austria. Friedrich and his son met Charles at Trier. Maximilian, whose name had been invented by his father as a compound of Maximus and Æmilianus, was a splendid young man of eighteen, with long fair hair, a great contrast to his dull, heavy father, who was lame from a disease in his foot, brought on by a habit of always kicking doors open.

There were eight weeks of feasting and tilting at Charles's expense, and preparations were made for Charles's coronation as King of the Romans, when five out of the seven Electors, angry that their consent should have been taken for granted, and for different reasons disliking Charles, persuaded the Emperor out of the scheme, and in the middle of the night Friedrich stole down to the river Moselle, took boat, and had reached Köln before his flight was discovered. He had left all his debts unpaid, and no farewells for his host.

The Duchy of Lorraine had been seized on by Charles, and the rightful

heir, Réne of Vandémont, was fighting hard for it, supported secretly by Louis XI. of France, the great foe of Burgundy. And Siegmund had hopes of getting back Elsass without paying the sum it was pawned for, since Charles's governor, Peter von Hagenbach, was harsh and cruel, and hated by the people, who, jointly with a band of Swiss, rose against him, and put him to death at Breisach. There broke out a great war between Burgundy on the one hand, and Lorraine, Elsass, and Switzerland on the other. The Swiss overthrew the knights in two great battles at Granson and Muret,



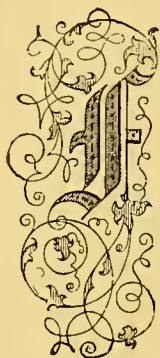
CHARLES THE BOLD AT NANCY.

and finally, while Charles was besieging Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, they came down on his camp in the dawn of the Twelfth day morning of the year 1477, broke up his fine army, and left him lying dead in a frozen pool.

His young daughter did not inherit Burgundy, but was heiress to the many counties of Holland and the Netherlands. She was beset by Louis XI., who wanted to marry her to his son, and her own subjects in the great Flemish towns were turbulent and factious, and put her father's trusty old counsellors to death for a supposed intrigue with France. In her distress, she sent Maximilian a ring, and he hastened to her aid, and married her at once. For three years they were most happy together; then in 1482 she was killed by a fall from her horse, leaving two little children, Philip and Margarethe.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRIEDRICH III. A.D. 1482-1493.



FRIEDRICH III. was in trouble at home while his son was in the Low Countries. The Pope would not own George Podiebrad as King of Bohemia, because he was a Calixtine, and a crusade against him was preached in Germany and Austria. In much anger, George invaded Austria, and brought the Emperor to such distress that he promised to support Matthias Corvinus, who had been elected by the Bohemian Catholics, if he would defend Austria.

However, he then grew alarmed at the notion of the two kingdoms being joined under so great a leader as Matthias, and when George proposed to the Bohemians, Ladislas, the son of the King of Poland, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of Albrecht II., he gave the measure his support, and Ladislas claimed the crown on George's death.

Matthias was very angry at Friedrich's treachery. He defeated the Polish army which was supporting Ladislas, and also gained a great victory over the Turks, and took the fortress of Saltzbach on the Danube, which was a great protection against the Othman power. Then he invaded Austria, where the Emperor made no resistance, but fled from Vienna and went wandering from city to city and convent to convent, seeking help which he could not find.

Nor could his son give him any aid, for the States of Flanders and Holland would not let Maximilian have the charge of them for his little son after his wife's death, but concluded a treaty with Louis XI. of France, and sent the infant Margarethe to be brought up at Paris for a wife for the Dauphin Charles. However, at a diet at Frankfort, the Electors chose Maximilian King of the Romans, and soon after, Anne, the heiress of Brittany, who was sorely pressed by the French on one hand and her own people on the other, sent to beg him to come and marry her, and save her from her enemies. He set out with a troop of Germans, but he had to pass through the city of Bruges, and there the burghers were so angry at his bringing Germans into Flanders, that when he came into the town with only his own attendants, they rose upon him, and drove him into an apothecary's shop, whence he was taken to the castle and kept a prisoner for ten months, till the German princes collected an army and forced the Flemings to make terms, and to set him free. He behaved through the whole time with the



P. RUBENS p^t

WALTHER sc.

MAXIMILIAN I.

Sehmar Hess, Publisher New York

greatest patience and good humor, and after giving thanks for his freedom in the Church at Bruges, turned to the citizens and said, "We are now at peace." By that time Anne of Brittany had become the wife of that very Charles of France who had been betrothed to Maximilian's daughter Margarethe, and she was sent back to Brussels, father and daughter being thus both disappointed.

Maximilian was a fine tall graceful man, who had studied all that was then known of language, art, and science, and was brave to rashness. He went into a den with some lions, and when the door closed on him, and they turned on him, he defended himself with a shovel till help came. He climbed to the topmost pinnacle of the spire of Ulm Cathedral, and stood there with half one foot overhanging. He was a most fearless chamois hunter, and had been in many terrible dangers from winds and avalanches in the Tyrolean mountains. Once he slipped down a precipice called the Martinswand, and was caught by a small ledge of rock with a cleft behind it, whence there was no way up or down. The whole population came out and saw him, but could do nothing to help him, or hinder him from being starved. He threw down a stone with a paper fastened to it, begging that Mass might be celebrated below, and a shot fired to let him know the moment of the consecration. At night, however, he suddenly appeared among his friends, saying that a shepherd boy had come and led him through a passage in the cleft through the mountain, and brought him back in safety. This shepherd was never seen again, and was believed by the Tyrolese to have been an angel. A little church built by Maximilian still stands on the top of the rock.

For his daring courage he was called the Last of the Knights; and he made many experiments on the management of fire-arms, which were just coming into general use. In these he ran great risks and had hairbreadth escapes. Once the long pointed toe of his boot was caught and torn off by the wheel of a machine for turning stone cannon-balls; and another time he was just in time to detect his fool putting a match to the mouth of a cannon before which he was standing. He made, however, many improvements in the artillery of the time; he greatly encouraged printing; and especially favored the great Nuremburg painter, Albrecht Durer. He even wrote in great part two curious books called "Theurdank" and "The White King," in which he described his whole life and adventures in a sort of allegory, in both bringing in his marriage with Marie of Burgundy, for whom he never ceased to mourn all his life.

Meantime the misrule and lawlessness of Germany were unbearable. A robber knight called Kunz of Kauffingen, in 1455, actually scaled the Castle of Altenberg, belonging to the Elector Friedrich the Mild of Saxony, in the middle of the night, and stole his two little sons, Ernst and Albrecht.

Ernst was hidden by some of the band in a cave, but Kunz himself, carrying Albrecht before him on his horse, halted in a forest at daybreak, and dismounted to refresh the child with some wild strawberries. A charcoal-burner came up at the moment, and Albrecht shrieked out to him for help; when he laid about him so gallantly with his long pole, that he detained Kunz till at his whistle other woodmen came up; the boy was rescued, and the robber taken. His gang then gave up the other child to his parents, and Kunz was beheaded at Freiburg a week later.



A ROBBER KNIGHT EXACTING TRIBUTE.

The princes and cities began to exert themselves to prevent such outrages, the Swabian League especially; feud letters were strictly forbidden, and the castles on the mountains where the nobles had held out against all law and order were stormed, and the nobles reduced to submission, or else put to death. In all this the Emperor took little part, being chiefly taken up with astrology and alchemy, and with hoarding treasure; and indeed he behaved shamefully in withholding the ransoms of his own Austrian nobles who had been made prisoners by the Turks.

When Siegmund of Hapsburg died he left Tyrol to Albrecht, Duke of

Bavaria, who had married Friedrich's daughter, Kunigunde. He also seized the great Imperial city of Regensburg; but with the aid of the Swabian League he was reduced to make peace by the mediation of Maximilian. The high qualities of the King of the Romans had led Matthias Corvinus to be willing to make him his heir, but the Magyars chose instead Ladislas of Poland, who was already King of Bohemia.

Friedrich was seventy-eight years old when he had his diseased leg cut off. He took it in his hand, saying, "There! a sound boor is better than a sick Kaiser." He seemed to be going on well, but he ate too plentifully of melons, and died on the 19th of August, 1493, having reigned fifty-three years, a reign longer than that of any Emperor except Augustus.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAXIMILIAN. A.D. 1493-1519.



KAISAR MAX, as every one called him, though he never was crowned as Emperor, began by gallantly driving back the Turks, who had advanced as far as Laybach, so that he was hailed at Innspruck, his favorite city, as a deliverer.

He then married Bianca Maria, the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, because he wished to have a footing in Italy; but he never loved her like the wife of his youth, and she seems to have been a dull heavy woman, who grew inordinately fat from eating snails. The affairs of Italy were the great concern, for Bianca's uncle, Ludovico Sforza, after having brought about an invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, was ready to do anything to get rid of him. Maximilian joined the league against him, and for many years there was a continual struggle in Italy between Germans, French, and Spaniards, the Italians themselves sometimes taking part with one, sometimes with the other, and only wishing to get rid of them all alike as foreigners. The Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the worst of men, and had brought the Church into such a state, that all good men felt that there was no cure but calling a General Council. Philip, the son of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, had been married to Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabel, Queen of Castille. He died in 1504, leaving two sons, Charles and Ferdinand, and five daughters. His wife became insane with grief, and the children were brought up by

Margarethe, his sister, who ruled their inheritance of the Low Countries with great wisdom and skill. She and her father wrote very amusing letters to one another, which are still preserved.

She was sent to manage a treaty which Maximilian made with Louis XII. of France against the republic of Venice, and met the French minister, the Cardinal of Amboise, at Cambrai, where she wrote to her father she and he were nearly ready to pull each other's hair, but at last they agreed to attack the Venetians, who had beaten the Germans and laughed at the Kaiser, calling him Maximilian the moneyless. Both he and Louis XII. crossed the Alps, but the German nobles had little mind for the war, and the only troops he could trust were the landsknechts, foot-soldiers of low birth, who carried heavy pikes, formed troops under captains of their own, and hired themselves out to fight. At the siege of Padua, Maximilian asked the French knights to storm the place together with the landsknechts; but they made answer that they would not do so unless the German knights likewise joined in the assault. Maximilian thought this fair, but the German nobility made answer that they would only fight on horseback, and that it was beneath them to dismount and scramble through ditches and walls. The Kaiser was so much ashamed of them that he set out at night with only five men, rode forty miles without stopping, sent orders to break up the camp, and retired to Austria.

He was always making great schemes, and breaking down suddenly in them for want of money, or of the support of his princes, and thus, though he was the cleverest sovereign on the throne, and with the highest ideas and noblest notions, he was little trusted or respected, and he did very strange things. Julius II. drew him and Henry VIII. into what he called the Holy League, for driving the French out of Italy, and when Henry attacked them at home, and laid siege to Terouenne, Maximilian went and served in his army as a private knight for one hundred crowns a day.

And when Julius II. died, Maximilian actually tried to be elected Pope, thinking that thus he could best call a council and reform the Church, but he was not attended to, and Pope Leo X. was chosen. All this made foreign nations laugh at him and think him untrustworthy, but his failures were chiefly owing to the disobedience and want of public spirit of the German princes. He once said the King of France reigned over asses, for they would bear any burthen he pleased; the King of Spain was a king of men, who only submitted in reason; the King of England was a king of angels, who did him willing faithful service; but the Kaiser reigned over kings who only obeyed him when they chose.

And that was seldom. The Germans were in a bad state, rude and boorish, too poor and too proud to seek improvement, drunkards, and great sticklers for rank. The free cities were much better in some ways, but two



RAPHAEL PINX^t

A. H. PAYNE sc.

LEO X.

Pal. Pitti. Florence.

Selmar Hess, Publisher New York.

of them actually went to war because a maiden of one refused to dance with a young burgher of the other. Maximilian suffered in authority by the loss of Bohemia, and Switzerland entirely broke off from the Empire; but he did much toward setting things in a better state for the future, by dividing the Empire into circles, Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Austria, Burgundy, Upper and Lower Saxony, and the Upper and Lower Rhine. A governor was placed over each circle, whose duty it was to carry out the decisions of the diet and to keep order. Austria was kept in excellent order, and there was a court set up to hear appeals from the country. It was called



LUTHER AT WITTENBERG.

the Aulic Council, from *Aula*, a hall, and became very important. But do what he would, the Germans had not public spirit enough to join their Kaiser in attacking the Turks, who grew more dangerous every year. Maximilian vainly appealed to them. A very large meteoric stone which came down near Encisheim was held to be a thunderbolt, and Maximilian had it hung up in the Church, to show what might be looked for from the wrath of Heaven; but all in vain. No one heeded his warnings.

The wisest man in Germauny was the good Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, son of the Albrecht who had been stolen. He had founded a university at

Wittenberg, and here one of the professors was Martin Luther, the son of a woodcutter of Thuringia, who had struggled into getting educated at the University of Erfurt, and had become a monk. He had been much troubled in mind by the sense of sin, until a good old monk taught him to think most of the merits of his Saviour. He read the Bible with all his might, and became a great preacher, as well as a doctor of theology at Wittenberg. A friar named John Tetzel came to the neighborhood selling indulgences, and saying such shocking things to recommend them, that Luther's spirit



TETZEL SELLING INDULGENCES.

was stirred, and on the 31st of October, 1517, he nailed to the church door at Wittenberg a paper called a thesis, in which he challenged the whole system on which the sale of indulgences was founded. The thesis was printed, and spread all over Germany, so that there was a vehement controversy, in which Maximilian took some interest, but he was much taken up with trying to secure the Empire to his grandson Charles, and likewise with the endeavor to raise Germany against the Turks. For this purpose he held a diet at Augsburg, but a knight named Ulrich of Hutten sent round a paper calling the Pope a worse foe to Christendom than the Sultan, and

the princes disputed and did nothing. The Kaiser went away grieved, and soon after fell ill of a fever, and died at Wels in Austria in his fifty-ninth year, in 1519. A chest he had always carried about with him for the last four years turned out to be his coffin, and he was buried by his own desire at Neustadt, though he had built himself a most beautiful monument at Innsbruck.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES V. A.D. 1519-1529.



IN the death of Maximilian, the Empire was coveted by three kings, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and Charles * of Spain. Henry, however, on inquiry, found that he was better off in England than he would have been with the addition of the stormy Empire, and gave up all thoughts of offering himself; but Francis declared that he and Charles were both suitors for the same lady, and sent wagon-loads of treasure to decide her choice.

The Electors, however, wished to choose the good Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and would have done so but that he declared that the Emperor ought to have much larger lands of his own than his half of Saxony, in order to be able to protect the country from the Turks, and he also thought himself too old for such a charge. He therefore led them to choose the late Kaiser's grandson, Charles of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, and lord of all the little fiefs that made up the Low Countries, as well as King of all Spain, Naples, and Sicily, though his mother, the poor, crazy Juana, was still alive, watching her husband's coffin, in hopes that he would wake again.

Charles had been born at Ghent with the century, and was only nineteen. His aunt Margarethe had educated him at Brussels, and he was more of a Fleming than anything else. He was the exact contrary of his brilliant grandfather, grave, silent, thoughtful; very slow in making up his mind, but never changing his purpose when he had once decided. He was long in growing up, and had a sensitive nervous timidity about him, which he only kept under by very strong self-control. He was a religious man, and anxious for the good of the Church; and he set before him from the first two great works as the duty of the head of the Holy Roman Empire—

* In Germany, Karl; in Spain, Carlos; but he is generally known by his Flemish name, Charles.

namely, to hold a general council for the purifying of the Church, and to have a crusade to drive back the Turks; but in both these he was hindered all through his reign by the jealousy of Francis I.

Luther wrote to him on the state of the Church in strong and bitter words, and at the same time Pope Leo X. put forth a bull denouncing Luther's teaching, and commanding that if he did not recant within sixty days he should be sent to Rome and dealt with as a heretic. This bull was burnt by Luther and his scholars in the market-place at Wittenberg, all his



LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL.

friends refused to publish it, and he appealed from it to a General Council of the Church.

Charles called together a Diet to meet at Wurms on the 6th of January, 1521, and invited Luther thither with a safe-conduct. It was feared that this might be no more heeded than the safe-conduct of Siegmund to Huss; but Luther declared he would go "though there should be as many devils at Wurms as there were tiles on the roofs," and he came into the city in a wagon chanting Psalms.

The Diet was the largest that had ever met in Germany, for Luther's friends mustered there to protect him, and an old captain of landsknechts,



LUTHER'S CAPTURE.

George of Freundsburg, came and shook him by the hand, saying, "Little monk, thou art on a march, and charge such as we captains never saw in our bloodiest battle; but if thy cause be just, On in God's name, He will not forsake thee." Luther was asked whether he had written the books that were before the Diet. He said yes, and began to defend himself in Latin. Charles deemed him rough and coarse, and said, "This is not the man to make me a heretic." The Emperor thought a Diet was not the place for discussing religious matters, and so would only have him asked by the Chancellor whether he would recant, or run the risks of the law against heretics. Luther looked round, and said, "Here I am. I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

The clergy held other arguments with him, but he had gone on to dispute many doctrines besides that of the power of the Pope to pardon sin, and it was plain there could be no agreement. Charles would not let his safe-conduct be violated, but Luther's friends, not trusting to this, sent him away secretly by night, and fearing he might be arrested at Wittenberg, the Elector of Saxony caused him to be waylaid on the road by men who passed for robbers. They disguised him as a Junker, as squires were called, and carried him off to the Tower of Wartburg, where he spent his time in translating the Bible into German.

Charles at this Diet divided his lands of Austria with his younger brother Ferdinand, who married Anne, the daughter of Ladislaf, King of Hungary and Bohemia. Ferdinand was a man whom every one liked, and was a most faithful brother to Charles, who left him to govern in Germany when he himself was obliged to return to Spain, because his old tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, whom he had left to govern there, had been chosen Pope. Adrian was a good man, and Charles hoped by his help to reform the Church; but he was too good for the wicked court of Rome, and was soon poisoned. A Pope was elected, named Clement VII., whose great desire was to prevent any council that could lessen the gains of the Pope and Cardinals.

Francis I. had begun a war almost immediately on Charles's election, on four different quarrels, namely, the kingdom of Naples, the dukedom of Milan, and the French fiefs of the Low Countries, all of which Francis said belonged to him, and the kingdom of Navarre, which was a Spanish quarrel. Charles said that he praised God that he did not begin the war, and that when they left off, one or other of them would be much poorer than when they began.

And indeed, in the Spaniards Charles had the very best soldiers then in the world, and could do almost anything with them, so that he at once drove the French out of Milan. His chief general was the Marquis of Pescara, a Neapolitan noble, and on a quarrel with his master, the chief nobleman in France, the Constable of Bourbon deserted to him. The King

invaded Italy and besieged Pavia, but Pescara and Bourbon marched against him, routed his army, made him prisoner, and sent him to Charles at Madrid. Charles would have no rejoicings, as he said that a war between Christian kings was only a matter for sorrow. He would only release Francis on condition of his giving up all claims to the Sicilies and Milan, and also the duchy of Burgundy, which had gone back to the crown on the death of Charles the Bold. Francis raged at first, and said he would rather give up his crown; but soon he pined himself ill, and then made an oath, with no subject of Charles to hear him, that he was under constraint, and should not hold himself bound by his promises. Then he engaged to do all Charles had demanded, and was taken to the frontier and set free, giving his two little sons as hostages.

But he would not keep his word nor give up the duchy of Burgundy; and made a league with Clement VII., who wanted to prevent the Emperor from forcing him to call a council. He suffered, however, for this league, for there were a number of wild landsknechts in the north of Italy, with the Constable of Bourbon and George of Freundsberg; and they took it into their heads to march to Rome and plunder it, meaning to go on to Naples, and make Bourbon king. The Pope had no troops able to make much defence, though Bourbon was shot dead as he was about to enter. The lawless soldiers spread all over the city, and the Pope shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo. There was horrible cruelty, plunder, and sacrilege for many days, before the soldiers, fairly worn out with their excesses, could be got out of Rome by Lannoy, Charles's Flemish governor of Naples. The French army in the north of Italy caught the plague that had begun among the landsknechts at Rome, and nearly all perished, and Francis was obliged again to make peace. His mother and Charles's aunt Margarethe met at Cambrai and settled the terms. It was called the Ladies Peace, and was signed in 1529.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARLES V. A.D. 1530-1535.



AFTER the Ladies' Peace was signed, Charles V. met Clement VII. at Bologna, and was crowned King of Italy and Roman Emperor. He was the last who was so crowned. He urged Clement so strongly to hold a council that there was no withstanding him. The Pope promised to send out letters, and Charles went to hold a diet at Augsburg, to take measures for driving back the Turks, and setting Europe at peace from without as well as within.

During the nine years since the Diet of Wurms, the opinions of Luther had made great progress. Luther had, after about eighteen months, come back from Wartburg, because Carlstadt, one of his pupils, was doing such wild things at Wittenberg, that it was needful to interfere. Luther had, however, come to think convents and monastic vows were harmful, and those monks and nuns who accepted his teaching left their convents, and many priests married. There was no vow to hinder priests from wedlock, but monks and nuns had promised not to marry. However, Luther thought them not binding, and himself married Katherine Bora, one of five nuns who had been carried out of their convent in empty beer barrels.

When all these changes were happening, the peasants, who had been horribly ill-used for ages, made a great rising in Swabia, Franconia, Elsass, and Thuringia. Their chief leader was one Thomas Münzer, who declared that all men's goods ought to be in common, and led about a host of miners, laborers, and woodmen, who perpetrated the most horrid cruelties on the unfortunate nobles and ladies who fell into their hands, and forced some of the knights to march in their ranks, while they wandered about, sacking every castle and convent whose walls were not strong enough to keep them out. Troops were raised by Philip, Landgraf of Hesse, Heinrich, Duke of Brunswick, and Johann, brother to the Elector of Saxony, and met the peasants at Frankenhausen. Münzer pointed to a rainbow in the sky, and told his poor deluded followers that it was the pledge of victory; but they were trodden down by the well-armed knights and slaughtered like sheep. Münzer himself was found hidden in a hayloft and executed. One prisoner, when asked how he had fared, said, "Ah, sir! the rule of the peasants is ten times worse than the rule of a knight." Every one was hot against these unhappy peasants except the good Elector Friedrich, who said that if they

were brutal savages it was the fault of the princes who had left them to become so, and whose heart was broken by the evils around him. He died soon after, saying he knew not where to find faith or truth on earth, and was succeeded by his brother Johann.

A diet had been held by the Archduke Ferdinand at Speier, in the hope of opening the eyes of the Germans to the need of supporting his brother-in-law, Ludwig, King of Hungary, against the Turks; but they would attend to nothing but the disputes between Luther and the Church, and he could get no aid against the common enemy, while they decided that each prince



THE RISING OF THE PEASANTS.

might have whatever form of doctrine he chose in his lands; and thereupon the Elector of Saxony, the Landgraf of Hesse, and some others, had all the churches given over to the Lutherans, and seized the abbeys and the lands of the bishoprics. Albrecht of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order of Knights, followed their example, helped himself to the lands of the Order in Prussia, and obtained investiture of them from the King of Poland.

Thus left unaided, Ludwig of Hungary and Bohemia was defeated and killed by the Turks in the terrible battle of Mohatz, in 1527. Ferdinand

was at once chosen King of Bohemia, but a Transylvanian, named Johann Zapoyla, was chosen King of Hungary, and called in the Sultan Solymán to support him. They even laid siege to Vienna; but Ferdinand beat them off, drove the Turks beyond the Danube, and was crowned King of Hungary. Bohemia and Hungary have ever since had kings of the House of Austria.

Ferdinand being now stronger, held another diet at Speier, in 1529, where the Catholics were in the larger numbers, and ordained that, till the council should be held, there should be no more changes in religion, and that Mass should still be said in the churches. The Lutherans made a protest against this edict, and they were therefore called Protestants. The name gradually spread to all who broke from the Roman Catholic Church, but it properly meant those who protested against the edict of Speier.

It was high time that Charles should be at home, and he came immediately after his coronation in 1530, and summoned a great diet at Augsburg. The Protestants prepared for it by drawing up a great confession of their faith. It was chiefly the work of Philip Melancthon, a very good and learned man, a great friend of Luther, and it has ever since been looked upon as the great rule of faith of the Lutherans.

The Protestants wanted to read the confession in the great hall of council; but this was not permitted, and it was read in a chapel that would only hold two hundred persons, but as the windows were open, every one who chose could hear it. Charles, not knowing German well, wished it to be read in Latin; but Johann of Saxony said that on German soil it must be read in the mother tongue. Charles listened courteously, and accepted a copy both in Latin and German, but gave no opinion, since all was to be put off to the council, and in the meantime the Latin service and old rites were to go on. Philip of Hesse and Johann of Saxony on this went off from the diet, and with five more princes and twelve towns formed, at the city of Schmalkalde, a league for the defence of their doctrine.

In the meantime the rest of the diet elected the Emperor's brother, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and Charles strove with all his might to array his forces for an attack on the Turks, but the league refused to stir unless he permitted the Protestants to have their own way.

The need was so great that, at Nuremberg, Charles made peace, consenting that things should remain as they were till the council; and he thus succeeded in getting the Germans together to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand, upon which the Sultan retreated and left Hungary in peace.

Charles now determined to attack the Turks and their allies the Moors in their settlements on the coast of Africa, where there were several sea-ports, such as Tunis and Algiers, which were perfect nests of pirates. These Moorish ships continually tormented the coasts of Spain and Italy, carrying

off the inhabitants, and forcing them to the miserable life of slaves, rowing their galleys, until some ransom should arrive. To put an end to these robberies, Charles mustered all his Aragonese ships as well as the German soldiers, and with the aid of the Genoese and the Knights of St. John, he most gallantly captured Tunis, and set free no less than twenty-two thousand Christian slaves, who were shut up in dungeons, toiling in gardens or at the fortifications, or laboring at the oar.



CHARLES V. AT FUGGER'S.

He had been obliged to borrow very heavily of the great merchant, Fugger of Augsburg, to fit out this expedition. The next time he came to Augsburg, Fugger begged for the honor of entertaining him. A fire was burning on the hearth full of sweet odors from precious spices and woods. The Emperor said it was the most costly fire he had ever seen. "It shall be more costly still," said the merchant, and into it he threw all the bonds for the sums due to him from Charles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLES V. 1535.



T was not till Clement VII. and Francis I. were both dead that Charles V., after fifteen years' waiting, was able to have the Council of the Western Church really summoned. Clement was always putting it off, and Francis took advantage of every disaster that befell Charles to harass him. In an expedition which Charles made to Algiers, his fleet was shattered by a tempest, and Francis immediately began a fresh war with him; and when Charles had to ask leave to travel through France, when he wanted to go from Spain to Flanders, Francis feasted him splendidly, but tormented him to give the duchy of Milan to the Dauphin Henry.

When, however, these two were dead, Pope Paul II. called on the Council to meet at Trent in the Tyrol; but in the time that had been lost the Protestants had grown much more hostile. Luther, who had always been loyal to the Kaiser, was dead, and so was Henry VIII. of England; so that it was much more difficult to get together any but Spanish, and Italian, and Austrian clergy, all strong Roman Catholics. They met in 1545, and the first thing they did was to condemn all translations of the Bible that were not the same with the Latin one made by St. Jerome in the fifth century, and this showed the Lutherans, as they said, that there was no chance for them of a fair hearing, so they refused to come. The head of the Schmalkaldic League was now Johann Friedrich, Elector of Saxony, nephew to Friedrich the Wise, and a war began between him and the Emperor. They were on the opposite sides of the river Elbe at Muhlendorf. A miller, whose horses the Saxons had seized, showed the Emperor's Spaniards the way across the river, and Johann Friedrich was surprised in his camp. He fought bravely, but was made prisoner, and led to Charles. His kinsman, Moritz, Duke of the other half of Saxony, had married the daughter of Philip, Landgraf of Hesse. Though he was a Lutheran, he held with the Emperor, who promised to make him Elector instead of Johann Friedrich. Sybilla of Cleves, wife to Johann Friedrich, held out Wittenberg against the Emperor, but Charles made it known that he should behead the Elector unless the city were given up, and she was obliged to yield. When he came into the city he would not let his Spanish subjects disturb Luther in his grave,

nor would he stop the Lutheran service, saying his war was, not with religion, but with treason.

The other Protestant princes were forced to surrender, one by one. Moritz of Saxony brought in his father-in-law, Philip of Hesse, on the understanding that he should be safe, without any (*einiges*) imprisonment; but Charles caused him to be shut up in a fortress, and it appeared that the word they had read *einiges* was really *ewiges*, or perpetual. This was viewed as a terrible breach of Charles's word.

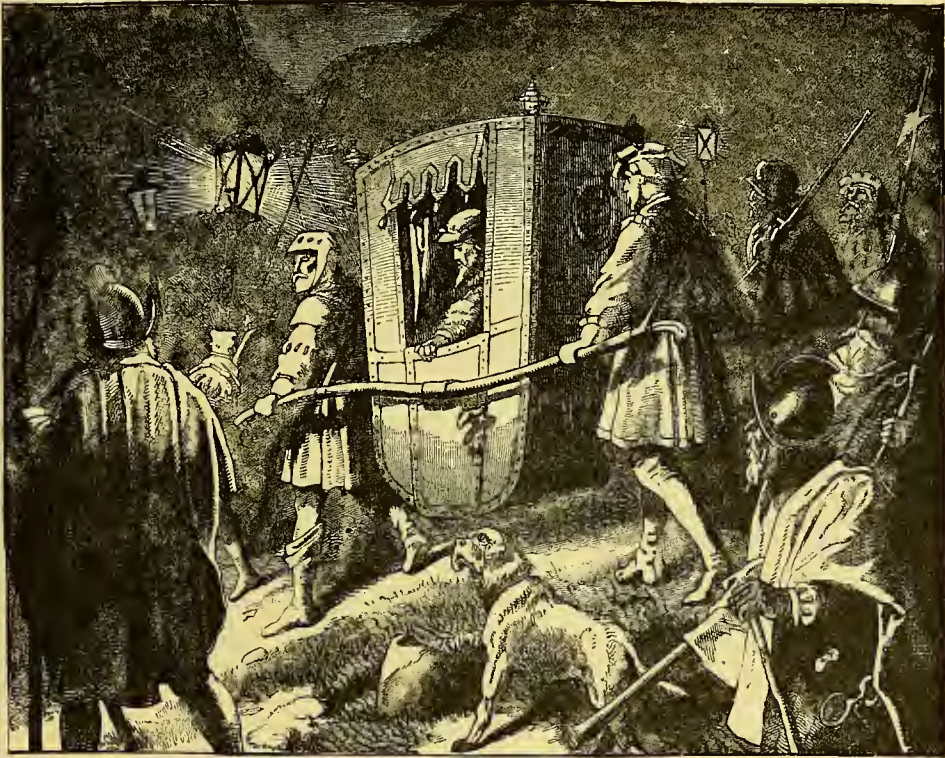
He had forced the Protestants to send representatives to the Council, but behold, there was no Council to go to. Paul II. had been drawn by his greedy kindred, the Farnese family, to ask for lands in Italy that Charles would not grant, and then had allied himself with Henry II. of France, begun a war in Italy, and called back his Italians from the Council.

No more could be done, and Charles was bitterly disappointed. He called together a diet at Augsburg to settle what was to be done. The Germans were very angry at the defeat of their princes by his Spanish soldiers, and looked on him more as a foreign conqueror than as their Emperor; and, on the other hand, many of them were so coarse and boorish, and such drunkards, that Charles, and the Flemish, Spanish, and Italian gentlemen despised them. All Charles could do was to cause one Lutheran and two Catholic divines to draw up a code of rules for worship that might be observed in the Interim, till the Council could meet again; but this Interim pleased no one, and was distrusted by everybody.

Charles further offended the Germans by showing that he wanted them to engage to elect his son Philip King of the Romans when Ferdinand should become Emperor, instead of Ferdinand's son, Maximilian. Philip would of course be King of Spain, and he was a thorough Spaniard, grave, cold, and gloomy, while Maximilian was a bright, kindly, gracious German. They would make no such promise, and showed further displeasure when Charles refused to release Philip of Hesse; and on this, Moritz of Saxony began plotting against him. The city of Magdeburg had never accepted the Interim, and Moritz had been sent to reduce it. He turned the army he was commanding against the Kaiser himself, allied himself with Henry II. of France, and joined the discontented Germans just when half of Charles's Spanish troops were in Hungary fighting with the Turks, and the other half in Italy, and he himself was lying ill of the gout at Innsbruck, whither he had gone to try to collect the Council once more. Such a sudden dash did Moritz make at Innsbruck that the Emperor had to rise from his bed, and be carried in a litter over the mountain passes by torch-light. He released the Elector, Johann Friedrich, who, however, came with him rather than fall into the hands of his kinsman. Moritz would have

pursued them, but his troops stopped to plunder Innsbruck, and Charles safely reached the fortress of Villach in Carinthia.

The King of the Romans had a conference with Moritz at Passau, and agreed to his conditions—viz., that the Landgraf should be released, and that each German prince might have such worship as he chose in his dominions; on which Moritz promised himself to head a crusade against the Turks. The Kaiser was forced to consent, though very unwillingly; and Albrecht of Brandenburg refused to be included in the treaty, being really nothing but a savage robber, whose cruelties were shocking. Moritz marched



FLIGHT OF CHARLES V.

against him, and defeated him at Sievenhausen, but was killed in the moment of victory, when only thirty-two years old. Albrecht fled into France, and there soon died, but his family still held the lands of the Teutonic order which he had seized.

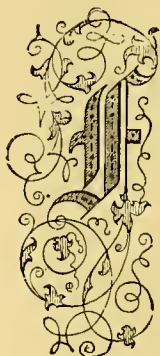
Henry II. of France had allied himself with Moritz, called himself the Protector of the Liberties of Germany, and, with this excuse, seized the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. Charles in vain tried to retake Metz. He was much broken and aged, and had been deeply grieved by the failure of the Council and the treason of Moritz, whom he had loved like a son. At a diet held at Augsburg, in 1555, a religious peace was agreed to,

leaving the princes free to establish what faith they chose; and the next year the Emperor, who had long ago made up his mind to give up his crowns, and spend his age in devotion, collected his people at Brussels, and there gave up his kingdoms of Spain, Naples, and the Low Countries to his son Philip, and Austria to his brother Ferdinand.

He then retired to the Convent of Yusle in Spain, where he spent his time in prayers, and in his garden, and in writing letters of advice to his son. One of his great pleasures was studying mechanics and watch-making, and there is a story that, when he found no two of his clocks would keep quite the same time, he said that it was just the same with men's minds. His two sisters, the widowed Queens of France and Hungary, lived near, and saw him constantly, and he led a tranquil life till his death in 1558.

CHAPTER XXX.

FERDINAND I. A.D. 1556-1564.



FERDINAND I. was already well known and much loved and respected in Germany, where he had served his brother faithfully, and yet won the hearts of all the Germans, who knew him to be perfectly faithful to his word; so much so that when a nobleman to whom he had promised some favor acted so as not to deserve it, he still gave it, saying he cared more for his honor, than for the man's dishonor.

The fierce old Pope, Paul IV., who was chosen in 1555, hated all the house of Austria, because he was a Neapolitan, and Spain had conquered his native kingdom; and he would not acknowledge Ferdinand except on condition of his giving up the peace of Augsburg and persecuting the Protestants. But this Ferdinand would not do, for the peace had been chiefly of his own making, and he believed that if the Pope would give up some of the customs of the Church of Rome they might yet be brought back to it. Indeed he sent into Bohemia the Jesuits, a body of priests who had been formed in Spain, specially to attend to education and to the training of consciences, and they brought over a great many of the old Hussites to the Church.

Though Ferdinand kept out of the old war between Spain and France, while that was still going on there was no chance of calling together again the Council of Trent; but when at last Henry II. of France was thoroughly

beaten in the battle of St. Quentin by Philip II. of Spain, both Emperor and Pope were anxious for it, and Bulls were issued inviting all nations thereto, and also the Protestants. The Protestants met at Naumburg in Saxony to receive the message, which was sent to them by Cardinal Comendone. The Elector August, son to Moritz, took the lead, and told the Cardinal that they could not accept the letters because the Pope called them his sons and they did not own him for their father; and they spoke so violently that he answered them with—"What mean ye by these bitter



FORMATION OF THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

words against one who hath undertaken a long journey in the cause of Christian unity?" And then he reproached them for their many divisions and irreverent ways, saying that over the wine-pot and the dice-box people disputed on the mysteries of religion. They were a little subdued by this rebuke, but they ended by declaring that whatever the Council might say, they would hold to the Confession of Augsburg. Only the Elector Palatine, who had taken up the teachings of Calvin, which went even further from the Roman doctrine than did those of Luther, was very loth to sign the Confession.

The Council met at Trent, and Ferdinand tried to get the Bishops to consent to give the Cup to the laity, to let the priests be married men, to

have parts of the service in the language of the country, to put a stop to selling indulgences, and to have fewer Cardinals, and better rules for electing the Pope. The French wished for these things also, but the Italians were against all change, and joined with the Spaniards against them. There was much fierce quarreling, and at last, though some rules were made, which have kept the Roman Catholic clergy in better order ever since, and prevented indulgences from ever being sold, they would make no other real reform, and destroyed all hope of bringing back the Protestants and Calvinists. Ferdinand said the Council would do no good if it sat for a hundred years, and was very glad to have it broken up. However, in Germany, to please the Emperor, the Pope, for a time, allowed the administration of the Cup and the marriage of the clergy; and Ferdinand strove hard to bring about the other matters he had asked for. He succeeded so far that there is a part of the service still in German instead of Latin in Austria and the Tyrol.

Indeed, Ferdinand was a great peacemaker, and a thoroughly good man. His wife, Anne of Hungary, was an excellent woman; and his eldest son, Maximilian, was so much beloved that the Electors heartily chose him as King of the Romans. He was the first to be so chosen, without the coronation of an Emperor by the Pope to make way for him.

Good as were the Imperial family, the Empire was in a sad state; indeed it had been growing backward rather than forward in all good things ever since the time of Friedrich Barbarossa. Then the Germans had been quite equal with the English, French and Italians in all matters of improvement and civilization; but first the Italian wars called off their Emperors, and then there were quarrels about their election, and those who had only small hereditary possessions were not strong enough to keep the princes and nobles in order. The greater princes and the free towns managed to establish some rule, and the Swabian League had destroyed the worst of the lesser independent nobles. Maximilian's arrangement of the circles did some good, but Charles the Fifth's reign had only made things worse, by adding quarrels between Protestant and Roman Catholic to all the rest. He had indeed subdued the German princes by his Spanish troops, but they felt as if a foreigner had conquered them, and hated him. Almost every mountain pass had a robber noble, who tormented travelers, and ground down his vassals by his exactions. The nobles despised learning, and were terrible drunkards and gamblers, so that their diets and camps were a scandal and a joke to other nations; and they were mostly rude and boorish, while the burghers and merchants whom they despised were well-read, thoughtful, cultivated people. Each prince and each city had fixed which form of doctrine should prevail. In the Lutheran ones the lands of the bishoprics and abbeys had been seized; but in some of these the nun-

neries were kept up and called Chapters, as a home for ladies of noble birth, who took no vows, but enjoyed the estates.

Ferdinand would gladly have improved matters, but he was already an old man when he became Emperor, and he died in the year 1564.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MAXIMILIAN II. A.D. 1564.



MAXIMILIAN II. was thirty-seven years of age when he succeeded his father. He was a kindly, warm-hearted man, beloved by all, and he allowed so much freedom to the Lutherans that he was sometimes accused of being one himself. He could speak six languages with ease, and King Henry III. of France declared that he was the most accomplished gentleman he ever met. He was so industrious that his chancellor said that if he had not been Emperor he would have been the best of chancellors, and he was always ready to hear the petitions of the meanest of his subjects. His Bohemian subjects said of him that they were as happy under him as if he had been their father, and all his people would have given the same character of him.

Unfortunately, whatever he did in his own dominions of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, he held little power over the princes of the Empire, and they would not listen to his counsel. It had become the custom of the Germans to go forth as soldiers, calling themselves Landsknechts, and hiring themselves out to fight, no matter in what cause, provided they were well paid, and got plenty of plunder. This took them away from their proper work; there were not men enough left to till the ground, and such as came back were horribly idle, lawless, and wicked, unfit for a peaceful life. Maximilian tried to get the Diet to forbid the men of Germany from taking service with other princes, but he could not succeed, and Germans fought all through the wars in France and the Netherlands. However, the Diet agreed with the Kaiser in trying to put down the horrible lawlessness of some of the barons. There was a knight called Wilhelm of Grumbach who had ravaged Franconia with fire and sword, and had ended by murdering the Bishop of Wurtzburg. He had been put under the ban of the Empire, but Friedrich of Saxony, son of the deprived Elector, Johann Friedrich, thought proper to give him shelter at Gotha, and for seven years the edict

could not be performed, but at last the Elector August came before Gotha with an army, and forced it to surrender, when Grumbach, after being barbarously tortured, was torn to pieces by wild horses, and Friedrich was imprisoned, and deprived of his lands, which were divided between his two sons.

Maximilian was a firm ally of Queen Elizabeth, and there was a plan at one time of one of his many sons marrying her, but this came to nothing. His daughter Elizabeth married Charles IX. of France, and was quite broken-hearted by the cruelties she saw at his court. Maximilian himself



GRUMBACH'S EXECUTION.

showed the greatest grief and indignation at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and always stood up for what was just and merciful.

His wife was Maria, daughter to Charles V., for the Austrian princes were far too apt to marry their cousins, and having no infusion of fresh spirit, the family became duller and duller, and none of the five sons of Maximilian were equal to himself. The third of them, who bore the same name as his father, was elected King of Poland by one party, but another party chose Siegmund of Sweden, and defeated him. Afterward he was made Grand Master of the remains of the Teutonic Order. The estates of that Order in Eastern Prussia could not be recovered from the Elector of

Brandenburg, to whom the Grand Master Albrecht had left them, for the Protestant princes mustered very strongly in the Diet, and would not give up a fragment of the Church lands which they had seized, and the Emperor was determined not to go to war with them.

He was able to avoid war everywhere but in Hungary, where Johann Siegmund, Prince of Transylvania, attacked him, and was not ashamed to ask the aid of the terrible Sultan, Solymán the Magnificent. The enormous army of Turks advanced up the Danube, meaning to take Vienna itself, but they stopped to take the little town of Zagreth. Here the brave Count Zrínyi with fifteen hundred men held out most bravely. The place was in the middle of a bend of the river, and had strong walls, so that the Turks had to throw in earth to make roads, and raise mounds on which to plant their cannon. Even when they had battered down part of the walls, they were beaten back in nineteen assaults before at last they gained a footing in the outer part of the fortress. Only six hundred men were left within, and Count Zrínyi, seeing all hope gone, took the keys of the place, and with his father's sword in his hand sallied out at the head of his men, hoping to cut their way through the enemy. He was slain bravely fighting, and his men were driven back into the castle, and were there killed, all but a very few, whose wonderful bravery struck even the Turkish soldiers. They had stopped the Turks for a whole month, and their constancy was the saving of their country, for the long delay in the unwholesome marshes caused an illness, of which the Sultan Solymán died, and thus the invasion was prevented. Peace was made with the new Sultan, Selim, and so honorable was the Emperor, that when a great league was made against the Turks by Spain, Venice, and the Pope, he would not join it, saying that a Christian could never be justified in breaking an oath. The allies defeated the Turkish fleet in the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, and crushed their strength, but Maximilian forbade the Hungarians to make any great show of rejoicing, as he said it would be ungenerous to insult the Turks in their distress.

The crown of Poland was vacant again, and Maximilian proposed to the Poles to choose his third son, Ernst, a good, upright man, but with such low spirits that he was hardly ever seen to smile. The Poles would not have him, and chose instead the Emperor himself, a wise choice, for he was so much beloved that he was called by the Germans after the Emperor Titus, "the delight of the world."

Ernst's melancholy seems to have been inherited from the poor crazed Juana of Spain, grandmother to both Maximilian and his wife, and it often showed itself in both the Austrian and Spanish lines. Maximilian himself, though bright and cheerful, had never been strong, and he died suddenly while holding a diet at Regensburg, in his fiftieth year, on the 12th of October, 1576. His wife, with one of his daughters, then went into a convent in Spain. He had had sixteen children, of whom nine lived to grow up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUDOLF II. A.D. 1576-1612.



THE weakest and least sane of all the sons of Maximilian was the eldest, Rudolf, who had already been chosen King of the Romans, and succeeded his father in 1576. He was, however, in his early youth full of liveliness and cheerfulness, living, as his brothers said, too familiarly with people of all ranks; and he was a man of much reading, knowing many languages, and having a great turn for natural science, so that he formed botanical gardens, and collected a menagerie of foreign animals.

He began the great museum of gems, statues, and pictures at Vienna, and encouraged learning, especially in Bohemia, where there were such good schools that most of the burghers were familiar with the old Greek and Latin poets. He also was very fond of chemistry and astronomy, and brought to his court the two men who had gone the farthest in the study of the stars, Tycho Brahe, a Swede, and Kepler, a Wurtemburgher.

In those days, however, chemistry and astronomy had two false sisters—alchemy, an endeavor to find the philosopher's stone, and therewith make gold; and astrology, which was supposed to foretell a man's fate by calculating the influences of the planets which stood foremost in the sky at his birth. These two vain studies seem to have turned Rudolf's head. An astrologer told him that he would die by the hand of one of the next generation of his own kindred; and to prevent this murderer from being born he would neither marry himself nor let any of his five brothers marry, except Albrecht, who would have seemed the most unlikely of all, since he was a Cardinal. As he had never really taken Holy Orders, he was chosen as the husband of Isabel Clara Eugenia, the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and sent with her to govern Flanders, and what remained of the Netherlands after Holland and the other six provinces had broken loose from Philip II. Fear of the possible murder, however, grew on Rudolf; and he ceased to go out or hold audiences with his people, attending to nothing but his alchemy and his horses, of which he had a magnificent collection.

In the meantime things fell into disorder, and began to work toward a civil war. Germany was divided into three great parties—the Roman Catholics, of whom the chief was Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria; the Lutherans, whose principal leaders were the Electors, Johann Siegmund of

Brandenburg and Johann George of Saxony; and the Calvinists, under Prince Christian of Anhalt and the Pfalzgraf or Elector Palatine of the Rhine.

The free city of Donauwerth was chiefly Protestant, but there was a Benedictine abbey within it, where the monks were undisturbed, on con-



ALCHEMY AND ASTROLOGY TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS.

dition that they should make no processions. For many years they had refrained, but when the Rogation tide of 1605 came round, they went forth, as of old, to sing litanies and bless the crops. The magistrates stopped them, sent back the banners to the abbey, but let the procession go on. The Bishop of Wurtzburg complained to the Aulic Council, and a citation was sent to the magistrates, which, however, was placed in the Abbot's hands,

and he did not show it till he found he was not to be allowed another procession. The magistrates tried to keep the peace, but the people had been worked up into a fury, and assaulted a funeral procession, destroying the banners and driving back the monks. On this Donauwerth was laid under the ban of the Empire, and the Duke of Bavaria was sent to carry it out. He did not act with violence, but marched into the city, which was able to make no resistance, restored the chief church to the Catholics, and united the city to his own duchy, to which it had formerly belonged.



RUDOLF II. GRANTS THE LETTER OF MAJESTY.

The whole reformed party was offended, and formed into a great league. The Lutherans seem chiefly to have meant to keep all they had taken from the Church, but the Calvinists had hopes of depriving the House of Austria of the Empire. Maximilian of Bavaria formed a Catholic League in self-defence.

In the midst of these disturbances the Duke of Cleves died, and his duchy was disputed between the sons of his two sisters—the Elector of Brandenburg and young Duke Wolfgang of Neuburg. They were both Lutherans, and Wolfgang, at a conference between them, said the best way of settling the matter would be for him to marry his rival's daughter. The

Elector was so angry at this proposal that he boxed the young man's ears; whereupon Wolfgang, in his anger, became a Roman Catholic, and asked for help from Spain and Bavaria. On the other hand the Elector became a Calvinist, and was more active in the affairs of the union. The Emperor tried to interfere, but in vain; and the country of Julich and Cleves was divided between the two for a time.

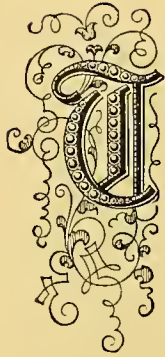
In the meantime Rudolf's neglect of business had led to such confusion in both Austria and Hungary that they revolted against him, and forced him to give them up to his brother Matthias in 1606. Only Bohemia was left to him, and he hoped to keep that by putting forth a Letter of Majesty granting freedom of worship and equal rights to the Hussites and Protestants, but he allowed his cousin Leopold, Bishop of Passau, to raise an army in the Catholic interest. The Bohemians, seeing that he could not be trusted, called in Matthias, and deposed Rudolf, though they still allowed him his palace at Prague, where he could go on with his experiments with Tycho Brahe, who, though a great astronomer, was as superstitious as himself. There was a comet in 1607, which the Emperor thought had come on his account. His fears of assassination increased. He would never go to church, or anywhere else except to his stables; and thither he had a passage made with oblique windows in the thickness of the wall to prevent his being shot, and the whole lined with black marble, to show the reflection of any one who came near him. His own counsellors and foreign envoys had to disguise themselves as grooms to obtain a hearing, and he sometimes flew into violent rages on finding them out, while his fits of melancholy were worse than ever.

However, he roused himself to hold a meeting of the Electors at Nuremberg, told them how he was stripped and impoverished, and begged for a grant of revenues from the Empire. They showed him little pity, saying it was his own fault, and desiring to have a diet summoned for electing any one of his brothers King of the Romans. This he felt to be a step toward taking away his last crown, and he kept on putting off and off the calling of the diet till the Electors lost patience, and summoned it for themselves.

This was the last blow. His depression increased, and he pined away till he found himself dying; then he brightened up, declaring that he felt as happy as when in his youth he had come home to Germany after a visit to Spain, for now he was going beyond the reach of change and sorrow. He died in the sixtieth year of his age, and the thirty-seventh of his reign, in the year 1612.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MATTHIAS.....A.D. 1612-1619.



THE new Emperor, Matthias, was a good and upright man, who had only taken part against his elder brother because he saw that otherwise the three hereditary states would be lost to the House of Hapsburg. So soon as he had freed himself from Rudolf's fancies, he had married his cousin, Anne of the Tyrol, whom he loved most tenderly; but he had no children—indeed the only one of all Maximilian's sixteen children who ever had a child was Anne, whose only child was Philip III. of Spain, and the Germans and Austrians alike would never have borne to pass under another Spanish king.

The fittest heir would thus be Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who was son to Charles, a younger son of the Emperor, Ferdinand II. He had lost his father very early, and had been bred up by his Bavarian uncle and Jesuit teachers, so that he was a very devout and conscientious man, but not clever—and cold, shy, and grave. When, in 1596, he first came to take possession of his duchy, he found all the Styrians Protestants, and not one person in Grätz would receive the Holy Communion with him on Easter-day. He was so much shocked that he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and vowed to restore his duchy to the Church. He brought back a band of Capuchin Friars, and between their teaching and his own management he so entirely changed the profession of the Styrians that, in 1603, there were 40,000 at the Easter Mass.

This did not make the notion of him welcome to the Protestants. The Bohemians in especial had been meaning to keep quiet as long as Matthias lived, but on his death they meant to choose either the Elector of Saxony or the Elector Palatine. But in 1617 their diet was called together, and they were told that they had no right to choose any stranger, but must accept Ferdinand of Styria, to whom Matthias wished to resign the crown of Bohemia. They were taken by surprise, and did as they were bidden, though they believed their crown to be elective, and many of them were old Hussites.

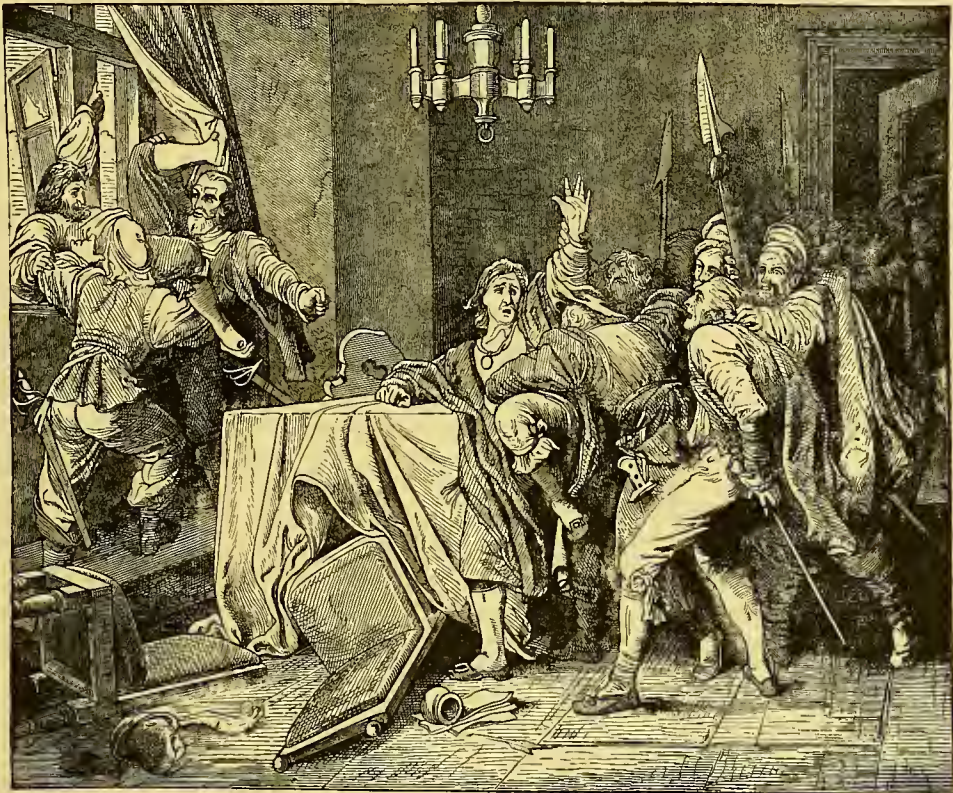
Ferdinand doubted whether, as a good Catholic, he ought to swear to the Letter of Majesty granted by Rudolf, which made the Protestants equal with the Catholics; but the Jesuits told him that though it might have been



MARTINITZ AND SLAWATA.

wrong to grant it, it could not be wrong to accept it as part of the law of the land; and as he walked in state to his coronation, he said to one of his friends, "I am glad to have won this crown without any pangs of conscience."

However, he did not think himself bound to more than keeping the strictest letter of the law, while he believed it his duty to restore Bohemia to the Church. He banished all the Protestant and Hussite school-masters, founding two Convents of Capuchins and three Jesuit Colleges, and bringing in as many of his Catholics to settle in the country as possible. It was the



"HURL THEM FROM THE WINDOW!"

plan that had succeeded in Styria, and there was very little resistance among the people in Bohemia. He was also elected King of Hungary, and there crowned, and a diet was soon to be assembled to appoint him King of the Romans.

His two chief Bohemian counsellors were Slavata and Martinitz, both zealous Catholics, whom he left as regents when he went to Germany; and on the opposite side was Count Thurm, a strong Lutheran, who hated the House of Hapsburg. A Lutheran church was pulled down, and the congre-

gation was shut out of another because they did not come under the rules of the Letter of Majesty. On this, Thurm and his friends sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, but Matthias justified all that his cousin had done, and they became afraid of absolute persecution. Thurm resolved to destroy the rule of the House of Hapsburg in Bohemia, and to begin by the death of the regents.

On the 23d of May, 1618, a whole troop of Hussite and Lutheran armed nobles tramped up into the Council Chamber where Martinitz and Slavata were sitting, and reproached them with having been the authors of the Emperor's letter. A few hot words passed. "Let us follow the old custom, and hurl them from the window," some one cried; and they were dragged to a window seventy feet above the ditch of the Castle of Prague. Martinitz begged for a priest. "Commend thy soul to God," was the answer; "we will have no Jesuit scoundrels here;" and he was hurled out, uttering a prayer of which the murderers caught a few words, and one cried, "Let us see whether his Mary will help him." Slavata and the secretary were also hurled out, but, looking from the window, the man's next cry was, "His Mary has helped him." For there was a pile of waste paper just below, which had broken the fall, and all three crawled away unhurt.

This Defenestration, as the Bohemians called it, was in truth the beginning of the Thirty Years' War which ravaged Germany, and threw back all progress and improvement all the time it lasted, and bred some of the most savage and lawless soldiers who ever drew sword. The Hussites began it in real fear for their religion, and also feeling that the nation had been cheated by the House of Austria of the power of electing their king, and they hoped for help from the Lutheran and Calvinist princes who had any quarrel with that family. They wrote a letter justifying their treatment of the two regents by the fate of Jezebel, and raised almost all Bohemia against Ferdinand.

The Emperor Matthias had enough of the spirit of his father to wish to win them back by gentle means, and his chief adviser, Cardinal Klesel, was fully of the same mind. They tried to hold back Ferdinand, who wanted to take speedy vengeance, and was supported by his former guardian, the Archduke Maximilian, and the Jesuits. When they found that the Emperor would not send troops from the Spanish Netherlands to reduce Bohemia, these two princes caused Klesel to be seized, stripped of his robes, and sent off a prisoner to a castle in the Tyrol. Matthias was ill in bed with gout, and when his brother went and told him what had been done, his wrath and grief were so great that he could not trust himself to speak, but thrust the bed-clothes into his mouth till he was almost choked. He was too feeble and old to hinder Ferdinand from sending Spanish and Flemish troops into Bohemia, but Count Thurm was at the head of ten

thousand insurgents, and had allied himself with Bethlem Gabor, Waiwode of Transylvania, and with the Protestant Union, at the head of which was the Elector Palatine, Friedrich, the husband of Elizabeth, daughter to James I. of England.

The Catholic Germans were for the most part of the same mind as the Emperor, ready to do anything to prevent war, and Matthias, getting better, fixed a meeting at Egra to try to come to some agreement; but his wife died just then, and he sank into a state of depression, comparing his cousin's usage of him to his own treatment of his brother Rudolf, and grieving over the miseries he saw coming on the Empire. He died before the conference could take place, on the 20th of March, 1619.



